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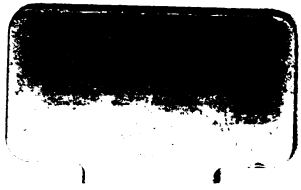

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MRS. ROYALL'S

PENNSYLVANIA,

OR

TRAVELS CONTINUED

143

IN THE UNITED STATES.

By MRS. ANNE ROYALL,

Author of "Sketches of History, Life, and Manners in the United States," and the "Tennesseean."

IN TWO VOLUMES: VOL. I.

WASHINGTON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
1829.

15

Checked
May 1913

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, *to wit:*

SEAL.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That, on the Ninth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine, and of the Independence of the United States of America the fifty-third, Mrs. ANNE ROYALL, of the said district, has deposited in the office of the Clerk of the District Court for the District of Columbia, the Title of a book, the right whereof she claims as author, in the words following, to wit:

"Mrs. Royall's Pennsylvania, or Travels continued in the United States, in two volumes," By Mrs. Anne Royall, author of Sketches of History, Life and Manners in the United States, &c. &c.

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of *Maps, Charts,* and *Books,* to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and, also, to the act entitled, "An act supplementary to an act entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of *Maps, Charts,* and *Books,* to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned," and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the public seal of my office, the day and year aforesaid.

EDMUND I. LEE,
Clerk of the District Court for the District of Columbia.

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MRS. ROYALL'S

PENNSYLVANIA.

That the chain of my tour may not be broken, I commence my third series of travels precisely where I left off in the third volume of the Black book, and as usual, without preface or apology.

This tour is altogether confined to *Pennsylvania*, with the exception of a few calls on the road from Washington to Philadelphia; and as the public seem unwilling to lose an inch of ground I pass over, or a single incident, I will be excused for a few brief remarks on the way.

I had intended, after finishing my tour through Pennsylvania, to return to Washington, publish my third volume of the Black book, and resume my travels in the spring, through North and South Carolina, Georgia, New Orleans, &c. and publish the whole together. But the Pennsylvanians are so selfish, or in other words, so partial to me that they would hear of no such thing: "they could not wait, give us our own state by itself Mrs. R. we have never had a traveller amongst us that has done us justice—give us our state by itself, we want it out soon: we must have it directly." I have, therefore, resolved to gratify these noble people, and shall introduce nothing more than a few incidents, as already observed, merely to keep up the chain.

Thinking my close confinement retarded my recovery from my lameness, so often mentioned, and that the pain and debility in my arm and shoulder was affected from the same cause, I resolved to take a tour through Pennsylvania, merely for amusement, without the least idea of being pleased, either with the country or the people; the most absurd conclusion, when applied to me; that

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was ever drawn from any premise, as I had universally been disappointed in the whole of the Atlantic states, through which I had travelled.

A few days, therefore, after the publication of my 2d volume of the Black book, on the 19th Sept. 1828, I set out in the stage for Baltimore.

JOURNEY TO BALTIMORE.

The day was fine, but going over the same ground, I had so often travelled, I derived very little amusement, and still less from my fellow travellers. Only three, a young gawky woman, and a young man from Winchester, Va. of middling acquirements; he was upon the whole, tolerable company, after dragging him into conversation apparently against his will. Finding his residence was in Winchester, Virginia, I inquired "how they liked my Black book, in Winchester?" He replied, "not very well," "then you must be a priest-ridden people there." "Yes, unfortunately, they had too much of it." "Have they Sunday schools and missionaries there?" This I might have set down as a fact, as they overspread the land. "Yes," he replied, "and cart-loads of tracts." He further stated that the Brigadier General I met with in Charleston, near Harper's ferry, mentioned in my Black book, was highly displeased with the notice I took of him at that place—very good—it may be the means of mending his manners, as he certainly was the greatest gawk I ever met with.

The females, one was an awkward, stout, young woman, with chambermaid dress, and scarcely that; the other was a little girl, very probable her relative. She had quite an easy time of it, as she was ignorant, even of the name of missionary.

I stopped as customary at Waterloo, but, without any intention of dining, as I disliked the tavernkeeper; he having conducted himself very improperly the last time I stopped at his house, but he met me with a smile, and apologized, which, and the singing of a number of musical birds, which were suspended in cages from the beams

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of the porticoes, restored him to favor, and I went in and dined.

A little before sun set, we arrived in Baltimore, where I was met by my friend Beltzhoover, at whose house I stopped.

It being Sunday, and the shops shut up, I retired to rest, being much fatigued by the journey.

I have remarked elsewhere, that Baltimore is the most illiterate, proud and ignorant city, excepting Richmond, in the Union, nor was I backward in exposing them. I was provoked beyond measure with them, that they suffered me to seek my bread amongst strangers, and gave them such a lecture that the first volume of the Black book went off very fast, at least Mr. Coale paid me for all I sent, and still my friends there kept writing "why dont you send more books? none in the store, every one, strangers and citizens are inquiring for the book. They are not advertised—why do you not instruct your bookseller to advertise?" And I kept sending—I had in the beginning presented a volume to my friend Munroe, that is, I rolled a volume up neatly, directed it to him, with a note inside, requesting him to advertise the work for sale, and had not the smallest apprehension but he had received the book.

As I am always upon the watch for missionaries and booksellers, alike my bitter foes, I called on several of my acquaintances, as I walked down Market street next morning to see my bookseller, Mr. Coale. None of them had seen the book! excepting a few brought from Washington by travellers; though anxious to see it—nor had they seen it advertised!!

I stepped on to the store and found the clerks greatly dismayed at my sudden appearance. My first volume they said was gone, excepting one copy, and the second was not yet bound! I had sent several copies of the latter, in sheets, to Mr. Coale, and found they were not in the store—"they were just finished and would soon be brought in."

Upon looking about, I found the volume directed in *May* to Mr. Monroe, with the letter which of course he

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had never received!!! meantime the 2d volume was brought in and laid on the counter, and I directed the clerks to advertise them forthwith. Like gallows thieves they stood and looked at each other, and after some time, said, "you must speak to Mr. Coale about that." I sent for C. "Oh, they would sell fast enough without advertising, he would take the books and pay me for them, say 20 copies." I saw that he was another domestic traitor, and that it was useless to stem the tide of British gold. It is generally supposed that he never sold a copy either of the first or second volume (excepting one to Mr. Duponso, which Mr. D. got while I was there,) for which he was doubtless well paid. I left the books on the counter and stepped out to see Mr. Monroe, and apprise him of Mr. C's. conduct respecting the book. Mr. Munroe looked rather cold at me, for what reason I neither then nor since learned; there was none, on my part I am very sure. Returning to Mr. C's. to take some of the books to another bookseller, I found not one on the counter!!! The moment my back was turned they were all carefully taken off. I ordered them back again, but as I afterwards discovered they were again taken off; and these are the traitors we nourish in our bosoms, protected by our laws, and sustained with food and raiment, and this is the return they make! It is impossible America can stand long at this rate, when the British have effectually gained one of the most important points of their object, which is, doubtless, to enslave us by means of crushing literature in America. For bribed this man certainly is, by somebody, and I would suspect the missionaries (as they are aiming at the same thing) but he does not, from the books on his counter, seem to favor missionaries, but on the contrary, his books and his conduct affords a melancholy proof of British influence—nor does his next door neighbor, Mr. Robinson, any longer evince a liberal spirit. I found however, a very liberal gentlemanly bookseller at last, in Mr. Fielding Lucas, and placed my books with him, who advertised them immediately. I am truly sorry I did not meet with Mr. Lucas at first, instead of Mr. Coale, it would have been

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much in my way, but wisdom is only gained by experience.

I had found Messrs. Cushing and Jewett very generous some time back, but they had joined the missionary ranks and there is an end of them. In fact Mr. Skinner, the post master, led me into the error of engaging Mr. Coale, as he recommended him in the warmest terms. Both these gentlemen are much altered since my first acquaintance with them, and both appear to be going the same road, I hope they may have a pleasant journey, and land safe on the other side of the *styx*.

Mr. S. when I first became acquainted with him, was a kind, obliging, friendly man, but lately he has become the most pompous blockhead in the world, and quite above his business. It is laughable to see his lordly strides, and stiff princely bends, which have doubtless swallowed up the former.

Before I leave this part of the city, I must do Mr. Coale an act of Justice. Every one who reads, recollects the sharp reproof I gave the ladies of Baltimore, for their ignorance and pride, all out of pure love to be sure. None but a fool would suppose that I had any other object than their happiness and welfare in view. I was told, (and it was evident without being told) that the females never read—"yes, they read story-books and dream-books, &c. &c. But some, the finest dressed ladies could not read at all, that they expended so much in finery they could not afford either to purchase books or take them from the library." This information I made public, but Mr. Coale was not the person from whom I received it. It appears they fell on Mr. Coale, when the Black book came out, and nearly massacred him upon suspicion; this was just, in one sense, and unjust, in another. It was just inasmuch as Mr. C. was not enough their friend to participate in *any* measure to promote their happiness—and unjust, as respects his agency in furnishing the information. If the ladies of Baltimore wish to know who gave me the information, and much more than I published, I can inform them—"it was the enlightened portion of the single young men of the city, who like myself, de-

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plore the ignorance of the sex. Mr. C. did say, and so did his clerks, that the females did *not* buy books. So, it appears that these ladies defeated their object completely, for instead of admiration, they inspired disgust and contempt from fine dressing.

But it seems the book had some effect, as they ripped off one of the flounces from their dress. This I was told, for not a single lady of the flounce family appeared in the streets, while I remained in Baltimore.* How much more amiable would these women appear in the eyes of the wise part of the other sex, if instead of this shameful extravagance they would organize themselves into societies to hunt up the poor and relieve them—hunt up the distressed widow, the orphan, and the friendless stranger. In all my travels in the U. States, I have never seen, or heard of societies for the express purpose of affording direct relief to the suffering stranger, and no species of human distress calls more loudly for a society of this nature. I learned this from experience, as I came near perishing myself, in the city of *Philadelphia*, with all its boasted charitable societies. Of all cities or towns I ever was in, it is the most unfeeling, inhospitable and uncharitable towards strangers in distress, and nothing saved my own life in this city but the humanity of three yankees, which I have mentioned elsewhere. Messrs. Alderman *Badger*, *Perkins*, and *Neal*, whose names can never be repeated too often.

Near Mr. Coale's bookstore I found Gen. P. Edes, (a revolutionary soldier) in the office of the Emerald, his son being the proprietor of the paper. One of my printers in Washington, who had formerly lived with Gen. Edes, finding I was particular to notice incidents relating to the revolutionary war, informed me that Gen. E. was a Bostonian, and had now in his possession the *bowl* in which the

*As I returned from my late tour through Pennsylvania, I arrived in Baltimore about sunset, and walking down Market street to take my friends by the hand, I met shoals of ladies walking on the pavement, all dressed as extravagantly as ever. All going in the same direction, and I thought were going to church. Upon inquiry of a young gentleman whom I met in Mr. Lucas's bookstore, where they were going. "Only to show themselves," was the reply.

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punch was made presented as a treat to the Mohicans (as they were called) who threw the tea overbord, at Boston, at the commencement of the war. It may be supposed, therefore, I lost little time in paying my respects to Gen. Edes, all impatient to see the sacred relic. The General happily, was in the office; a small, elderly, sprightly man, with all the hospitality of his native town beaming in his countenance. He invited me to sit down, and to my inquiries respecting the bowl, he replied "that he was a boy at the time the tea was thrown overboard, and made the punch himself, at the request of his father, in whose house it was drank by the men who assembled there after emptying the boxes of tea, and whom, from their Indian dress, were called Mohicans. He said the bowl was at his house, and invited me to call at two o'clock, at which time he would be at home."

I attended accordingly, when I was met by the General and his wife, also an intelligent Boston lady. The interesting bowl was soon produced. It is a large flowered bowl, red and white, cracked in several places, but so carefully mended it is water-tight. It would hold about two gallons---the largest bowl I ever saw. The General has several rare and valuable articles of antiquity worthy the attention of the curious; his mind and his house are a perfect museum and richly merit a call from the traveller, and yet so often as I had been in Baltimore, his name was never mentioned.

It was in the office of the Emerald, I saw the critique on the second volume of my Black book, and all I remember of it was, that "it was evident I did not understand the language I wrote in." This might be said of a great many, but when applied to me, it is false, as I pretend to no language, but the language of *truth*, and it makes no difference in what language it is told, it will stand forever.*

Stepping into a fancy store, on my return from Gen. Edes, I was not only gratified, but astonished, at the richness and brilliancy of the wares; and amongst other

*The Emerald is Edited by a *Jackdaw*, also, a great curiosity.

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things, a small wooden musical box, that by mechanical invention produced the name of any capital town you called for. It was scarcely three inches in extent, and about an inch in thickness. The name of the proprietor was W. G. Cook, Esq. No. eighty, Market street. He was a young genteel man, of very interesting manners and handsome person.

I did not call on my friend of silk memory, nor did I see his brother rogue, the paper man, probably he was out peddling rotten paper or tracts.

I did not fail, however, to call on Mr. Davis, in the same street, a very worthy man, and an old acquaintance. Messrs. W. E. Coale, Hammond, Carey and Barnum. Mr. Barnum I had never seen before; he is the son of Barnum of the tavern, and a very gentlemanly amiable man—I was quite charmed with his manners. His kind and friendly reception I shall never forget, his conduct toward me, particularly, was doubly laudable and highly creditable to him. He had recently married a lady of wealth and accomplishments, and was doing a good business in the mercantile line— success to him and such as he is. Messrs. Coale and Carey, were new acquaintances, also very gentlemanly men; the milk of human kindness was clearly marked in every feature of their faces. I must, in justice to the citizens of my own state, acknowledge, that where they are gentlemen, they are not behind those of any other state. Mr. Benj. Hammond, a young and very amiable man, is an old acquaintance and *friend.*

Had it been in my power no consideration would have withheld me from paying my respects to Dr. S. Baker, of *Prat* st. but oppressed with pain, heat and want of time, with *deep-felt* grief I turned my back on him and went down to Smith's wharf to pay my respects to Captain *Mason* and my amiable friend Mr. *Parish*, the most feeling and humane man in Baltimore, where my troubles would have soon come to an end had it not been for him. But for his timely aid I should never have been able, in all probability, to have left Baltimore in my first tour through the Atlantic country, and though I have since seen many

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a friendly face, Mr. Parish loses nothing by the comparison. Mr. *Curry*, of Hanover-street, and Mrs. Curry were transcendently kind. These men are masons. Mr. Luzby and several of the lodges assisted me greatly, and purchased the silk so often mentioned, part of which was taken from me by force by a brute in human shape. After this let missionaries talk of converting the heathen. To make amends for this barbarity the amiable Mrs. Curry went out herself and begged of every mason she met in the streets to replace the silk. She made the dress, and afforded me food and shelter while I staid in Baltimore. Let the missionaries go and do likewise. Gen. McDonald was also kind, and sent me gratis to Frenchtown. This he has often done since, much to his honor. He is a revolutionary soldier, and a gentleman of great kindness and hospitality.

But Captain *Mason*, of the schooner Dandy—I had ardently wished to see this excellent man. In shipping my books for the different ports, Mr. Worthington received a small bundle directed to Mr. Ritchie, of the Richmond Enquirer. As they were merely intended for a few particular friends, I did not choose to trust them to the booksellers, of whom I had had a surfeit. One copy was presented to Mr. Ritchie, and the rest subject to his wisdom and prudence in having them conveyed to my friends. I had apprized Mr. Ritchie of the matter by letter, and all Capt. Mason knew was that they were books, and to be handed to Mr. R. when he arrived at Richmond. Mr. Ritchie, who doubtless had never received the letter, refused to receive the bundle. Most men would have returned the books to the agent, Mr. Worthington, and many would have kept them for their own amusement and emolument, (as some did;) but Captain Mason, to his eternal honor, sold the books in Richmond, and precisely at the selling price, (he must certainly be indued with supernatural wisdom) and though we had never laid eyes on each other, enclosed me the full amount without keeping one cent for his trouble. This act of unequalled kindness, to say nothing of the polite and gentlemanly letter with which he accompanied the noble deed is one

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which will perpetuate his name. Mr. Parish sent out for him, and in a few minutes I had the pleasure of saluting him. Capt. M. is rather a small man, of very engaging appearance and pleasant manners, and never was I more gratified with an interview.

It was too great a walk to Dr. Glendi's, though I called on his successor, Rev. Breckenridge. But alas! he was no longer the amiable man nature had formed him. I did not believe the combined army of missionaries with Dr. E. at their head could have changed this once amiable man; but changed he was into a gloomy clown. As soon as he saw who it was, "Oh! I am engaged," and turned off short, leaving me standing in the floor. Now a savage would have invited me to sit down at least. Even the last trace of the manners of a gentleman was obliterated in this man. It is surprising they do not even attempt to convert me *hopefully*—the vile hypocrites.

Returning to Mr. C's bookstore I found Mr. C. Williams inquiring for my book, which was again removed from the counter. From there I returned to the tavern and rested the balance of the day.

Next morning I called on my friends at the Atheneum, also the lawyers, who have their offices in the lower story of the building. I found but few of my friends in, and they were so poor they were unable to patronize me. Amongst the gentlemen in the Atheneum I had the pleasure of seeing the son of the great Pinkney. He was accompanied with a friend of his, quite a genteel young man; but (alas, for the degeneracy of my country,) Mr. P. hung his head and turned his back upon me. He was a small, light, dark-skinned man, without any trait of genius or a spark of politeness. As usual there was no body excepting these two, the Librarian, Mr. Waters, and a famished portrait-painter, whose poverty prevented his leaving the place. He was an amiable looking man, and apparently a proficient in the science, to judge from the specimens I saw in his gallery.

I advised him to quit Baltimore, where doubtless he must starve for want of encouragement. From the Atheneum I went down to see the lawyers. Poor fellows, they re-

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ceived me kindly, but that was all. One of them, however, a Virginia lawyer, said he had never heard of Mrs. R. or the Black book! If he makes his bread it will be amongst the wonders. I asked why he came to Baltimore, the last place in the world for lawyers. Latrobe was delving away as poor as ever, though I was pleased to hear he was soon to be married to a very amiable young lady (not a missionary, as I had enjoined it upon him to live a batchelor rather than marry a missionary woman.)

I have mentioned Latrobe before but did not do him justice. He certainly has the best eye in human head. There are two gentleman (brothers) next room to Mr. L. very gentlemanly men, amongst the first attornies in the place. I am always pleased with these two men—the only lawyers, excepting C. Williams and one more, who ever had money enough to buy a book.

Passing round the corner of Fayette-street, at an alley, I saw my friend, the Marylander, whom I had seen at Messrs Way & Gideon's, at Washington City. He was standing in a door precisely at the corner, and I stopped to speak to him. He took me by the hand and assisted me in (seeing I was lame,) and invited me to sit down on a bench, and sitting down also, we exchanged a few inquiries respecting each other's health. The house, or pen rather, was a police office, and it so happened that his honor, one A. W—t, was holding court. But of all figures for a Magistrate such another was never seen. He was old, ugly, wrinkled, ill-shaped, ill-natured and ignorant; and, take him altogether, the most abominable representative of a man that could be picked out of the world. But pride and insolence were his prominent characteristics, nor would I waste time with him but to shew the discrimination of the Governor of the state, by whom, I am informed, he was appointed. I would just as soon have appointed an old Tom-cat.

His honor's dignity being roused by the conversation of myself and friend, he exclaimed aloud, "The court is sitting—officer take notice of that woman." Now I do not mention the circumstance from any other motive than

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to shew the gross ignorance of the people. From a total neglect of education they have dwindled down into a set of ignoramuses unable any longer to govern themselves. Here is an evidence. Every body knows this man. Like the President of the bank,* he would not be employed as a shoe black in any state except Maryland. He is appointed by the Governor, (so they told me.) Who appoints the Governor? The people. A wise Governor, I observed. But it is in the source from which he was taken the wisdom lies. They did the best they could, as they could find no better. These are the people who put their all on their backs, have as much satin wrapped round them as would swaddle an elephant. These are the people who do not read. If it were not for the protection of the Federal Government, this state is already gone. Neither school, academy nor college in the whole state worth the name, excepting one at Emmetsburg, and perhaps, (though I doubt it very much) at Annapolis. They have something they call schools and colleges in Baltimore, but they are only known by name. I called in at a school kept by one of the Teagues—the most abominable sink of ignorance and impudence in the world. The most of the children, however, do not go to school at all, but stand about in the street and stores with their mouths open, staring at strangers. Others run their fingers in their mouth and look strangers out of countenance.

While I was standing in Mr. Coale's bookstore the previous day, a little well-dressed, broad-collared, handsome boy, of about twelve years of age, came in, and walking up close in front of me, stood and gazed at me with his finger plunged in his mouth—no matter which way I moved, this child would move too, standing so close up to me with his finger in his mouth, was so much in my way that I was unable to attend to my business. I coaxed him and shamed him, by turns, to keep out of my way, but all in vain. Had the clerks been any better they would have resorted to some means to have kept him

*President Teague is dead. His teagueship was so mortified that he took a trip out of the country.

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away. After some time a gentleman came in, and I pointed out the conduct of the boy, who still had his finger stuck in his mouth. I observed that parents who suffered their children to run at large in this manner, instead of keeping them at school, were culpable; and whom should the gentleman be but the child's father, the great H——. He appeared no way concerned, but took the child in his arms and hugged him. Thus parents alone are to blame for all the crimes, vices and misdemeanors committed in the world. This child was the worst behaved of any I met with in Baltimore, and they are the worst of any children, excepting those of Capital Hill, of Washington,

From the magistrate's I continued my walk down Fayette-street, and being much fatigued from my lameness, I stepped into a respectable looking office, to rest, and who should I find there but one of the great Latimore family. One would think he was not suffered, when young, to run about with his finger in his mouth gazing at strangers. Here I was in a little heaven—besides Mr. Latimore I found my friend Rev. Mr. Cox, of Hallowell, Me. a very genteel, friendly man, a methodist preacher and a brother-in-law to my friend, Mr. Lombard, of Hallowell. This was really a treat, as I had an opportunity of inquiring about my friends. There was also present a very respectable lawyer by the name of Bell. All of them drew round me—quite pleased, no doubt, to see my authorship. Nor was I less pleased to find that all were not starers in Baltimore.

James B. Latimore, Esq. is nothing more than a Notary public, quite a young looking man, of middle size and open, fine noble countenance, mild blue eye, and a perfect gentleman in his manners.

Mr. Bell is also a very excellent man and handsome appearance. He is likewise a man of young appearance with a good face, fine person, blue eye and auburn hair.

As I returned to my boarding house I called now and then at the shops to pick up something new, and amongst others, stepped into a bookstore nearly opposite to Beltzhoover's. The moment I entered the store, (H. & G.) I

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discovered they were missionaries. They were very ignorant and impertinent, as all these religious people are. Several young men of the corps, likewise, came in. Meantime I laid my cambrick pocket handkerchief on a chair, and was handling some of the books in the store, as I am always governed by facts. But the ruffians became so insolent that I turned round to pick up my handkerchief to leave the store, and behold, it was gone—stolen for the Lord's treasury, doubtless. I accused them on the spot, but all to no purpose, though one of them did say he saw it. Thus I have been robbed three times in Baltimore, if we include the paper, which was worse than robbery, as it ruined the work * In all my travels I have never lost a pinsworth except in Baltimore, for the honor of my native state.

Some of my particular friends observed to me, during this visit, that "I ought to let Baltimore rest." "Oh, Mrs. R. do let us off this time!" No, never, until it shews some appearance of reformation. I am not pleased to find it a bye word and a laughing stock. And, to crown the whole, a stately fortification of the missionaries erects its bold front in the centre of the city and the gaudy females pouring into it. I saw very few men.

There is a stately palace on the opposite corner from Barnum's tavern, I have made several attempts to see the master of the house or the interior at least, but all in vain. It is inhabited, no doubt, by some upstart sprung from the ashes. Of this I was confirmed this day, the only time I had ever seen a white face about the house. As I walked by the door I saw several men and women peeping out at me through a window, pointing and sneering.

have often lingered at the door after attempting in vain to get in to admire a beautiful specimen of sculpture in fine Italian marble, in the shape of a dog. The dog is lying down upon the edge of the platform in front of the door with its head and neck erect, looking into the street,

*At this very time I sent a box of books to the waggon office, to be conveyed to Messrs. Johnson and Stockton, and they have never been heard of since.

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and represents a most astonishing resemblance to life. But sculpture, fine houses and fine equipages can not make *Jack* a gentleman; he will still be Jack in the fable. These people ought to travel—they ought to go to Boston, where (if they were capable of learning) they would then know how to respect strangers.

On this visit I became acquainted with Richard B. McGruder, Esq., whose politeness deserves to be noticed; he lives in St. Pauls Lane, and a most gentlemanly man; he is married to a daughter of Gen. Stricker's. Mr. Mc. is of middling size and age, with a handsome round face, and keen piercing eye; his manners are of the first order. But my time was too much engaged to spend more than a few minutes in his company.

But "there was the McKims, did you never see the McKims. Mrs. R. you do not see our first people—they are the first gentlemen in the city. There is Messrs. John McKim, Samuel McKim, and Isaac McKim." I was glad to hear of so many Macks, and posts away to see the McKims; they lived down town somewhere, I believe near the theatre. Keeping clear of Wood and Warren, the Henglish players (you may judge of the taste of Baltimore by patronizing such wild beasts) I soon found one of the McKims, the greatest boor in the city. I never asked whether it was Sam, John or Jim, as I suppose no body wants to know. I suspect the next time I visit Baltimore to find him President of the United States' bank, or governor, or in some high office, as I see they have figured high in their country. Previous to meeting with him, however, I ought to have mentioned calling at the house of (I think) Isaac McKim, Esqr. he was out. Next day I met him in the street, where he saluted me very politely, and expressed some regret at his absence when I called. He *was* a very gentlemanly man, nor could he be enough praised. But what astonishes me is the want of discrimination in people who have had every advantage. And want of independence and candor. I would as soon say seriously that black was white, as to call a man clever who was not.

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Hearing that one of the Peales had a museum in Baltimore, and not far from the neighborhood of the McK's. Lame as I was, and always willing to assist my neighbors, I searched out the museum, with the view of giving it a puff, as I had never heard of a museum in Baltimore. But as a friend to Mr. Peale, I would advise him for the sake of his reputation to give up the museum in Baltimore and go to selling cakes, or place some one in charge of it who has his interest more at heart. I found the most abominable woman, keeper, that could be picked out of a work house. When I told her my name and my business, she said "I could go in by paying 25 cents." I endeavored to convince her that it was her interest to let me in, but I might just as soon have convinced a mastiff, and quit the place instantly.

Mr. J. J. Cohen of the lottery office, is all that remains worthy of notice, excepting Mr. Bool, a bookseller, both gentlemen of much cleverness.

As it had been sometime since I saw my friends, Niles of the Register, and Roberts, of the Marylander, about to take my departure, I could not leave the place without taking them by the hand. I was unfortunate in my visit to Niles's, a very excellent plain Quaker looking man. He is a small, middle aged man, with a pale, round handsome face, and the most simple in his manners and appearance, of any man in a thousand.

I was more fortunate at Mr. Roberts's, and we had a perfect jubilee, I had not seen him in two years, and from the various and unaccountable changes common to mankind, I was not sure of finding Roberts the same warm friend, but he was unaltered, he is a man of extremely pleasant manners, very sociable, warm and sincere in his friendship, and every way engaging. There was another very gentlemanly editor in Gay street, but I do not recollect either his name or that of his paper.

I spent the last night in Baltimore, at Brower's tavern, in South street, sign of the rail road, and here I met with a French gentleman, with whose family I had become acquainted many years back, in the western part of Virginia, their name was *Leport* and every one may remem-

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ber the tragical end of this man's uncle, who was robbed and cruelly murdered in the western country, sometime about the year 1792, his sister the mother of the gentleman now in Baltimore, and two beautiful and accomplished daughters, resided some time in my neighborhood, after they arrived from France. This one now introduced to the public, I did not see at that time. They had fled from the Guillotine in France, leaving a princely fortune behind them, being unable to bring any part of it away. They had, however, in company with many others, made a large purchase of lands in this country previous to their leaving France, but when they came to see the land, it was not worth one cent! thus they were treated in our hospitable America. Their uncle, their only prop, murdered, and defrauded of their money by some of our citizens whom I knew personally. Who raised in the ashes, soon set up large equipages, and built fine houses out of the money filched from these unfortunate people. May the man who would be guilty of so black a crime, never thrive nor prosper.*

The charms of the young ladies, however, soon procured for them wealthy and accomplished husbands, and I never heard of the family since, till I met with Mons. Leport in Baltimore, though he resides somewhere in the western states.

If he is not again cheated, he has made an ample fortune by a new discovery. It is he that has invented the spinning of wire with twine, out of which almost every thing can be made, and more durable than of any other substance. For instance, chairs, sideboards, bed bottoms, &c. &c. But the invention is admirable for mail bags, which cannot be cut with a knife or any edge tool. I saw several very handsome chairs which, to all appearance, would last for ever—No person in the world could tell them from rushbottom chairs. They were neatly varnished, and looked very handsome. He is a man advanced in years, tall and spare, plainly clad, and very deaf, but has a most fertile genius, he is now engaged in

*It was amusing to see the trouble of the dancing masters, endeavoring to take the rust off the children of those cheats.

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preparing several other specimens of invention, for public inspection; but I am fearful he will fall a prey to some designing man.

My Pennsylvanians will excuse me for stepping down the bay a few minutes, to Annapolis, I shall be absent but a day, and then proceed to their state.

I took a different boat from the one I sailed in, mentioned in the Black book, but the captain and the passengers were very little better; I am sure the captain (who I saw) was worse, and the greatest ruffian that ever commanded a boat, and many of the passengers were but little behind him—they were ignorant, bold, impudent men.

We had, however, a very amiable female on board, accompanied by her husband and children. From the simplicity of her dress, and her highly polished manners, I at first took her to be a Boston lady, she resembled the Boston ladies in every thing; but she was from the Eastern shore of Maryland, and I have since seen several persons from the Eastern shore, who were highly accomplished; as different from the rest of Maryland as though they belonged to a different species. This lady particularly, (who was one of the wealthiest in the state) was entirely divested of ribbon, flounces, and frippery; and her conversation was enlightened and polished in the highest degree.

There is but one tavern in Annapolis, though there are several boarding houses. As I walked along to the tavern, some of the ruffians to whom I had given the set down in the boat, walked very swiftly by me, and before I reached the tavern (as I walked very slow) I met them returning to the boat, which was bound lower down the bay.

When I arrived at the tavern, the owner met me at the door, with a bow. I asked him "if he was the proprietor of the tavern," he replied he was "I shall want a room, sir, for to-day, can you furnish me—"no, he could not." I was no way discouraged at this, as I had more friends in the place than he had, by a long ways. I discovered at once, that the men from the boat had put

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him up to this. See the want of education again, had this man been a man of education, he must at once have discovered the difference between myself and the rabble from the boat. How those low bred people hang together, they have no ambition, let the brute take his deserts—no one ever deserved it more.

A porter had brought my trunk from the landing, and was standing by me, with the trunk in his hand. I asked him if "his highness would be so condescending as to let the trunk sit in the passage a few minutes and I would send for it." "Oh to be sure madam," and the trunk was set down.

I had corresponded with a very amiable man in Annapolis without ever having seen him, and had received from him many acts of kindness, and I was dying to pay my respects to him, and see the face of a man who could have done so much for a stranger. This was Mr. M'Nier of the Carrolltonian. Knowing I could depend upon his kindness for every thing, I felt little concerned at the dolt-headed tavern keeper. Nor would I honor him so far as to inquire of him for my friend, but leaving his house (which sets a little back) I stepped across the street and was just about to enter the store, when hearing something behind me, I turned round, and what should it be but a little ugly negro boy bringing my trunk after me! I had seen so much of the baseness of mankind that I felt no way disappointed, and directed the boy to set it down. This was worse than the first offence—the first showed merely that he was a knave, but this act proved him one. Now this was a disgrace to the city, and ought to disgrace the man forever.*

*During the present summer, an agent of mine took some of my books to Annapolis, and went to this Mr. Tavernkeeper the first man. He said "he neither purchased, subscribed nor read a book." Every one might know he never read. He next went to an Episcopalian clergyman. He said "he would read the book if it were made a present to him. It is a pity I do not know his name. The Episcopalian preachers had convened to elect a bishop, and came within one of electing parson Johns, of Fredericktown; this proves what an enlightened body of men they must have been I would just as soon have elected a baboon. All this proves that Maryland is degenerating rapidly.

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I stepped into the store and enquired for one M'Nier, and requested the favor of the man to take care of the trunk. He very politely sent a boy with me to my friend's, and said, "he would attend to the trunk with great pleasure." Can these two men be made of the same materials? I should think not. Mr. M'Nier was not in at the moment, but he soon appeared. From his letters to me I had conceived an exalted opinion of Mr. M'N. not to say the most cordial friendship, nor was I at all disappointed, excepting that he far exceeded the most extravagant conception. Our meeting was similar to that of a brother and sister after a long separation; we were both so overjoyed that we had scarcely the power of speech—nor have I ever seen a human being whose sentiments and feelings were so exactly in unison with my own. Wherever and whenever this happens *there* is Heaven.

Mr. M'Nier is rather a small but well-made, handsome, young-looking man, with a round full face and two of the most innocent black eyes in the world. Like all generous men, he is in humble circumstances, but he has the heart of a prince.

After a few minutes conversation which took place in his office, he went up stairs and dressed himself in order to attend me whithersoever I wished to go, but first inviting me up stairs, introduced me to Mrs. M'Nier, a very amiable and interesting woman.

In the course of our conversation I detailed the adventure of the tavern-keeper and the trunk, and requested Mr. M'N. in the first place to have me a room prepared, somewhere in the town, as I wished to be upon a certainty on that head, and then we would walk over the town. It is useless to add that I had much difficulty to decline an invitation to spend my time at his house, a thing I never do since I have been able to pay my way. He soon had a room fitted up at Mrs. Gambril's, and after sending my trunk to my room, attended me through the city.

It will be recollected that I once made a hasty visit to Annapolis, but had only a few minutes to spend, in which

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time I took a view of the city from the State House. But this by no means took in a perfect view, as it contains many handsome squares in rear of the building, and some of the finest buildings and gardens in the city.

The State House stands on an elevated site. The land descending back forms a beautiful plain of rich alluvia extending to a hamdsome stream which forms its boundary. This ground is covered with buildings and squares, adorned with flourishing trees. St. John's College is situated back here. It is a large elegant building, three stories high, on a beautiful green. This college, which is seldom mentioned by geographers, is very flourishing, and besides the usual studies, the students are instructed in military tactics. A grammar school is also attached to the college. The faculty consists of

Wm. Rafferty, D. D. Principal and Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

Edward Sparkes, M. D. Professor of Ancient Languages.

Col. Thomas Sudler, Professor of Mathematics, Civil Engineering and Military Tactics.

Charles T. Flusser, Esq. Professor of Modern Languages.

Rev. John Decker, A. M. Professor of Grammar.

All the students, by a rule of college, must conform to a uniform dress, which is military. It contains a philosophical apparatus and a valuable library. Some of the oldest books in the United States, are found in this College.

I saw none of the faculty but Rev. Wm. Rafferty, who, as his name bespeaks, is an Irish gentleman. He is a stout, fine-looking man and appears to be a man of science. He is easy and affable, and has every appearance of a gentleman. Nor did I see any of the academic students, though a number of the grammar boys were playing on the green, the rest having retired.

I regret that the President neglected to furnish me with the number of students, which I am very sure I requested of him, though perhaps he did not understand me. I lament this the more as this institution is not suf-

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ficiently known, nor am I able to state the amount of its funds. I merely received a pamphlet, and conceiving it contained every thing I wished to obtain, I did not then examine it. But upon recourse to it I find nothing in it but the names of the faculty and the rules.

Next day I entered the State House, which I have already said is one of the most superb, (if not altogether) in the United States. The interior of the dome is richly ornamented with stucco, and the whole is finished in a style of unequalled beauty. The arms of the State are kept in the State House, 25,00 stand—also the State Library, containing 15,000 volumes, principally law books, and said to be rare and valuable.

After viewing the armory, library, and other parts of the building, I was shewn into the legislative hall, a very splendid room.

It will be recollected that Congress was sitting at Annapolis at the close of the revolutionary war, and it was in this hall Gen. Washington delivered up his commission. The very spot where he stood when he addressed Congress was pointed out to me, and I saw the chair in which he sat previously to delivering the address. The same chair was placed on the spot which it occupied at that time, and I sat in it some minutes. It was in front of the Speaker's (Hancock) chair, pretty far back—nearly at the bar of the house. After sitting some minutes in the chair, he arose and delivered the address so much admired.

Most of the chairs used by congress at that time are still preserved in the State House.

Besides the State House and Academy, there is a house for the Governor—and the same house occupied by the English Governor before the revolution is still standing, sound and entire.

It may be supposed I did not forget to pay my respects to Mrs. Bland, the lady of Judge Bland, whose name I had forgotten. This is the lady with whose manners I was so forcibly struck on my first visit to Annapolis. Mrs. B. I was sorry to hear, had been indispos-

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ed. She looked thinner, and was by no means so talkative or gay.

Hearing Mrs. Murray lived in Annapolis, I called to see her. Mrs. Murray is the mother of Mrs. Secretary Rush and Mrs. Gen. Mason, of Mason's Island, in the District of Columbia. It appears I had met with this lady, some time back, at Gen. Mason's and recollected her well when she reminded me of the circumstance. Mrs. M. was reposing on a bed in her chamber, and sent for me to come up. Now one of the mushroom families would have sent an impudent negro bully to tell you "They were not at home," and hold the door fast, lest you might come in. As respects myself this trouble is useless, as I would never visit any man or woman who was so low. But I was ushered into madam Murray's chamber without delay. She would not even let me wait till she arose from her bed. Does this not prove, in the clearest terms, that society is degenerating. This female was simply clad, in a plain morning wrapper, but it was her mind that was adorned. She appeared, and evidently was, one of the most accomplished females of the age. The result is that her daughters tread in her footsteps, *their* daughters after *them*, and so on. These are the pearls of great price, and it is from such mothers our statesmen and patriots have sprung, but from whence are they to spring henceforth? Look at the long list of she and he missionaries in the State of Maryland—look at the Christian Almanack, of Baltimore, and then tell me whence? From tracts I suspect. Look at the children. I fancy Mrs. Murray did not let her children follow strangers about with their fingers stuck in their mouths. Mrs. M. was only fatigued, she said, from the duties of the morning, and was merely resting.

I ought to have mentioned that as I was walking up the street from Judge Bland's, a negro girl came running to me from a store on the opposite side of the street, and said there were several ladies in that store who wished to see me. As I came to *see*, I wanted to *see* them too, and walked over. There were four or five gay dressed ladies in the store, besides the proprietor, who was a

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very plain dressed, good-looking woman, and after introducing me to the other ladies, gave me a chair, and invited me to sit down. The steamboat had arrived that morning from Baltimore, and several of these ladies had just arrived.

The proprietor of the store asked me several commonplace questions, such as "how was I pleased with Annapolis, and how long was I going to stay?" &c. I told her I was much pleased with Annapolis, except the tavern-keeper, who was one of the greatest brutes I have met with." "Oh no!" said the lady of the store, "*we* think he is a very clever man—this is his wife," pointing to one of the females who was dressed in great *snuff*, (as we say in the west) I replied, I was sorry her husband was not in her place. Had she been a woman of feeling or sense, I would have apologized, but she was quite a silly blockhead—this followed of course, as none but a blockhead would have married such a savage.

She apologized, in her way, for the conduct of her husband, and said "had she been present, I should have been better treated," (the dear soul,) I question that very much. She invited me to come and take tea with her that evening—"several ladies would be there who wished to become acquainted with me," and all that. I understood the whole of it, and turning off short, repaired to my room.

Mrs. Gambril, a very accommodating lady, soon had me a nice cup of tea, and after taking refreshment I took a walk to the *fort*, for though I never heard of it before, it appears there is a military post belonging to the United States, kept at Annapolis, and Lieut. Col. J. B. Walbach is the commandant of Fort *Severn*

I was told there were several *genteel* officers there, and I expected to be highly pleased with the folks of the Fort. No such thing, they all scampered off *genteelly* and left Colonel Walbach to do the honors of the post unsupported. Our people are surely the worst judges of courage and bravery in the world. Nothing more evident, or they would not put men in who would run from an old woman. The ganders, (but a gander is brave) how

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could I hurt them? They ought every one to be broke for cowardice.

Fort Severn is beautifully situated upon a slightly elevated plain, but I saw nothing more worthy of notice, excepting the commandant and his family, one of the most interesting I had met with in the state of Maryland, or indeed any other state. But Col. W. did not spring from the Bladensburg *race*.

I was so charmed with the man that I insisted upon knowing his history the first thing.

Col. Walbach is a native of Alsace, Upper Rhine, held commissions in the armies of France from 1781 to 1792, when, after the incarceration of Louis XVI (10th August) he quitted that service. He arrived in the United States in 1797, and in the year following received under the recommendation of Gen. G. Washington, a commission in the army of the United States, in which he has continued to serve to this day, Sept. 27, 1828.

Col. Walbach, therefore, is an elderly man, but quite of young appearance. He is not very tall, but his face, his eye, his countenance, still retain all the fire of youth. His large fine eye and arched brow are singularly beautiful. His manners, of course, I need not mention, as his opportunities must have been ample, both in this country and in Europe.

The Colonel is married to an American lady, I believe of Pennsylvania, a most charming female. But the most interesting part of the family is yet to come—his daughters; unlike the Baltimore ladies, they were dressed in the plainest manner, without a single ribbon, ruffle, bow, or flounce. They were handsome and accomplished; in the first place, their plain white robes, their snow-white round, richly worked capes, done by their own hands, their own hair neatly puffed round the face; I think they were the most interesting moving creatures—their easy swimming step was enough to charm a misanthrope, while they breathed the softest language.

I was led to enquire of the Colonel "in what part of the United States he had educated his daughters?" (I saw but two.) He said "in New England," and that "from

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the time they became old enough to reason, he had ceased to exercise any control over them whatever, and acted in no other relation to them but that of a friend, leaving them entirely to the guidance of their own reason." They played well, and were skilful with the needle. One of them was just finishing a richly wrought handkerchief to present to her mother on her (mother's) birth day, which, I think, was the next ensuing. The parents and children were very, and mutually, affectionate.

The Colonel invited me to stay and dine, but my engagements would not allow me.

The doctor attached to the post, came in while I was there, and though introduced by the Col. he paid me no sort of attention. Upon taking leave, the young ladies accompanied me to the door, and while we lingered upon the door sill, several young ladies from the city; some of whom were those ladies who had arrived that morning, from Baltimore, were approaching to pay the ladies of the post a visit; I walked on in the contrary direction while the Miss Walbacks remained standing in the door till they came up. The visitors stopped a few minutes to speak to me, and made several inquiries on the subject of my visit to the fort.—"How did I like the ladies? &c. &c. "Very well," I replied, "no one could help liking such agreeable females." "Ah, did I think them amiable?"—"yes, I think they excell in good taste, and sense." The Baltimore ladies, as usual, were bebowed and bespattered with ribbons, lace, silks and sattins. I told them to look at the dress of those ladies, and draw a comparison. I merely wished to rouse their attention, as doubtless they never were told in their lives, but that "the more ribbons the more lady." Now, any man of sense, about to choose a wife, whether would he choose a bunch of ribbons, or a sweet tempered, unaffected female, with beauty and good sense, without ribbons?" As we looked toward the house, I observed to my Baltimore ladies "I was glad they were on terms of friendship with those yankee ladies, as it might be the means of correcting their taste. "Look at them, said I, "do you see any frippery about them?"

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By the time I reached Mrs. Gambrils, I was tired down, and retired, intending to take the morning steam boat (Sunday) to Baltimore. In the meantime my friend, Mr. McNier, was always in attendance, and bringing in those gentlemen who wished to pay their respects—of these, I only recollect Messrs. Jas Shaw, Wm. Mechen, R. J. Jones and D. Ridley. These gentlemen were very kind and friendly, and endeavored to make my time as comfortably as possible—indeed I might never be alone; my greatest difficulty is too much company. But still it is very gratifying to receive those acts of kindness; nor does any people in the Union understand what belongs to the appelation of gentleman or friend, better than the people of Annapolis. I should doubtless have contracted many friendships but for the shortness of my visit.

Next day I took my departure, attended to the boat by Mr McNier, and who do you think was my captain? even the same who brought me to Annapolis about a year since; he was apprized of my book too, but he took it all kind and was really a genteel man, though I do not yet remember the name of his *fine* boat. My friend brought him down, and we laughed enough at the *Sunday* Annapolis trip. This captain must be one of those *heathens* thus to violate the *holy Sabbath.* I told him the black-coats would proscribe him; he laughed very hearty, and is really a very clever man, and showed not the least resentment at my remarks in the Black book.

My friend McNier stayed with me till the last moment. It gave us much pain to part, but part we must, and joining our hands in silence, he turned off in great emotion, and walked up the steps and I "ne'er shall see his like again." In this place I must remark what I ought to have done in another, that I hope the public will bestow its patronage upon Mrs. Gambril instead of the Bear of the tavern, as she keeps a good house, is *very* accommodating, and her charges low.

It had rained in the forenoon, but we had been under way but a short time before the sun broke out and shone beautifully. We had but two or three passengers on board, and the captain (very attentive in deed) sat with

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me at the stern of the boat, where we had an extensive view of the bay and the shipping, with which it was overspread. I had no idea that the port of Baltimore owned so much shipping. It put me in mind of New York. The captain had a little son, the most sensible and best informed youth I have ever seen in Maryland—I was quite charmed with his conversation and manners; nor could I help congratulating the father upon the happiness of having such a son. I do not know that I was ever better pleased than with this trip.

Being accustomed to an early cup of tea, long before the usual hour, the captain (I am sorry I know neither his name nor that of the boat) had it ordered for me directly, and I think I was attended by four servants, besides the steward (his son.)

Just as we drew near Baltimore, the sky was suddenly darkened by a dismal black cloud, and now and then we had a sharp clap of thunder and wind, but we made shift to land safe and I hastened in the first hack I met to Browers. Now ye who are fond of laughter prepare.

Early next morning, I called at Mr. Coale's bookstore, and the first news they had to tell, was, "that Betsey Chace had lay in wait for me the two days I was absent, to whip me! you all remember that I bestowed a page or two upon my sister authoress, in the Black book, and amongst other things, in describing her person, I said she was a *masculine* woman. When the volume came out she flew to Coale's, and would have torn his eyes out for telling me tales; Coale, I believe, luckily got out of her way, and then she wreaked her vengeance upon the boys, for telling me the *truth*, (the first time ever they did, I dare say) about the subscription paper, and lastly my poor self. "I, me, a masculine woman, am I a masculine? Masculine woman. I'll masculine her, just let me catch her—look at me, am I masculine? I hope she'll come—I'll give her Betsey Chace, I'll chace her."

This intelligence was rather alarming, particularly, as from my lameness, but for which I could have outran her. This alarm was still increased by other information respecting this Amazon—fury. Her nephew-in-law,

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was in the store at the time, and when I asked "if it were possible she (a lady) could be such a virago?—she cannot be in earnest," I remarked. The gentleman surprised me by relating a battle fought once in the street, between B. C. and his wife. B. C. being displeased with her Neice about something, met with her in the street; fell upon her and almost beat her to death. Many others confirmed his assertion, and the man was quite serious, when I suddenly interrupted them by inquiring "whether she was any where near?" they did not know, but doubtless, she would be down about ten o'clock. It is needless to add that I called for a hack and jumping into it went as fast as the horses could carry me.

Having some arrangements to make with my friend, Dr. Price, near Beltzhoover's, I hastened thither, and despatching as quick as possible, I drove to the wharf and took my passage immediately for Philadelphia, and though it was some time before the boat sailed, I stuck snugly in the cabin for fear of B. C.

Apropos, having mentioned Dr. Price; he is an old acquaintance with whom I am in old arrears, and a most amiable man, as generous as a prince; he prepared some liniment for my ancle and shoulder, which in the end proved very servicable, and doubtless cost him a great deal, but he would not receive one cent for it; so that I have some goodness (with all the bad) to boast of in my native state. Dr. Price has, however, sick or well been one of my warmest friends, and is held in high esteem in Baltimore.

In the afternoon we left the wharf for Philadelphia. When I was sure by the sound of the wheels, we were under way, I came forth from my hiding place, but you may suppose I looked with searching care through the croud on deck, before I ventured to take a seat—seeing no masculine woman, I concluded I was safe. There was a large party on board, mostly of the lower order of people; a few of middling, and none that could be called genteel but one man who sat by himself.

It soon appeared I was known to them, and they were all upon their guard; speaking in whispers, pointing and

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casting side looks at me. One gentleman did venture to address me by name—he was accompanied by a gay dressed female, not of very favorable appearance, which disgusted me so much that I declined the conversation.

Mrs. Register N. of Washington, was one of the passengers, a great fat, round faced, ignorant, tory looking woman, whose tongue ran like a clapper, without sense or reason. She was a great missionary, priest-loving woman, and all her talk was about the "spread of the gospel," and Preachers and pious people.

From the time I went on deck, however, I was chiefly engrossed by the appearance of a poor sailor who stood on the larboard leaning on the balustrade of the boat, watching the shore with great earnestness; he was a mere shadow low and shrunken, and seemed, from his paleness, to be a convalessant, or rather a ghost; his clothes could hardly be called such, though his famished body might be said to be covered; he wore an old blue bonnet on his head, and seemed to be a foreigner, and a sailor, poor, sick, and friendless; he paid no regard to the persons on board, who, in their turn, avoided him as they would a pestilence—what, christians! had this man been covered with gold lace, those hypocrites would have worshipped him.

As the boat glided along, being yet within the precincts of the city, and not far from the shore, we passed some vessels, upon which several sailors were seen walking to and fro upon the decks, and others in groups, sitting down on the shore; when the boat came opposite to these the poor man pulled off his bonnet and speaking as loud as his feebleness would admit, hailed the sailors, in a foreign dialect, and waved his bonnet; but I was sorry to find that those to whom the salute was addressed did not return it—doubtless they did not hear. He was much hurt at his failure, and sighed deeply, still keeping his eye on the dear objects which seemed to engross his whole soul. He appeared insensible to every object in the world beside.

I felt so deeply for his forlorn situation, it was with the greatest difficulty I kept from shedding tears. After

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waiting some time to see if any of the *Barbarians* on board would set the example of administering comfort to this woe-worn sailor, I walked up to him; but what was I to do? engrossed by his heart rending sorrows—his back towards me, as he still supported himself on the balustrade—and unable to make him understand me—I, also leaning on the rail, indeavored to catch his eye—but all in vain, he never dreamed that we were any thing but beastly monsters, and he was right. At length I touched his sleeve gently, which caused him to start wildly.—I slipped (in fact I did it openly, with a view of emulating others) a trifle in his hand, to pay for his supper, and asked him if he could speak English—his bonnet was off and a bow succeeded bow, he shook his head in answer to my question, which proved he did not understand my language, though the tear which stood in his eye proved he understood the act. I thought he would never cease bowing, and seemed to regard me with great astonishment. I walked back, and resumed my seat, and the poor sailor quit the side of the boat, and walking to a remote corner, seated himself, and never took his eye off of me till dark, when I went down to the cabin.

Seeing that he was still unnoticed excepting by cold looks, I took occasion to mention his distressed appearance to several passengers, and endeavored to enlist their sympathy in his behalf But I might as well have plead pity to a wolf. They all sneaked off and kept out of my sight. Are these people christians? Are they even common heathens? for the heathens have hearts. This is the effect of modern priest-craft. This is the effect of tracts and bible societies and the whole abomination of wickedness. I will venture to say that not one of those flint-hearted miscreants ever missed going to church on *Sabbath*. But, in these times, it appears the nearer the church the further from Heaven, and the more church the more wickedness.

I did not expect any of the females to relieve the poor stranger, as they would have thought themselves disgraced by approaching within arms-length of the unfortunate man—nor could they spare a cent from their loving

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priests. But I *did* think there was not that brute on earth, in shape of man, that could have hardened his heart against the sufferings of this fellow man. But this day convinced me I was mistaken May such monsters meet their reward. I did ask several of the females—not that I expected to get relief from them, but that I might be a witness against them at the great day *Query*: —Had a man missionary asked them for money to spread the gospel, would he not have succeeded?

All this time Mrs. Register N. was holding forth about tracts and spreading the gospel, and had a basket and reticule stuffed with tracts, and kept handing them out to her sister hypocrites—the vile monsters.

Now let us for a moment imagine ourselves in this poor man's place, viz: in a foreign land, amongst people whose language we did not understand, sick, friendless, and pennyless. It is too appalling to think of. I must say I never saw so many barbarians in my life.

Those hypocritical missionaries need not cross the ocean to look for the heathen. But (the monsters) *their* heathen is MONEY!

When about to go down, I walked up to the sick man, and bidding him good bye, I asked him by signs, if any person on board had given him any thing. He said "No, no!" After supper, when retiring to our cabin, I called for pen and ink and committed the foregoing remarks to writing. Meantime I was tormented by the eternal clack of Mrs. Register N. Of all women she has the nimblest tongue. But old N——, I had a good deal of amusement with him. As soon as he found I was on board, he slunk out of sight, but unfortunately we happened to sit immediately opposite each other at the supper-table. He hung down his head and never offered to help me to any thing before him, though I saluted him in my best style.

It was distressing to any American, not lost to shame, to see this old English man and woman, dressed in their fine costly clothes—she with her great fat sides wrapped in her rich sattins and superfine cloth cloak upon cloak, and her broad red English face, the avails of that money

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which belonged to honest merit, and for which many a man's widow who had served his country was then in want and poverty This abominable old hog has long devoured and rioted in that wealth which would have relieved the distress of many a poor widow and orphan, and yet they could not bestow a few cents upon the poor friendless sailor! Are such men to be patronized in preference to our own people? This is a fine picture of our wise government!

How many years this man has been in office I know not, but well I know he ought to give place to some poor American.

When Mrs. N discovered who I was she stopped talking—so loud I mean, for you might as well have attempted to stop the Falls of Niagara, as to stop her tongue. But of all fools I think she was the greatest. Getting as far from me as she could, (the only wise thing she ever did,) she bored some poor woman about tracts and missionaries until she made every one sick.

"A poor creature came to my house one day [wolf's house] and asked me to give him something. I saw he was a poor creature that looked dissipated like, and may be he would not put it to a good use, and I thought, if I was to give him money he would perhaps go and spend it, and you know that would be doing him rather an injury than a benefit, so I asked him if he did not think so, and if he did not, at times, indulge too much? I tried to bring him on by degrees. At last the poor creature acknowledged he had been a very wicked man, but had never met with any one to advise him or counsel him, but he had of late resolved to amend, for drinking would be his ruin. When I found he had good pious feelings, I went to my drawer and brought him—" here I could not hear the name of the tract, (for tract it was,) the drunkard doubtless, "I handed it to him, and you never saw how thankful the creature was. I told him to read it over carefully, and I had no doubt but it would open his eyes to his past life, and hoped he would become pious and good, and that the next time I saw him he would be a reformed man." Had she said she went to the cupboard

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and cat him a luncheon of bread and meat, I should have listened to her with some sort of patience. "Well, I cant say how long it was, after this, but who does I meet one day, but this same man, and the poor creature said he would thank me till the day of his death, that he had become a reformed man, and should always be thankful for the good pious tract, and the good advice I had given him, and the poor creature I believe was become intirely reformed and pious; so after this, when ever any of these poor creatures come, I always give them a few of these pious tracts; these are some of them I have here"—[takes out a few tracts] they are very pious—[shows them to the woman] see all about some wicked person that was reformed by some good people. I shall always have a good opinion of tracts."

I could refrain no longer. "If we may judge by your charity to the poor man on deck this afternoon, one would suppose, maddam, you were yourself converted by tracts, we need go no further than yourself to see the effect of tract piety. If you are so pious, and so great, and so good a christian, why did you not give the poor sick stranger something to buy him victuals and clothes? Those tracts, I presume, never cost you a cent, and have about as much piety in them as yourself, you abominable hypocrite." She made me no reply, but figgeted about and said she would lie down, but she had become so beastly big on government pap that she could not get into the birth. Weep Columbia, at this time, even as late as Sept 30th. 1828, I was without a cloak!!!

It was quite late, midnight doubtless, when we arrived at

NEWCASTLE,

where I stopped for the night. I had picked up a pretty clever beau in the coach, (which we took at Frenchtown) and he paid all possible attention. He called for a light; ordered a porter—waited on me to the tavern—knocked up the folks, and after seeing me safely lodged in the tavern, made his bow. At this house I found the best servant I ever met with in any country. He was actual-

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y superior to any thing that could be imagined. He vas a colored youth, not quite grown, and the only per- on awake in the house; he bowed very politely, and up- on asking him for a room, he picked up the candle and valked before me to the chamber. He then bowed, and aid, "this is your room madam." I desired him to bring ıy trunks and a glass of water, this was done promptly nd cheerfully; I then desired him to have me a cup of :offee early in the morning, and locked the door. Accor- lingly I found the coffee ready on the table, next morn- ng, with a nice relish, long before any of the family were moving.

I had often passed through Newcastle, but this was the irst time I ever stopped in Delaware; and as it was all n the way, and I wished to call at Wilmington, where I ad a little business, about books of course, I stop- ed here with a view of taking the stage to Wilming- on, as there was no other alternative. Wilmington, I was old, was but five miles from Newcastle, and from there I ould go at any time by the steamboat to Philadelphia. laving fatigued myself a great deal at Annapolis and altimore, and the inviting situation of my tavern at New- astle, commanding one of the finest views on the river, rge, lofty, cool and comfortable—I spent the day in ewcastle.

It is a pretty town on the Delaware river, though lit- e of it is seen from the river or the road. But upon alking back from both, you find some very handsome ouses, squares and streets. It contains two churches, a ourt-house, jail, an academy, a very handsome market- ouse, and about 150 houses. It is 33 miles below Phi- delphia, and stands on a gentle elevation which com- ands a charming view of the Delaware, above and be- w the town.

It is a perfect treat to sit in the upper story of the vern, and see the steamboats arrive and depart twice a y, loaded with passengers, from forty to an hundred, d how often at night I cannot say. Also the stages ming from Frenchtown, eight to ten, heavy laden with assengers—these get out of the stages directly under

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the window and walk to the wharf. Some dozen porters wheeling the baggage to the wharf to proceed on in the steamboat. Others again, are wheeling the baggage, trunks piled on trunks, bandboxes and valices from the wharf to take the same stages back to Frenchtown.

These are hardly out of sight till here comes the other steamboat foaming down the river from Philadelphia, and the stages again meeting them from Baltimore. The stages receive the passengers from the boat, and the boat receives the passengers from the stages, and each set off again, turning back to back.

The novelty of the passengers, their different figures, dress, age, country and movements, are very amusing; and such droves, it appears to be an army in full march—every one walks as fast as if his life were forfeited if he did not get first to the stage, or first to the boat. But their figures and phizes—here a little nimble Frenchman trips like a partridge and carrys his valice under his arm, for safety—another (American) follows, with his valice in his hand, which his looks show he is unwilling to trust in the hands of the porters. There you see a great broad red-faced Irish woman, waddling along, puffing and blowing, perhaps an old chest, as cumbersome as herself, fastens her eye to the barrow, and never was a boat yet, but here was a broad, red faced Scotchman on board, and a pock-marked Paddy.

But I like all these very well, there is something amusing in them, and I wish we had not a great deal worse people—the Don Dismals, the Grey coats,* always make a considerable part of the passengers, whether going or coming—the grim monsters all look black as anger.

This variety continually before the eye, and the shipping passing up and down the river, renders Newcastle a very interesting stopping place.

A revenue cutter lies at Newcastle, and also adds to the life and gaiety of the place, by continually boarding the vessels in-bound, with foreign freight.

*I see they have thrown off the black coats and are uniformly dressed in grey, but they are still the same.

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I called at the academy, and on a few of the citizens, some of whom were very genteel and sociable—a few of them called on me, and helped to pass off the time. The principal of the academy is a very amiable young man, assisted by an Irish gentleman. The pupils were amongst the best behaved, modest and intelligent youths I have met with in my travels, and the teachers seem to deserve a liberal encouragement. It strikes me their names (I lost their card) are Messrs. Hood and Jaquett. Messrs. Mactieth and Gray, attorneys, were the only people besides, I could say were gentlemen. There was a great lawyer pointed out to me, as something I never saw, and so it appeared, for I have never seen him yet. This was Mr. James *Rodgers*, the first man in the place—he lives in quite a stylish house, and I was charmed with his son, whom I had met with before. He opened the door and led me into a fine piana-forte room—I sat by a window which overhung a beautiful garden, and every thing promised favorably of the great lawyer. Mrs. R. came down, was introduced by her son, and was very pleasant and agreeable. I wished to see Mr. R. Mrs. R. went to let him know—she returned and said he would wait on me as soon as he dressed. Thus all went on very well; I sat with the more patience as I expected to sell him a copy of my work, and he would be proud of my patronage, as I certainly would of his. I sat some time chatting with Mrs. R. and paid her some compliments on her mode of educating her children. She was truly an interesting woman, young and handsome. But I thought Mr. R. was a long time dressing, and observed to Mrs. R. I could not wait. I still, however, as I was scarce of money, waited a little longer. In the meantime Mr. R. discovered my object, at least the one which weighed most with him, which was the book—and after keeping me waiting so long, sent word down by Mrs. R. that "he was engaged." Now I would say he is neither a good lawyer, a good gentleman, or a good any thing. So I shall get the amount of the book in spite of him. Messrs. T. Rogers, G. Read, J. A. Black and Dr. J. Cooper, were great things too—but I would not give a fig f-

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whole of them, and I hold no fruit in less estimation. Th tavern-keeper and his wife were amongst, if not th cleverest people I saw in the place, but though I patron ized him, his heart would not expand large enough to buy a book. I was most pleased, however, with the teacher and the young lawyer, Gray.

I have given the history of Newcastle, and indeed the whole state of Delaware in the Sketches and Black book.

WILMINGTON.

Early next morning I took the stage to Wilmington, and had a beautiful ride up the Delaware. The road passes over a handsome plain of fertile land in high cultivation, with endless hedges, which please the eye by their regular symmetry, and gave a charm to the prospect unequalled by any thing I had witnessed of farming. I find these hedges in no state but Delaware.

Before we enter Wilmington, we pass through an avenue of willow trees one mile and an half in length, as straight and exact as a line could be drawn. This was beautiful in the extreme. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the approach to Wilmington.

I stopped at Smith's; the driver wanted me to stop at Porter's, which I repented afterwards, as S. was a vulgar unobliging man. His wife, daughters, and servants however, were very kind, and in some measure atoned for his vulgarity.

Shortly after taking my room, I asked him for a pen and ink. "I thought you yankees carried pen and ink with you." The p—y, I have not the honor of being a yankee, but I would not give some yankees I know, for the whole of Wilmington, with one or two exceptions, one of the meanest places I ever set my foot in. I cannot tell how the Hon. Mr. McLane, and one or two others, reconcile it to themselves to live in such a vulgar hole. It is settled by Quakers and black coats, who, though they hate each other, are well matched. Being alike ignorant, unsociable, and parsimonious. Excepting Hon. McLane, I found but 3 men that I should dignify with

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the name of gentleman, and I ransacked the whole town, which has a population of nearly 6000 people. There are doctors *Asque* and *Jaques*, also Mr. Wales, all genteel men, and seemed to be men of breeding and information. How they enjoy themselves amongst such a parcel of boors, I should like to know.

I had sent 10 copies of my book to Messrs. Porter and Son, but had I sent ten brickbats it would have answered the same purpose, and I question whether two-thirds of them could tell the one from the other. Is it any wonder such people are enslaved by priests and bigotry? I would just as soon, and rather, be a cow or a horse, particularly if I belonged to a German, who would feed me well, as to be one of these people—they are no more than so many stocks and stones; or as man-machines.* Fine sport for the "good sound Presbyterians." They are sure of Wilmington. There will be great skirmishing amongst these *Holy* Willies to see which will have choice of the *silver silkworms*—the young Quaker virgins, doubtless, "they will preserve 2 or 3000 of these young damsels alive in the great struggle for their own use, and a few for the King, Dr. Ely, who have never known man,"—there is a text of scripture for them; they must love to hear extracts from the holy bible.

And richly do such poor ignoramuses deserve such a fate. Grey coats as thick as yellow jackets in Wilmington, and how can it be otherwise where learning is totally neglected? There is a female academy in Wilmington, kept by Quakers; but it is a mere pecuniary concern, as very few of their own people are taught in it.

I called at the academy and found very few pupils in, and these were principally from the south. The teachers, like all these Quakers, looked like so many machines; and from what I saw it is doubtless going to decay. The building is large and commodious, but its large halls were empty—a monument of the ignorance of these Quakers, who, wherever they rule, education is regula-

*These must be the people where J. R. Paulding found the model of his man-machines.

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ted as they are, only guided by the spirit, which I would suppose, from this place and Philadelphia, has long lost the reins. Mr. Williamson, the Post Master, is a very liberal, intelligent man, and trembles for fear of the grey coats; he was much pleased with my book, and bought several for his circulating library.

Messrs. Porter and Son, are said to be blue skins, and I was told I ought not to have put my books in their store; where else could I place them? All the booksellers in Wilmington, to its eternal disgrace, are blue skins, or grey coats, which you please.

But I do not blame the Porters, they were very clever; advertised the books, and did all they could, but it is the people, the midnight ignorance of the place; their system of education has ever been fundamentally wrong, or rather has never existed.

I am always tempted to pursue this subject, as it is the cause of our present calamity, and all our wo. Nothing can save our country, but a speedy, general, and regular system of education, throughout the United States. Thousands of dollars, nay, millions have been expended to this end in the United States, which has been thrown away for want of a judicious system. A thousand times worse than thrown away! for those vipers, having got hold of it, are forming it into weapons to prevent the dispersion of knowledge. HIGH SCHOOLS is our only chance left of escaping the destruction that awaits us. A fourth part of the money now vested in our colleges, distributed regularly over our country in high schools might yet save us. The legislators of every state ought to attend to this, as early as possible, and every college ought to be demolished, or a law enacted to turn out every clergyman from every college, and replace them by laymen. I do not say good laymen, because the worst laymen you could find, would be preferable to the clergy, a set of men that always have aimed to hold mankind in slavery and ignorance. The history of all times proves this — Look at the present state of Europe. See how those vipers reign, look at their revenue—even one man, the arch bishop of London, has more than the whole expense of our

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government. Look at the abject slavery of the people; see their ignorance, their indigence and sufferings. Look at them as they land on our shores—all the work of those priests; and see what *our* priests have done in a much shorter time, and see what they are preparing to do.

But it appears to be fate, mankind seems to court slavery. Nothing can open their eyes but the halter or the rack.

It reminds me of Demosthenes and the Athenians, where he tells them that if Alexander were *dead*, their apathy and supineness would raise up another Alexander. It is the fault of the people, who, if we had no priests of our own, (and God knows there is no lack of them) their supineness would invite shoals of foreign Priests. The people invite slavery, and almost persuades me that one part of the world was made to serve the other, in spite of all the theories of republics, to which facts give the lie; and the great rock upon which liberty is always lost, is the ignorance of the common people.

Wilmington is a handsome regular town, and shows well, whether approached from the water or the land. It is on Christiana creek, 2 miles west from the Delaware, half a mile from the Brandywine; 28 miles South of Philadelphia, and stands on elevated ground, or rather an inclined plain. It contains an academy, an alms house, two market houses, an hospital, six houses for public worship, considerable shipping, and has 5,300 inhabitants. The tide floats up the shipping on Christiana to Wilmington.

Wilmington is the residence of Hon. L. McLane, Senator in congress. I called at his house, and was sorry to find him confined by indisposition. I was, however, much gratified by the visit, which led to an acquaintance with Mrs. McLane, a most charming female, and highly polished in her manners—She resembles the yankee ladies very much, in the plainness of her manners and equipage, and has the finest behaved children. Heaven knows how they learned it in Wilmington.

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Master McLane, a youth about 12 or 13 years of age, rendered me more acts of service and politeness than all the people of Wilmington together. I was charmed with the boy. If I am not mistaken, he is to be another statesman.

A son (also a small boy) of bookseller Porter's was very kind and attentive to me.

Doctor McLane I was told was a very excellent man, but he was absent.

But there was Lieut. *Nicholson* and the Consul, *Gen.* Thos. Rodney, the greatest hogs in the place, and one Lattimer, not a whit behind them.

BRANDYWINE.

The celebrated Brandywine, with its numerous mills, runs about half a mile from Wilmington—no carriage or hack to be had—though extremely lame, I walked to the mills, fully a mile from my quarters. I was in great pain during my walk, and had to stop often to rest.

An elderly Quaker gentleman of great wealth, lives near the Brandywine, and I called to see if he would patronize me. No, like the rest of the sect, though they were all pleased with the boldness of my attack on the missionaries, they are willing to accept the benefit without bearing any part of the expense—what illiberal men. He was too old to read, and suffered me to go empty from his door.

He did, however, tell me who to inquire for at the mills for information. "Mr. Pool" was the man, a proprietor of the mills.

The Brandywine is rather a small stream, and rocky, as high up as the bridge, where the mills end; above that, so far as I could see it was smooth, and its banks beautifully shaded with willows, which drop their rich foliage into the water, and is by it reflected with magic beauty. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the view from the bridge; it is the most enchanting place for a stroll perhaps in the U. S.

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Nothing but a broken limb could have restrained me from straying on the enchanting banks of the Brandywine.

I was unable to spend much time in viewing the beauty of the scenery, which, besides the stream, the mills, and shipping, takes in a handsome, well built village, over the Brandywine; stepping therefore into one of the mills, I was equally pleased with the novelty of the machinery, and was some time in the mill before Mr. Pool made his appearance. He was much surprised to find a female in the mill; hut finding my object in visiting the place, very assiduously waited on me through all the rooms and stores, a most terrifying task indeed, after so long a walk with my lame ancle—but I went through the whole building before I offered to rest.

There are thirteen of those flour mills, and the machinery of all is so constructed that the wheat is taken out of the vessels, lifted to the fourth story, cleaned, ground, cooled, bolted, packed into barrels and returned into the vessels without manuel labor.

These 13 mills grind 15,000 bushels of grain in twenty-four hours. The machinery of the mills was invented by Oliver Evans, a most surprising effort of the human mind! A minute description of the machinery of one mill alone, would fill a stout volume. They are all built on the same plan.

I was so worn down with pain and fatigue, by the time I had gone through the mills (being all alike, I looked at but one) that it was with the greatest difficulty I crawled over the bridge, to the village, to seek some sort of conveyance back to Wilmington, being unable to return on foot. I stepped into the first store I came to and sat down on a chair without being invited, to rest and try to get some information on the subject of a carriage, either public or private.

Had the proprietor, Pool, been any thing but a brute, he would have procured me a conveyance himself, but he had neither the politeness (a Quaker) to offer his services or to purchase a book. The more I see of these Quakers the more I am disgusted with them.

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The man of the store seemed to have very little sympathy for my situation, though I appealed to him in the strongest language. I told him I had the money to pay for a conveyance, and asked him to engage one of several boys I saw about the store, to go up to the tavern in the village, (as I had understood there was one there) to see if a horse and saddle, or any sort of carriage could be furnished to carry me to Wilmington. "He had nothing to do with the boys, there they were, I might hire them myself." I called them severally to me, and asked first one and then another, half a dozen at least, but they stood with their mouths open as though they did not understand the language I addressed them in. They were stupidity itself, and appeared as ignorant as though they had never seen a human being before. "Can you, sir," said I to the man, "abandon a fellow-creature, a stranger, and in distress, and particularly as I have the means of rewarding you for your pains." "He had his own business to attend to, he could not leave the store." I did not think of that, but it strikes me he might have contrived some way to have relieved a fellow creature. This man must have been a hopeful convert. Brute is too mild a name to give such a wretch; and these are the people who spread the gospel. But they never had any to spread other than this fellow spread just now.

I left the store and limped along in the hope of finding some human being made of flesh, instead of iron. I had walked but a few steps before I passed a door which was opened by a pretty little sprightly girl, who appeared to be a servant about 12 years of age; she seemed to be going upon an errand, and I inquired of her "if she were going as far as the tavern?" she said she was going to the tavern. I requested her to tell the tavern-keeper a stranger wished to see him, and I would pay her; I told her I would be at the house, the same she came out of; and upon asking the name of the proprietor, she told me it was "Dr. Thomson." She tripped away, and I knocked at the door, which was opened by the doctor himself; he was as polite and gentlemanly as

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he others had been vulgar and unfeeling. I apologized or the intrusion, and told him the whole story, and beeld in a moment's time, I was at home with doctor 'homson, the most pleasing and seasonable acquaintance ever made in my life; and I have often asked myself nce, what would have become of me had I not met with iis generous, amiable man? it was a fair flight from puratory to heaven.

It appeared that he had sent the little girl to the tavern request the ostler to bring his horse and chaise, (which kept there) being bound sowewhere in the neighborod, to visit a patient. But the chaise and driver was w at my service. Who would not be the doctor? d who would be the savage beasts that refused me astance? Now I contend that such people, the latter, are for nothing but slaves, and poor slaves they would ke. Dr. T. is a Virginian, for the honor of our old minion. He is a young man, though married, a tall e figure, fair handsome face, with a mild clear blue , and his countenance, the most strikingly fine of any he human family. Success to him, my best wishes prayers are his.

was told there were a vast number of manufactories her up the Brandywine, but in my situation, it was imssible to see them; and were it not for the general good, l the information of others, I must say such people unworthy of patronage. There seems to be a meanss in such conduct, of which I thought human nature apable..

Delaware is celebrated for its fine wheat, producing, s said, the best wheat in the Union. A doctor Brinof Milford, Del. from one stalk of wheat, which grew his garden, gathered 5400 grains! This can be atted (I was told) by several witnesses.

I took my departure one cold morning (3d day) in the am boat for Philadelphia, and the vulgar landlord sufred me to walk to the boat, unattended by himself or y one else, though he did condescend to get me a porr.

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The steamboat passes down Christiana creek to the Delaware. The stream is apparently deep, and is very handsome, particularly the view which takes in a wide circuit of country But the morning was so sharp that I could not stay on deck, and went down to the cabin. But imagine my surprise to find the boat strewed with the grey coat tracts, and a stupid Quaker woman sitting reading them! I asked her what information she expected to derive from such trash? "She did not know—she supposed one book was as good as another;" and so it is for a fool; and why people wish to look in a book at all for Christian information is astonishing, when it is simply "to do [instead of read] to all others as we would wish o be done by." I reproved my Quaker friend pretty harply for her ignorance, and though doubtless as well informed as the rest of the sect, she was barbarously ignoant. "Why, madam do you not know that these people vho publish these tracts hung hundreds of you Quakers, un red hot irons through your tongues, branded you in he face and whipped you at the public whipping post? These are the same people! Have you never heard of t? Have you never heard that Calvin, their leader, urnt a man for three days?" "Yes, she had." Why o you read their stuff? They are publishing these hings with a view of getting into power again, to go to anging" "Well," she said, "it was right to suffer for Christ's sake" This, I presume, is the policy of nine enths of the Quakers, and probably the other tenth

There were several volumes of this trash on board ound in costly shewy covers, to take the vacant eye.

The captain of the boat was a coarse ignorant man, ough unencumbered alike with bigotry and learning. But e ought to be arrested for treason for suffering these ieves to steal these things on board. There was about dozen people on board—one or two only could be called nteel. A very genteel young man had just been marid, and so lax are the manners of our females, and such ein mode of dressing, that I at first took up an unfavora- opinion of the lady. The rest had nothing more than nmon in *these* boats. One *ruffian* must always go on

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board for good luck, it appears—and what should he do, but seeing (what was very true) that I was *somebody* more than common, came up and addressed himself to me with great impudence. I called the captain, and told him to keep the man aft. The captain opened first his mouth and then his eyes, transfixed to the deck in astonishment! Never heard of such a thing before as keeping ladies and gentlemen apart. Their ladies were very fond of that gentleman—he was a favorite. An elderly gentleman on board, who did not wish to see his country degraded, took me under his protection, and drove the fellow aft.

It was still early in the day when we landed at Arch street, and such was the press of strangers in the city, that it was difficult to find lodgings. I stopped for the moment at Mrs. Burns's, 14, Arch street, until I could look about, being impatient to see my friends, Messrs. Walsh and Physick, the Careys, &c. I merely threw in my trunks, and hastened to see my bookseller, Mr. Grigg, first. He had been very successful in sales, particularly the 1st vol. of the Black book, but the 2d vol. did not go off so well. I enquired the reason, Mr. G. said he knew no other reason, except there was nothing in it about Philadelphia." Good, they shall not have that to say in this book. He said, "the people would take up the volume and turn the leaves over, and throw it down in a huff, saying, humph, there is nothing about Philadelphia in this."

I next called to see my friend Leval, he and all the French gentlemen, generally, were well pleased with the books, because I gave it to the Henglish—the English and Messrs. Walsh, Lea, Carey & Lea, on the contrary were cut to the core, but had to chew the bit. I stepped into Messrs. Careys, and after exulting in my victory over them and their ally, I asked Henry "how many copies of the Black book he wanted?" "Not any, he believed." "Why? they are very popular, Mr. Grigg has sold obout 100, why could you not do the same?" He did not know, they would not sell in their store." The traitor, I was pleased to find that the good sense of the Philadelphians had at length prevailed, and the store al-

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most entirely deserted: may all such tories meet with the same fate.

The old long-headed M. came out of his den, and happily in time to get a part of the castigation; but the moment he appeared H. took to flight; but Mr. M—— stood as firm as an oak, and looked as innocent as though he were not at the bottom of the plot. I charged him upon the spot, with treachery, *propense* and treachery in fact. "He'd be —— if he was guilty." "I know better, no other head could form such a plot; those milksops, your S—s, could no more lay such a plot than they could have discovered gravity or any other modern discovery." "He'd be ——if his s—s had not as much sense as other people." I leave that point to be decided by their *Peers*.

Like two Paddies, when warmed with gin, words went high between myself and my friend Mat. but my motive was merely to prolong the conversation, till perchance, Mr. W. would come in, as he is always poking about C. & L. the sputtering of the old fox gave me very little concern. "I'm sure you used to like us Mrs. R. and did I not buy your books and befriend you?" "Very true, but you would not sell them in the store, you traitor." Well you might give me a little of the British gold, as hush money, or rather sugar plum. But my dear M. friend or brother, he that is a foe to my country is a foe to me, and you, with all your Walshes, and all your British treachery, and British books, shall go down, and as for W. if he puts his head in here, I'll flay him alive, for his treatment of sundry American books and writers." I dare say I might have stood there till the day of judgment and he would never have showed his face; but poor L. happened to pop in, in the height of it, but I was rather too partial to him, and he always disarms me with his serene smiles.

Whilst I was in the height of the engagement, judge Porter, (as I afterwards learned) of Reading came in, and as I turned round to speak to Mr. L. he whispered to Mr. C. and inquired, "who I was?" as my ears are pretty acute, I heard him, and told, him "if it would gratify him, it was Mrs. R. and quitting the store Mr. C. said "my first work

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was a very valuable work, but I had never written any thing since worth reading." Oh Mat. what a thumper! now this is the effect of British gold, the entire subversion of truth—but he goes to the Priest and confesses.

This was once, doubtless, an honest man, but British gold has changed him into an enemy to his country's best interest. But I hope every patriotic man will discountenance him and his brother chip, W.

Having seen several advertisements of Mr. Small's, a bookseller of Philadelphia—I called to see him; being about to write a tour through the state, I wished to gain all the information possible in Philadelphia, as well as elsewhere, and though I mentioned Philadelphia at large, in my Sketches, there were many things overlooked, from my peculiar situation at the time. I found Mr. Small quite a fine man, and a liberal bookseller, and took him under my wing, so long as he behaves well; but the moment he accepts the bribe, I will turn him a drift. He has a large and splendid establishment, and from his efforts and ability to please, deserves a liberal patronage, and doubtless, he must succeed. I never catch W. there, which is a good sign; nor does he exercise any influence over any bookstore, but that which is exclusively English, I mean, C. L. C.

But Mrs. R. (said a friend, who looked over my shoulder, as I wrote the last sentence) how are you to know when your *pet* booksellers receive a bribe. How am I to know day from night? how am I to know a thief from an honest man? Those foreign and domestic traitors have the gallows painted in their faces, and convinced of this, not one of them can look me in the face. They remind me of an anecdote, I once heard of a parson, who wished to ascertain how many, or whether any virtuous women were in his congregation. He had provided himself with a few pebbles, and after preaching away some time upon the purity and holiness of the christian religion, and particularly the female virtues, as a faithful pastor ought to do, he began to point out the fatal rock and quick-sands upon which so many female barques are wrecked—and though many of those slips are hid from the world, the

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All-seeing *eye* is upon them. He said that "even in his congregation, over which he had watched with the affection and deligence of a father, there were some suspicions. Two ladies in particular, were pointed out to him by name—ladies whom he deemed as virtuous as angels. I do not wish to name the ladies in this public assembly, but I will point them out as plain as though I named them. I will fling a pebble at each of them, as I see they are present now—(flinging) that is one," when to his astonished senses, every lady in the church dodged her head to avoid the stone!!! he was struck dumb with amazement (they must have been missionary ladies.) So these fellows always dodge whenever they see me.

But there are other and more obvious marks of the treachery of those tories. In looking on their counter, you never find an American work, unless it is something of no value, that they are sure no body will buy. You never find American works advertised in their papers. You never find a popular American author near their stores or their persons. On the contrary you find the counters and circular tables strewed with British trash, the sweepings of old London bookstores guilded over on the outside, afresh, "good enough for those self governinging, self conceited Americans, they know no better:" so it unfortunately appears. When you see them scowl upon a popular American writer, turn their back on them and run, you are then sure they have received the bribe. And since it happens in point, I understand a young man in Philadelphia, I believe nothing more than a poor clerk in some counting house, I do not know his name, as his modesty is equal to his genius, restrained him from publishing with his name, which is known only to a few friends. But this young man, scarcely nineteen years of age, has lately written a beautiful poem, which I am informed has never been excelled by any American writer. At great expense, he got out the poem and sent a copy to Mr. Walsh, which he treated with silent contempt. I do not hold with hanging, nor can we ever be said to be civilized while we cooly and deliberately take the life of a fellow man, even of the blackest murderer. In taking

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his life, we are only imitating his crime, and are no better. But if I were one of those who advocate hanging I would string W. the first man, and all such traitors should share his fate; this is directly aiming at the root of our tree of liberty, as nothing can preserve our liberty, but learning and knowledge: enlightened people cannot be enslaved, and an ignorant nation cannot remain free, for this plain reason, they cannot govern themselves, and must fall a prey to the first invader. And yet, so often as I have endeavored to rouse the people to a sense of their danger, and awaken in them a sense of their true interest, their apathy seems to invite those foes, and rivet the chains of ignorance on our benighted land—see how we have fallen back in the last half century! Where is the Franklin, the Hervey, the Rittenhouse, and all the host of wisdom and learning fled? All have disappeared. Where are the enlightened and instructing publicatons which used to enliven our winter evenings? All have disappeared before British and religious traitors. Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania sinking down into barbarism; a few glimmering stars are yet lingering in the horizon; when they have set, we will then be in total darkness. I am astonished at the young men of Philadelphia, particularly when they look back at their long noble race of great men and find themselves a century at least in the rear.

I called a few minutes at the university, this is the third time I have called at this place, a den of ignoramuses, about as enlightened as the inmates of the state prison. Seeing a number of young men standing on the steps and in the doorway, I asked them "if they were the students," they replied "they were." I asked one of them (they were all men grown and well dressed) to show me the principal. Instead of saying "to be sure; or with pleasure madam," he walks to a door, which was on the jar, and drolled out in an ox-driver's tone, M i-s-t-e-r D-i-c-k-h-e-r-e i-s a *w-o-m-n* w-a-n-t-s-t-o s-e-e y-o-u. I observed to Mr. Dick, as he made his appearance I was sorry to give him trouble; I had seen enough, and had no further business with him. Such another rabble of

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ignorance and awkward gawks could not be collected under the sun—down right clowns—coarse, and the picture of stupidity. What is the cause of this? Every time I visit this university (the greatest burlesque on the word in the world) I find it ten times more ignorant than before. The best thing the citizens could do for their youth, would be to clap a coal to it and burn it down—it is no comparison, worse than Columbia college in New York, and that is sunk into nothing. It is not as good as an old field school. I ask again what is the cause of this? These British and religious traitors are the cause, and every Philadelphian who has a sense of shame left, must blush to see his once noble city degraded to the dust. A den of British tories, domestic traitors, missionaries, Sunday school union, (sedition union I mean) Sunday mail, tract, bible, and an hundred other, all devouring societies. In the very heart of the city, see what an immense fortification those Dr. Ely's men have erected, since yesterday I may say, in front of the public buildings. How stupidly blind the Philadelphians must be, not to see the drift of those people in erecting their fortified castles near the public buildings—this I find is their uniform practice.

They had a very good church in *Washington City*, but since the church and state conspiracy, before any one was aware of it, up rears a splendid building, close to the City Hall!! What is this for? That there is design in it is evident. The first sight I had of this great building in Washington, jammed up against the City Hall, the blood rolled back to my heart—I trembled from head to foot and saw at a glance through the plan, which is finally, after "the great struggle" is over, to maintain their power by getting possession of all the public buildings.* See, in all our great towns this is the case. Why

*These fellows, during my late tour through Pennsylvania, taking the advantage of my absence from Washington, erected another great palace in rear of the City Hall, near the lofty buildings of the Post Office, and so expeditious were they that the building was completed and one Danforth, a "good sound Presbyterian," was preaching in it when I returned. So goes the money that was to spread the gospel —here went several thousand dollars in less than or about three months. The ground, I am told, was given to them by Gen. Van

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have not our wise heads attended to this? If this is not to tend to some evil, (good I am sure it never will,) what is the meaning of it? "Oh! no danger—they can never establish their religion—nonsense! they would every one be shot down before they could be drawn up in battle." This language is no longer tenable. See what they *have* done and *are* doing, and tremble for your liberty.

One would think that this wide spreading evil would induce natives at least to quit the British ranks, and unite for the common safety; for, as they now stand, both are alike dangerous. For this reason I say not one of those British traitors ought to be patronized. "American works will not sell." The miscreants never tried. But it is not too late; the virtuous young and all classes of men ought to form societies, enter into resolutions and form corresponding committees and have, (not the Sunday School Union but) a free press and free discussion on the subject of public safety.

I happened to be passing through Arch near North 3d st. and seeing Bibles and Christian faith outside of a door, (the only place it is now found,) I stepped in to stir up the fire. It was not a very large building, but it was well stuffed with tracts—a moderate wagon load.

I found a pale venomous looking young man behind the counter—he shrunk before the glance of independence, and of course did not attempt either to sell or bestow tracts. "Well Mr. Sunday School Union, lying in wait to catch the unwary—where are your coadjutors? I presume you have assistants, as you would not be able to distribute the hundredth part of the tracts here." He was silent, but looked like the gallows—precisely like

Ness. I hope he will be the first that falls by their hands for his ill-judged liberality. This Danforth was sent on to take hold of the Columbian Register. He is said to be a very handsome man, and draws vast crowds of women after him. See the deep laid plot!!! Now why was this church built at all, and why so near the other, which is a large building, three stories high, and would hold every Presbyterian that will ever be in Washington? I hope Congress and the State Legislatures will take the matter under serious consideration, for though they cannot meddle with religion, they can meddle with conspiracy. In Wilmington it was the same thing, a great palace just finished close to the town hall.

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Hecock of Burlington; (they all look alike.) Upon casting round I saw two openings, rather wider than common doors, at the further end of the building. One could be entered from the inside of the counter, the other on the outside, viz, in a straight line from where I stood. I walked back to the hiding place, and as I had expected, there sat two of the thieves as still as mice. "Ah! you robbers, have I found you, consulting what widow or poor silly woman you can gull next. Look at the money you have robbed from the poor and ignorant, and for what purpose. I hope to see the day when you will have to work [if I were a Christian I would have said hung] for your bread instead of eating the bread of the industrious poor." They were sitting side by side at a table squeezed up in a corner, and seemed to be busy making calculations.* They were young, stout, coarse fellows, as black as midnight. They hung down their heads and were silent—conscious guilt sealed their mouths. "And you call this religion, piety, spreading the gospel, living here in idleness upon the earnings of cooks, servant girls and chambermaids, little children, Hindoo Gods, &c. &c.† One of them raising his eye slowly from the table, picked up a tract at the same time and handed it to me without speaking a word. I took it out of his hand, and after looking at it, threw it down on the table, and asked him for a few cents instead of the tracts. "Give me *one* cent, sir, it will buy me a

*Ever since their attack upon me in Burlington their mouths are sealed.

†One of these old father Loveladies (they all love the sex, no matter how old) whom they called Father Smith, and all the ladies in the Atlantic country know Father *Smith*, with the big red nose. He used to visit the women from house to house with Hindoo Gods and pictures representing human hearts with heads on them: First the sinner's heart, in which were exhibited, as he said, seven deadly sins, represented by a peacock, a toad, a terrapin, a snake, a goat, &c. with the devil in the midst, with a pitchfork in his hand, and the angel knocking at the door. Next was a converted sinner's heart, with the door open, the Holy Ghost entering in and the devil pitching out the toad with his fork and kicking out the terrapin with his foot, and all the others following. Then an old Christian's heart, with Father, Son and Holy Ghost sitting in the middle of it, with several other representations too ridiculous to mention.

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cake." But he was like the priest who gave his blessing to a poor man after refusing him a farthing. "Stop," said the poor man, "if your blessing was worth a farthing I presume you would not be so ready to bestow it."

Leaving the tract store, I walked to the Hospital, taking my friends Mr. Perkins and Alderman Badger in the way. I never forget to pay my respects to these men who relieved me in the trying hour. They were proud to see me, and well they might—an everlasting monument of their humanity.

Mr. Badger, being from the town of *Windham* in Connecticut, laughed enough at the battle of the frogs, described in 2d volume of the Black book, which he confirmed. Mr. Badger has been deeply afflicted since I first saw him, in the death of an amiable wife. He has a daughter lately married—the smallest woman but one I ever saw. She was a very handsome woman, but I lament to say she was a gloomy fanatic. This is the fault of her father in not having her properly educated. Mr. B. is himself of no sect, and quite free from bigotry and its attendant evils. He is one of the best officers in the city.

The Hospital of Philadelphia is the only institution that has stood its ground against the ravages of religious rapine and Presbyterian influence. How long it may be able to resist these all devouring monsters, armed as they are with numbers, power and money, no human being can tell.

My eye hailed with rapture its lofty sycamores and pendant willows which mingle their white arms, as it were, in each other's bosoms, and form a towering rampart in front of the Hospital. The lofty rows of orange trees, the neat circular gravel walks, the luxuriant hedges of box-wood, with every rare shrub, plant and flower. I stood transfixed in extacy. Near me stood the immortal Penn in bronze, which I have mentioned before.

I have mentioned this hospital at large in my *Sketches*, to which I refer my readers. I am now convinced that if I were to write an hundred books of travels, none would yield the same satisfaction. Every thing described in

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the Sketches being a first sight, has a great advantage over all my other travels; and as a corrected edition of them will shortly appear, I will be excused for omitting the same information or repeating the same things mentioned in them.

After seeing the most of the United States I return to no spot with more pleasure than the Hospital of Philadelphia. Take it on every ground, it is unrivalled. The large trees referred to above do not choke the prospect as in most cases where they grow; they stand on the street outside of the wall, between which and the buildings there is a beautiful plat of ground most exquisitely touched with the hand of taste. Great orange trees hanging with fruit, and arranged in handsome circles. These grow in large wooden vessels, filled with earth, and are removed to the green-house in winter. The trees mentioned are so tall and luxuriant, that notwithstanding their remoteness from the buildings they form to them a complete protection from the sun.

After drinking deep of the pleasure arising from this Elysium, upon raising my eye I saw a man walking toward me, whom I at once recollected to have seen several times on my visits to the Hospital, where he has been confined many years. His name is Scott, a cousin of the Scott who married the widow of Governor Hancock, the patriot of Boston.. He is afflicted with a slight derangement, which can hardly be discerned by strangers at first sight. He always salutes me by name, and converses quite rational, though he has rather a wild look. He is always pleased with me because I am friendly to the Bostonians, and no man can give a more succinct account of its history than he can. He was chewing a piece of a green bough, part of which hung out of his mouth, and after shaking hands we walked into the Hospital together. I had two of my second volume of Black book in my hand, and the poor creature snatched one of them, and turning the leaves eagerly till he came to Boston, he began to devour it.

His derangement, however, was more perceptible this time than at any other I had seen him. Every opportuni-

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ty he had of not being overherad he told me they treated him very ill in the Hospital—"Ah! madam, if you knew what I suffered" This I could not believe, as I always find him at liberty amusing himself in the library or in the walks. I was pleased to find my friend the librarian still in the library, and the same modest blush on his cheek. I have mentioned this young man in all my books, and have, in many respects, never found his equal. This was the first time he was unable to purchase my book. I saw one or two of the managers—cold-looking Quakers who, though they were pleased with the Black book, were too flint bound to purchase. May the thongs of the missionaries teach them a lesson on the subject.

Besides these, I was tormented by an empty dandy, called "the resident Physician," the greatest fop—fool I would say—in the city. This shrimp is not more than twenty years of age, about *six* in sense and about the same in height. He squinted and screwed his mouth first on one side and then the other. The impertinent gander—he was a perfect pest. I suspect he is one of Dr. Cox's pupils. From this period we may date the decline of the Hospital, the only remaining monument of Philadelphia.

Having seen and admired the speech of Hon. Hare Powell in the Senate of the Pennsylvania Legislature, I had a great curiosity to see this renowned bulwark of our civil and religious liberty. He lives near Ninth in Spruce street, in a perfect palace. Mr. P. happened not to be in, and Mrs. P. being confined by indisposition, I amused myself in conversing with the children, the finest by far I had seen in the city. I could not help carressing the little rogues for the sake of their father, and conceived a favorable omen of the father from the polished manners of the children. One, a boy, particularly, about ten years old, was very promising and entertained me with all the gallantry of a courtier. Mr. Powell soon arrived and confirmed the favorable opinion I had conceived of him. He is tall and stout, six feet fully in height, with an erect lofty figure. He is under middle age, though grey—his face is fair and oval, with a roman nose

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and a keen full dark grey eye. His countenance is open, manly and sensible, and his manners such as we might expect from a man of his fearless independence. Nothing like flattery or bombast in his language or manner, though his voice is smooth and flowing. He is very unlike the mass of Philadelphians, being more affable and free in his conversation.

It is well known that Mr. Powell has immortalized his name, and not only his name but the noble state which he represents, in his opposition to clerical tyranny. He was the first to oppose the chartering of the Sunday School Union, and was followed by Dr. Burden, another champion of our freedom. These gentlemen, together with those who voted down the charter, deserve well of their country, and their speeches will be referred to with pleasure by after ages. Mr. Powell is a man of extensive wealth, and is famed for his improvement of horned cattle—he is said to have the finest breed of cattle in the state, and bestows much of his attention to the subject.

On my return, I called on a gentleman, for the first time, who had often been mentioned to me by my friends. This was Counsellor David Paul Brown, of Washington Square, another acquisition to my collection of erudite men, which are rare or hard to be seen in Philadelphia. Mr. Brown lives in a splendid mansion, in which wealth and taste are alike diffused. He is in the prime of life, of middling size, handsome person and elegant manners. But such is my misfortune that I have to sacrifice the pleasures of society, ease, and most of the comforts of life. A few minutes, therefore, was all I had to devote to the interview with this amiable man. If the appellation of gentleman be confined to personal appearance and address, Mr. B. well merits the epithet.

Pursuing my walk I called in to salute a gentleman by the name of J. L. Baker, a broker and an artist. He occupies an humble shop near the State Prison, in Walnut street.

Some years back I was (from excessive fatigue) overtaken by a faintness near this shop, and stepped into it as the nearest door at hand, to recover, when this gentleman

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rendered me every assistance in his power, and from that to the present day I never fail to call and acknowledge the deep obligation I am proud to own I am under to this worthy man.

I stepped into the state prison next, which, with all the public institutions I have, as before observed, noticed at large in my Sketches. One D——, the keeper, was quite a mean man, and his assistant, an old pock-marked Scotchman, said he was only an understrapper. He was, however, much the cleverest of the two. I ought to have mentioned my interview with the highly extolled H——l, but if he is either a gentlman or a man of talents he greatly belies his looks. I should say he was a swinish, dull man, something like a chip in porridge.

As I had a little more time than usual, I made a general call on my old friends, and likewise added to the list of acquaintances. The following day I called on Mr. Sanderson of the *Coffee House* in South Second-street. This gentleman I have known for some time, and reckon him amongst my particular favorites. Mr. S. is certainly amongst the best of men, whether as a gentleman, friend, or citizen. He has a very handsome and extensive establishment, called the Coffee House—himself kind and accommodating. His rooms are large, neat and airy, and accommodated with reading rooms and every means of comfort and convenience. He is the only publican, I should say, worthy of patronage in Philadelphia, which contains the most abominable taverns and boarding houses of any town in the Atlantic country. Most of the taverns are filled with insolent Irish Teagues or negroes, which last are much less insolent than the former.

One Saint kept the only tavern in the place, except one, that you could enter with safety to life and limb; but he is either removed from his old stand or become abandoned as the others. I called in as I was passing by on the first evening of my arrival, and being spent with fatigue, I stepped in to take a cup of tea, when I found the house filled with insolent Irish ruffians, who would doubtless have broken my neck had it not been for a friend, (who happened to be sitting near) who lived in New-York. The

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Washington Hotel is the only decent or safe house I know in Philadelphia, unless you go high up Market-street, which is too far for those who wish to transact business. Philadelphia, as well as New-York, is deluged with these Teagues, though they have a greater number of rivals in Philadelphia. I mean the negroes. They are sworn enemies to each other, being rivals for the same servile offices. It is amusing to see them assembled at the wood wharf, where you may see a dozen engaged in battle at a time, and perhaps twenty such fights in a day. The negroes of Philadelphia are also drunken, lazy and vicious. This is surprising, when they have the "good sound Presbyterian Dr. Ely, the Sunday School Union and the pious tracts, and ten thousand pious men and women to distribute them. It cannot be for want of tracts these people are so wicked, as the streets are paved with them, besides piles as large as haystacks in their great fortifications.

But to go on with my friends. Mr. Chauncey, a Yankey and celebrated counsellor at law fell in my way next. I have long been acquainted with Mr. Chauncey, a relation of Com. Chauncey, of N. York. Mr. C. holds the first rank, both in the Philadelphia bar and out of it. He is a middle-aged, good figure, and one of the most pleasing and indefatigable lawyers in Philadelphia. One surly McK——n, (if I am not mistaken) fell in my way next, also a member of the bar, the fag end of it beyond doubt.

Proceeding on to St. Joseph's church to see my friend Rev. Keily, late of Washington City, I could not resist the temptation to call upon my dear friend and patron W. I found his children much altered in their looks and manners: They no longer presented that openness of countenance or ingenuousness of manners which distinguished them on my first visit. They hung their heads and looked condemned, and "Pa" was engaged, of course, "he was not at home." As I came out of the house, however, in passing a door which stood a-jar, I saw his long narrow back, covered with a thread-bare

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rusty black coat. May he never wear a better till he learns to respect the genius of his country.

Mr. Keily was not in, but I met with a most amiable man, Rev. John J. Hughs. These Roman Catholic Priests are all well educated, genteel men, and what is much more to the purpose, beyond example charitable and humane. I do not know that I was ever more charmed with the manners of any person than with Rev. H. A perfect gentleman in his address, learned and affable, and benignity itself. I never, as long as I have mingled with what is called civilized life, inquired (or wished to do so) into the tenets of any religious sect. I am entirely governed by the actions of all, and presuming a Christian must be a Christian, and finding they cannot agree themselves upon the trifling points of their religion, it would be vain and loss of time for me to ask any one of these Christians wherein they disagree, and therefore I take them all on the same ground, and that ground is action. As Demosthenes replied, when asked "What was the first part of an orator?" he said "Action." "The second?" "Action." "The third?" "Action." So when one man gives me food and raiment when I am naked and hungry, I never stop to ask him his religion—that is none of my business—and another shuts the door on me, or breaks my leg, as Dr. Ely and Hecock of Burlington served me, I never stop to ask their religion, the action is enough; but which am I to suppose is the christian? For ought I know it *may* be christianity to break bones, rob and oppress the poor, shut them out of doors to perish, slander (as the Quaker did the dog) and defame them in the papers to prevent them from receiving relief from others, but if this be Christianity, I disclaim it. I believe they have given up the *name* of Christian, and taken the name of *pious*, after Pope Pius, of the Romish Church. But these pious men will answer, "We broke your bones, shut you out of doors, ordered you out of our *towns*, starved, abused and slandered you, because you are a heathen, and ought to stay at one place (as you have no home,) and not travel through the country—none but our Godly pious women and their gallants, pious men,

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ought to travel through the United States, and get the money; we cannot spare as much money from our own ranks as would feed you, and besides, you tell too many truths about us; and above all, we hate you because you are a *heathen*,* and do not believe in the Christian religion. So it appears these pious people and I are farther apart than ever, and I will forever extol good actions, let them be performed by whom they may.

I am sorry, however, that the virtues and talents of Rev Keily has deprived the people of Washington city, of his labors. His loss will be deeply felt; his fame having reached Philadelphia, he has been invited to take charge of a church under very favorable prospects.

I lament to learn farther, that Rev. Priest Matthews, of Washington city has also been called to reside in Philadelphia and has been promoted to the office of *bishop*. However I may be pleased to see virtue and merit triumph, yet, for the sake of our national city, I deeply deplore the removal of these amiable men. I do not think Mr. Keily (I did not see Mr. Matthews) is pleased with the change, and I should wonder if he were pleased with the cold manners of the people of Philadelphia. Rev. Hughs is a tall elegant figure, and a most engaging man.

I was much struck by a remark of Mr. H. As I neither know nor wish to know the points upon which the numerous sects differ, I merely stated to Mr. Hughs that "his sect was censured for having pictures in their churches." He replied that "the object of these paintings in this, as in all cases, were intended to instruct. "Do we not," said he, "learn as much by the eye as the ear, or any other organ."

From St. Joseph's, I walked to doctor Burden's, as I was no less impatient to see him than Hon H. Powell. Hon. Dr. Burden is one of the heretics, that is, a Universalist, and though I had long been acquainted with his

*The author has just seen a piece in a pious paper, wherein one of the Godly men says: "I believe she detests drink, but we rather believe she is of the Mohawk tribe." Yes I am a Mohawk, and will scalp the whole of you. But mark the hypocrites, do they not rob the poor to convert the savage?

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father, who owns an extensive chair manufactory, and is an excellent man, I had never seen the doctor. He happened to be at his father's, where I also had the pleasure of meeting with Rev. Mr. Fisk, a Universalist preacher. I am astonished that such a number of heretical priests, as the Roman Catholics, Universalists and Unitarians, (there being also one of the latter in Philadelphia) are called by the grey-coats, should be found in Philadelphia, where Dr. Ely and his band of pious men have labored so hard to exterminate heresy. But the truth is, that the latter are the genuine heretics, since they use the expression. I found doctor Burden what I had expected from his bold and independent speech against the encroachments of priest craft and clerical tyranny; he is a young, middle sized man, with a countenance as bold as a lion. His constituents deserve much credit for their judicious choice, in electing a man of his talents and independence. He represents the *county* of Philadelphia, and Mr. Powell represents the *city*, both in the Senate of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Fisk is a small, light man, with a keen triangular face, and appears to be a man of high literary attainments. He is a man of highly polished manners, and has just commenced a religious paper called the *Gospel*; the name is something I did not approve of, though doubtless it is ably edited; but we are so flooded with *gospel* papers and pamphlets, worse than nothing, that the very name of gospel, sounds like a cheat. Priest craft exposed, or something like it would take much better, since they have become the terror of the land.

From my friend Burden's I hastened to take Messrs. Hart and Chandler by the hand. To these gentlemen, as well as Maj. Noah, I am deeply indebted; they have, alike sheltered my friendless and widowed head from many a bitter storm—and love them I do, with every drop of blood in my heart. No pleasure is eqnal to that of meeting such friends, it is too, too much for my pen!!! I am best acquainted with Mr. Chandler, having never seen Mr. Hart, but once or twice—indeed I have never been a quarter of an hour in company with either, such

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being my limited time, and yet we are as well acquainted as though we had lived forever in the same house. They are both men of young appearance, easy and affable in their manners, and Chandler particularly, the very milk of human kindness.

I observed to him, "I am now about to take a tour through your state, Mr. C. how shall I proceed? I do not expect to be much pleased myself with Pa. but I wish to give a faithful description of it, let me be pleased or not, I shall do justice to the subject in any event, let the people act as they may. I am told they are mostly unsociable and ignorant, but I shall lay aside prejudice, and judge them fairly. "Do not believe all you hear, Mrs. R." said Mr. C. "you will find the people sensible and kind; you will, doubtless be well pleased with Pa." "But I am a stranger to their manners and customs, how shall I take them?" "Ah, Mrs. R. you know that better than any one can tell you; just pursue your old course, and call on your staunch friends, the editors—you will always find them your friends, no one in the world could have struck out a line of conduct with more wisdom than you did at first—stick to your old plan and I will insure you success." This much for the press.

"Preserving all arts, may all arts cherish thee,
And thy science and virtue teach men to be free."

I have another friend in the office of the Gazette—he always has the first salute, as being near the entrance. I turn in there to inquire for Mr. Chandler—this is the agent, J. J. Rodrigues, an Italian, a very friendly and genteel man; he is young, of very lively manners and handsome person. His black rolling eye has much fire and expression.*

Though nearly dark and dropping with fatigue, I stepped into the office of the Centinel, in Walnut street. The editor of this paper, was once a warm friend of mine, but I had not seen him for some years back, nor had I seen any friendly notice of my works in his paper. But this is

*The office of the U. S. Gazette is in No. 68, Dock street.

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not to retract from my obligations to him for his kindness when a stranger. Upon going into the office I saw several gentlemen, one of whom, only, was known to me, the principal clerk, a very amiable, friendly man—I asked "if the Editor was present." "Yes, I am the Editor," said one of the gentlemen.

I examined his countenance, which neither, nor his face, bore any resemblance to the youthful lawyer represented as the editor a few years back, and in some surprise I exclaimed "Are you the editor, the same young man I once knew?" "Yes." I presented him a volume, but not until it was confirmed by the clerk, as his face was completely changed into a sternness appalling, for which I soon after this accounted. He had enlisted in the missionary ranks, and Mr. *Frick*, the proprietor, deserves to lose his patronage for retaining such a traitor in his service. I have since been informed he voted in the Senate for the Sunday School Union; how true I know not.*

He behaved very cool, the hypocrite—why did he not attempt to convert me, at least? His face was distorted with savage fierceness, instead of christian love and meekness, and his black eye had the fierceness of a copperhead.

I was, however, more than remunerated in meeting one of the best men in the world, and though I had never seen him before, we also appeared to each other in the light of old friends. This was Hon. *Joel B. Southerland*, Representative in Congress for the *county* of Philadelphia. Mr. S. is one of the finest men in the world, which, and the character of Hon. *D. Miller*, (likewise a representative of the county) ought to redeem the character of the citizens. Neither these nor Hon. Sergeant have any of Dr. Ely's church and state about them, much to the honor and good sense of the Philadelphians. I hope they will continue in their wise and patriotic course and spurn priestcraft and British booksellers from their State, and let

"Independence be their boast,
Ever mindful what it cost."

*His name is Hay.

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Mr. Sutherland is a stout young noble figure; artless, candid and generous. His face is fair, full and friendly, and his manners plain though affable, and every word comes glowing from the heart. How easy this is discovered.*

Next day I intended should complete my calls, and after taking my coffee ran over, in my recollection, the balance of my friends, with a view of saving labor. Mr. *Biddle*—too early for him. D. & P.—the same. Who shall I take first? Atheneum and Library—too early for them. *Robert Vaux*, Esq.—he is an early riser—a long walk in Twelfth-street, but I could not leave the city without seeing him. Accordingly I bent my steps thither. Mr. Vaux was at home and received me kindly, and purchased my book, as he always does. He was also in good health, more pleasing to me than if he had bought an hundred copies. He is the adviser and patron of the new state prison, which I was unable to visit from my lameness. I have heard the plan of the prison (which is solitary confinement) much censured, particularly by Gen. Lafayette and the Duke of Saxe Weymer, as a cruel punishment. But of this subject I am no judge. I would suppose that any thing and every thing Mr. Vaux had a hand in promoting was wisely done, as no man has more humanity or more wisdom.

Seeing a sign at a good looking office on my return from Mr. Vaux's and wishing to see as much of the citizens as possible, I called in. The name on the door was Dr. *S. G. Morton*—a good name, I thought, and stepped in. I found no person in the office, but expecting the gentleman shortly, I amused myself by looking at a very handsome library—a favorable omen.

In a few minutes, a young, tall, genteel looking man came in. I asked "if I had the pleasure of saluting Dr. Morton?" He replied in the affirmative, and gave me a very polite reception. Dr. M. is a gentleman of considerable attainments, and from report, ranks high as a physician, and is unquestionably amongst the most ac-

*I was much gratified in meeting again with this gentleman at Washington, where he was attending his duty in Congress.

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complished gentlemen in the city—entirely free from that frigidness common to Philadelphians. Dr. M. lives S. W. corner of Arch and 11th streets.

Taking leave of the Doctor I called, for the first time, at the United States' Mint. This is called the United States' Mint merely for the sake of parade, as the U. S. it appears, has little or nothing done in it. The specie coined here is principally owned by individuals. The building is in 7th above Market st. and is quite a small and very indifferent building. No one would take it for any thing but an old wash house, nor is it half so gay as some I have seen. Its appearance, however, is worse in front, the principal part of the building, such as work-shops and forge-houses extending some distance back. The keeper or head man was by no means extraordinary, though he did happen to know a bar of gold from one of silver. But he was unqualified to give an accurate and satisfactory account of the process.

I saw large wedges of bullion, that is gold and silver, roughly cast into bars. The silver was from one to two feet in length, and from 3 to 12 inches in circumference, and very rough; (I merely speak from recollection, as I took no notes) they had much the appearance of bars of lead, but much heavier. I was greatly surprised upon trying to raise one of them from the ground. It proved much heavier than I would have supposed a piece of double the size: the gold particularly: a small piece no larger than one's hand, was almost as much as I could lift. I am not aware of the quantity of copper mixed with the bullion, but the quantity is proportioned with the utmost exactness.

The furnace where the bullion is melted is not larger than a common stove, though it was not in blast. It was quite a simple looking thing.

When the metal is mixed it is beat out into long bars, very much like bars of iron or steel, and is formed in width and thickness precisely to that of a dollar, half dollar, or whatever may be intended. The process is very simple, requires few hands and very little ingenuity.

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The only difficulty or care required is to have the exact weight in the finished pieces; this appears to be subjected to the most scrutinizing inspection, and it strikes me the fine in any default is very exorbitant, though I do not remember exactly, for intending to obtain the particulars of the mint from the treasurer, Dr. *James Rush*, I merely walked over the mint for my own amusement.

I saw not more than half a dozen hands. Some were cutting the bars into square pieces; others were rounding them off, and some were engraving the face of the coins. It appears that in order to ascertain whether the proper weight is in the coins, a number of pieces are deposited together—one or perhaps more, is taken from the sum and weighed, and if it lacks the smallest particle the manager forfeits a heavy fine, and perhaps a prosecution.

I was more astonished at this part of the information than any thing about the mint, which is by no means so interesting as one would have imagined. The chief of the money coined belongs to the merchants of Philadelphia, who purchase the bullion for the purpose. It has no guard in day time, nor am I clear that it has one at all, and is only enclosed in rear with a slight wall, being quite open to the street in front. It is an old yellow building of brick.

From the mint I went to see Dr. James Rush the treasurer. But unfortunately he had to receive so many calls that I did not wish to intrude upon his time. Being a physician, he appeared to belong to the public. I therefore could not think of monopolizing what was equally sought for and equally the right of others.*

Dr. James Rush is a son of the celebrated Dr. Benjamin Rush, deceased, and a brother of the Secretary of the Treasury of the U. S. He is somewhat younger looking than Richard, the Secretary, tall and handsomely shaped. His face is small but keen, and has much expression though slightly furrowed, and his hair a little

*Since the work went to press I received a statement of the amount coined, through the politeness of Mr. St. Clair Clark, Clerk of the House of Representatives of Congress, which will appear at the end of "Philadelphia."

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touched with time. He is still more affable and winning in his manners than the Secretary, and possesses all the ease and courtesies of a gentleman in the highest possible degree. Dr. R. is said to be a fine writer, though I was not fortunate enough to get hold of any of his works. One work in particular is highly extolled—it is called "Rush on the beauties of the human voice." The Doctor lives in superior style, and is reckoned one of the first Physicians of the place.

From his house I walked to the U. S. Bank to see Mr. Biddle, the President. Having seen my first volume, where I arraign him on account of President Teague, of Baltimore, he resolved to be beforehand with me, and the first word he said was "Ah! Mrs. R. I will have you tried for your life for killing my president. He was in fine health and spirits, and well pleased, doubtless, that death had helped him out of one scrape.

Having heard, and indeed seen, the *Arcade* recently built in Philadelphia, as it happened to be near my old walks in Chesnut-street, I called to give it a puff. But of all places it was the most solitary and deserted. It is, however, a more costly and convenient structure than that of New York. The galleries were wider, the lights more splendid and the workmanship greatly superior. It was laid off into several rows of handsome rooms, but all were empty with the exception of one or two gentlemen, who appeared to be lost. I do not know a more delicious retreat in Summer than these arcades—so still, so cool and so well lighted—they are superior to any palace. This one seemed to have cost a great sum and must have been just finished.

I found a very genteel accommodating gentleman in it, who shewed me through the building.

Peale's Museum is moved into the Arcade, and wishing to see the late additions I called at the door which, like that in Baltimore, is kept by a coarse vulgar ignorant woman. I might as well have attempted to pound politeness into her as to make her believe I always had free access to the museum I am astonished that Mr. Peale does not consider his interest in appointing his

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door-keepers. Nothing is more disgusting than these low ignorant women; and clothe them with a petty office they are insufferable. I am sorry I do not know the name of the gentleman whose conduct to me was so politely marked—but hope he may recognize himself in this very poor tribute to his merit.

I next called at the *Atheneum*, established a few years back. This is the resort of the enlightened part of the citizens of Philadelphia. As respects the means of amusement and instruction, it is treading close upon the heels of the *Boston Atheneum*. It is also respectably filled as to numbers, taste and talent.

I have often dropped in here and find it filled with respectable and intelligent looking men. Hear this, ye Baltimoreans, and blush—two thirds of the people (perhaps more) in Baltimore do not know the meaning of the word, and doubtless there never were as many people in the Baltimore Atheneum, one of the most splendid buildings in the world, and cost $50,000, as I have seen at one time in that of Philadelphia. The librarian is a genteel man and is always eager to get my books as early as possible. This alone is flattering, as he is a man of taste and judgment. There is no part of Philadelphia I am more pleased with than the Atheneum. The *great* library seems to be neglected. Nothing like Atheneums, reading rooms and *high* schools to diffuse knowledge. Every one who wishes to remain free ought to patronize these sources of knowledge.

From the Atheneum I stepped across the street to the Philadelphia Library to see if they had received the last work, as they also are my constant patrons in spite of W. The librarian said, "he had the first, but not the second volume of the Black book, and that the trustees had directed Mr. *Littell*, their purchsing agent, to purchase the book, which had never yet been done, though often called for." He then asked "if I had any in the city." I replied I had. "Then will you please call and hand one to Mr. Littell, as he says he cannot find any."

I am now going to unfold a matter of which I ought immediately to have apprised the Librarian and Trustees

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of the Library. From what I had seen of Mr. L. I was satisfied he was no friend to me or my books, and was almost sure it was useless to mention the thing to him, and expressed as much to the librarian. "He is obliged to take them, Madam—it is his orders." I was still of my own opinion, but resolved, nevertheless, to convince the Trustees what a traitor they retained in their service.

As I had heard much of Dr. *Emerson*, and his residence being near the Library, I called upon him in the first place. Dr. Emerson received me with the politeness of a gentleman, and in every respect deserves the name bestowed upon him by fame. He is rather a small man, of young appearance and very interesting manners, and seems to be a man of erudition and general knowledge. He is collecting a number of rare natural and artificial curiosities, and his office, as well as his mind, represents a perfect museum.

From the Doctor's I returned by the famous L——'s, and informed him of the request of the Trustees of the Library. "They never told him to purchase any of my books, nor would he do so." "They say, sir, that they have directed you positively to purchase them." "No such thing." I ought to have apprised the gentlemen of the Library of this before I left the city, but even had I done so I should, nevertheless, have noted it in this place. It is hoped they will, after seeing this evidence of treachery, discard him from their service. This traitor, it is well known, has long received a liberal but ill-judged patronage. It is said he has joined the missionaries. It is needless to remark, that a man who would charge $5 for advertising 31 cents commissions on sales and tell so barefaced, a falsehood belongs to a class which knows neither honor nor shame. Thus every thing that can be called virtuous falls before the march of tyrannical priests. I feel confident the wise and liberal part of the citizens of Philadelphia, and indeed the whole Union, will withdraw their patronage from such men.

There are a number of liberal and patriotic booksellers in Philadelphia, many of whom I was unapprised of

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There are besides Messrs. *Grigg & Leval*, Messrs. *Small*, of Chesnut-street, *Tour & Hogan*, Market, between 6th and 7th sts. *Uriah Hunt*, 147 Market st. It is shameful, and the height of ingratitude to pass by such men—men who nobly spurn alike the bribes of English missionaries; and give our money to those whose studied object is to use it to our own destruction.* This is only a *lunch* for the Tory booksellers, to serve them till I return. If it should stick by the way they can moisten it with a little London particular.

While on the subject of books, I beg leave to recommend to public patronage the Washington Library, 281, Walnut street. They will find the proprietor a worthy man, and a variety of amusing and useful books—also Mr. *J. Snyder*, an honest and cheap book-binder, 160 Cherry-street, a few doors above 8th st. Nor must I forget the *Apprentices' Library*, a very extensive and useful institution.

Upon entering this last, the librarian, a man of great size, and rather agreeable person, was quite familiar to me, I observed "I must have seen him before." "Yes, madam, and I have a good reason to remember you." It appears he was the same gentleman whom I had met the previous day, just as one of the *Teagues* had insulted me concerning a carriage, of which Mr. Teague was the driver, and this gentleman, whose name is *Bird*, happening to pass at the moment, with a long, black, missionary coat, I fell on him without mercy, and blamed his long coat-ship for the degraded state of society—that it was dangerous for women to walk the streets—appealed to him for protection, and finally ordered him to have the fellow arrested. "There are constables enough about, said Mr. B. hunt one yourself, if you want one." This was kind, to be sure, to give me leave to do what he dare not oppose. But big as he was, I attacked him, rather warmly, and he made the best of his way up the street. I inquired very particularly who he was? and

*Since I was in Philadelphia I see that Messrs Carey, Lea & Carey have advertised a whole column of American books. Query.—How many did they sell?

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was informed his name was "Bird, a Presbyterian school master." He did not, however, agree that he was a Presbyterian, and said he was as much opposed to the missionaries as I was. He seemed to admire my spirit, and finally we both laughed at the adventure. He was a good looking man, but his coat brought him into the scrape.

Having spoken freely of the degraded situation of the university of Pa. and medical institutions generally, my friends, to immortalize their city beyond doubt, insisted upon my seeing their great medical man, Dr. C. See what it is to be beloved. Dr C. is a great medical lecturer, it appears. I was told that he goes to the lecture room at the appointed hour, daily, with a written speech upon a piece of paper about the size of a man's hand, and standing up, runs it over as fast as his tongue can go. "Wa, wa, wa," makes his bow, [I doubt this part of it] and withdraws, for which he gets some thousands of dollars annually. This is as bad as the missionaries. But the doctor; his name is on his door in letters, as large as one's finger, I knocked, it was opened by a student, I was shown into the Doctor. The interior of the house, (though it looked well out side) gave me the blues, but the sight of the doctor gave me the *blacks*. He could be worshipped with safety, as there is not his likeness in the shape of any thing in creation, mentioned in second commandment. He was dressed in a round-a-bout, white flannel wrapper, [he must be the greatest miser in the world] about as long as his vest; he appeared as he sat, to be a low man, and ill-shaped; his back was toward me, and he seemed to be engaged in writing. But do not immagine he turned round or took his head from the paper, or asked me to sit down or any thing like civility. But when I announced myself by name, he replied in a tone as surly as the growl of a bear. "I have heard of you." I moved round, to get a sight of his medical face, which I could compare to nothing but the but-end of a white-oak. Thus ended my interview with Dr. C. the greatest boor in the city.

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Upon my return, I called to see my friend of old, Neal, the hat merchant. As I have observed, this man, since I first saw him, has joined the missionaries. But I was amply compensated in meeting at his store, Mr. George Bond, a warm-hearted, generous yankee; a young and most amiable man—he is rather small, with a good fair face, blue eye, and very benevolent countenance.

Having for some time observed the *Reformer* without ever having seen the Editor, I determined, though some distance from my boarding house, to see him before I left the city. His office and dwelling is 290, North Third st. and his name is T. R. Gates. Mr. Gates and myself had long been acquainted, had long corresponded, and a mutual friendship had long existed between us; the pleasure of the interview may, therefore, be easily guessed. Had I not been certain of the contrary, I should have taken Mr. Gates for a religious character, which has now become disgraceful. His countenance would, at first sight, lead to the impression, as it is beyond all comparison solemn; but a word or two is enough to show Mr. G. what he is; a bold, fearless, and unwearied philanthropist, and like myself, of no sect nor party. I find that this sectarianism is about to produce another REFORMATION, which promises the happiest consequences to mankind, and nothing could have brought about so happy an event in so short a time, but the wisdom of our laws, which gave every one the privilege of being a fool or a wise man; a hypocrite in black, or a hypocrite in lawn; in a broad, red, gin-face, or a long black face, in a camp-meeting of Methodists, or a four day's meeting of Presbyterians, or in all the various ways sought out by narrow-hearted, narrow-minded, ignorant sects. By giving them the rope, the next thing will be, that fanaticism, bigotry, religious robbers, and religious thieves, will be seen kicking in the air. For having got to the end of the rope, they will certainly, like all deranged people, either hang themselves with it or somebody else; their last lesson in *religion* will be the use of the holy rope.

But I was going to observe to others what I have long observed myself, and the enlightened part of the world must have observed the same thing, that when man or

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woman says, "I am a Baptist, or Quaker, Methodist," or any religious name, such person only says in so many words, "I am a knave, and have just put on the cloak of this sect to hide it." "Oh Mrs. R. I an't a Presbyterian, I'm a Methodist"—another, "I'm an Episcopalian, Mrs. R. don't you like them?" I always set such people down as void of honor, religion and virtue, as it is too much like the boasting of the hypocrites and Pharisees of old; you never hear an honest or virtuous man or woman say, "I am a Methodist, a Baptist, Presbyterian, or any thing else. Why should they? if they are truly good, they will keep it to themselves. It has just the same weight with people of sense, as if a man were to say, "I am an honest man," or a woman would say "I am a virtuous woman." Why ought a *christian*, or any good man to tie himself down to any sect, to any church, or any priest? I answer, no good man, or real christain does. Whoever does so, is neither a good man nor a christian, as both love all mankind—if they do not, they are neither good christians nor good men.

Mr. Gates and myself participated in those feelings which spring from uninterested actions, and congratulated each other upon the good, however small, our feeble talents had been the means of effecting. "Go on," said he, "Mrs. R. go on, you are doing good, your writings are often attacked by bitter, designing men—so much the better, this proves their usefulness. If they were milk and water-works no body would mind them; these bitter pieces only adds to your popularity. They served me the same way, and are still belching out bitterness against me; but this I like, it is a good sign to see them wince." Mr. G. as I have remarked in the 3d vol. Black book, said he made nothing more than enough to keep him from starving, nor did he write for gain—and that the generosity (as it is with myself) of some made amends for the niggardlyness of others." Mr. G. is a man of mild manners, and conversation—hardly comfortable in his dwelling. No children; but an amiable wife, just like himself, as plain and smooth as the unruffled sea. Mr. G. is of middling height, slender make, and in the prime of

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life—his face is the most singular I ever saw; being dark, and one-third at least, forehead; the only living likeness I ever saw of Shakespear. His countenance is grave and sensible, and his eye large, very black, and steady.

The time now drew near for my departure, and of course, I had to hurry through my business; but willing to see as much as possible of the city; upon taking leave of Mr. G. I inquired "who lived in the street, worth calling upon," and particularly the name of the proprietor of a large store, over the way? He informed me that one Mr. "Robert Tindale," a wealthy China merchant, lived No. 10, same street, who would doubtless, patronize me, and the name of the man across the street was "Mitch—n." I waited on the latter, who proved to be a low Englishman, and had grown rich in our country. He was, as might be expected, a real hog in human shape. A real ard heg heater. I waited on Tindale—no better. I proceeded to Mr Grigg's, took leave of him, and laughed at the Ewe tavern over the way, which has become very musical, to charm the *men*, doubtless, as they are not fond of women. I was much pleased to find my friend Grigg doing a handsome business; filling orders from every part of the Union, and all his clerks engaged—may he continue to prosper.

Leaving him, I called on two missionary book-sellers on the way, and gave them my advice and blessing. Then to Mr. Leval's to take my leave; as I drew near, I saw Walsh pop out of Leval's and dart like lightning down the street.

I have often repeated the name of *Leval*, latterly, a gentleman who has an extensive assortment of French and Spanish books, and likewise, of other nations. He is also, friendly to American works; and one of the most accommodating and genteel book-sellers in the place. He is a native of France, though he has been many years in this country, and is patronized by all the respectable foreigners, who visit Philadelphia. His being the great market of foreign books, of which he makes large importations. Mr. L. is of middle age, remarkably tall, and rather spare; he is a gentleman of taste and science,

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very affable and obliging in his manners, and has a great fund of wit and anecdote. In short, I do not know a more pleasant companion, or a more worthy man than John Leval, Esq. of Philadelphia.

I had as yet seen but a few of my friends the editors, and learning two of them were near Mr. L's store, (which is in Chesnut near 4th st. a little back, I hastened to pay my respects to Mr. Atkinson, Editor of the Evening Post, and the Editor of the Chronicle. Mr. A. is below stairs and the Chronicle above. Atkinson is a small, but noble, good-hearted man, quite a gentleman, easy and friendly in his manners. I was much struck with the reception I met with from him, and must say that he gained much upon my esteem. I was also much pleased as I was glad to see the Editor of the Chronicle, and mutual congratulations were interchanged between us.

Shortly after this, however, I saw a very bitter and ungentlemanly article in the Chronicle, against myself, which, and another in the Ariel, I ascribed to my friend Walsh, as no other, except a missionary, would be guilty of such meanness and falsehood.

These gentlemen have their office in a court, at the end of which stands a large building. In the upper story of this building is kept one of the *best* schools in Philadelphia. The teacher, whose name I do not know, is a very amiable, worthy man. There is also a good female school kept in Philadelphia, and I think, by an English gentleman. But he was not in, nor do I recollect the street.

But I must not forget *John Bull*, of the fancy store in Chesnut, near 3d st. He has an elegant assortment, and the handsomest wife of any man in Philadelphia, and he the greatest hog except one. His wife bought a book, and was much pleased to get it, but the brute, her husband, took it from her and handed it back to me. I pitied the lady—she is a most beautiful creature.

My friends, the Messrs. Ingersolls, were not so friendly and affable as heretofore. I was pleased, however, for their former kindness, to find them well.

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But one of my greatest favorites, the amiable Mr *McAlpin*, I was sorry not to find at home. He had left orders, however, with his family for my reception, should I call—(few men would have thought of it.) Mr. McAlpin lives in Chesnut st. next door to Mathew Carey, Esq. He was one, and the only one beside the Yankees, who providentially saved me from perishing in Philadelphia, when I wrote the Sketches. He is a Scotch gentleman, of much taste and wealth, and one of the best men living.

Not forgetful of the editors, and being, as it will be seen, of no sect nor party, I could not slight a single one, and, though late, called upon *Poulson*, of the Daily. He is always polite and, for one thing, has a handsome patronage. Proceeding on, as I had heard much of the celebrated Mr. *Binns*, I called to see what sort of an animal he was. Binns was not a bad-looking man, and I asked him, "how he came to publish these coffin handbills, and if he did not expect to be hung." "Oh! no—Mrs. R. you must put in a word for me. Your word, you know, goes a great way." "But, you thief, you are so bad, what can I say in your defence? They will hang me too. I could forgive you myself if it were not for the handbills." Binns laughed it off and I left him in high spirits.

The next morning, having still a few unfinished calls. I waited on my much esteemed friend of the *Album*, but found him no longer the Editor, nor could I learn what had become of him. The present editor, however, was a good looking, though a very young man. From there I walked to Hon. *John Sergeant*—he was the same kind friend and gentleman as ever. I lament the absence of Hon. *D. Miller*, which deprived me of the pleasure of seeing him. Turning toward the west, in passing by a door, I saw "Dr. *Rush*," and recollecting Dr. James Rush had a younger brother, also a Doctor, I concluded it must be him, and so it proved. He soon appeared—one of the finest men in the world. He was precisely like our backwoods gentlemen, plain, generous and perfect nature. He said, "he had none of those high advantages

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of his brothers, nor did he assume any eclat or parade of learning and polish. He was a right down plain man, and people must take him as he was;" and I must say I was charmed with his candor and honest frankness, besides a free manner of expression, which always evinces good sense and good nature. He is the most artless man, in his manners, in the city, and quite a young man. His features have some resemblance to the Secretary's.

Turning up by the library, I was struck by the name of *Peters*, on a door, and thinking it must be a relation of my friend Judge Peters, of steamboat memory, I stepped in to knock up an acquaintance. I was, however, much disappointed, the Peters within, having none of the blue-skin blood in his vains. "Ah, Mrs. R. said he, "you slighted us all at Washington; I attend the supreme court and never saw you there, I am much mortified that you never call, and I am sure the judges are too." Oh the flatterer! but lawyers will say any thing; for a lawyer he was.

It appears he reports the proceedings of the Supreme Court of the U. S. and is doubtless a man of science and talent. Pleased with his manners, I seated myself and opened the battery upon him, for want of maps and books descriptive of his state; I had been on the hunt of a travelling map, and some sort of a book to serve as a guide in my intended travel, and finally told him "I did not believe there was a map in the city." He jumped up, and running to a corner of the room, jerked up a map, and unrolling it hastily, said, "you shall not go away and say we had not a map in the city." A lucky escape; he saved the honor of Philadelphia.

I was much pleased with Mr. Peters, he is a gentleman of specious manners, ageeable and facetious, and very lively and familiar; he is a tall, young looking man, and a good figure; his face is oval, and rather wan, with a large, winning black eye. His hair is red, golden (I mean) which he turns up in front.

I have since seen by the papers, he intends publishing the reports of the Supreme court. If he sends Walsh a

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copy, and puts the books into Carey, Lea &Carey's book-store, get Littell to advertise; his fortune is made at once.

I could not take leave of Philadelphia without calling upon my highly esteemed friend, the elder Wm. *Duane*, at the corner of Sixth and Elizabeth street. I found him well, and walking to and fro before his little office. He looked disconsolate and thoughtful, but assumed a smile as I approached him. He was doubtless walking the pavement to warm himself, as the morning was cold, and I being in pain from my lameness and incessant walking, we stepped into the office and sat down and condoled with each other in our reverse of fortune. He in a little dirty police office, pocketing fippenny-bits, and eleven-penny bits. I trudging through towns, and travelling in hard going stages, and sometimes pocketing a dollar, and sometimes an afront. But we comforted ourselves that the world was unworthy of us, and we would soon spite it by leaving it. As he is a good writer, I advised him to take up his pen again. But he shook his head. His daily labor commencing, I pressed his hand perhaps for the last time, and left him.

On my return, I called in for the first time, at the theatre, but found no one in who had politeness enough to show it to me. Passing by the *Sheriff's* office, I called in to see him and the clerks; they are old acquaintances, and very pleasant men, though they are never able to buy a book; I wish the Corporation would raise their wages, it would be a good thing for them and me too. They were exulting in their success in electing a new Mayor. It appears they elected the Jackson candidate, but I must say the old mayor was an amiable man, and a man of elegant manners. I did not see the new Mayor, and lament I had not time to call on the ex-mayor, always a friend to me.

It appears I have mentioned all that occurs to me on this visit, excepting the new Post Master. He seemed to be a very good man, and I should think the choice well-judged. He has moved the Post Office on the opposite side of the street, and higher up—before the door

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of Mr. Leval. Near this office there is a music store; I do not know the names of the proprietors, but they are excellent men, and have a large assortment.

Do not imagine I forgot to see my friends, Capt. Stanley and Mr. Dick; found them well, and Mr. Dick, as much opposed to priest-craft as ever. Mrs. D. took upon her to have my winter clothes made, which relieved me from a great deal of trouble.

I find the name of Mr. Thomas Fitch, cashier of the Mechanics' bank, in several of my notes, doubtless handed me by different friends, but it does not appear from them that I called on, or saw him. I also sought in vain for Messrs. *Degrand* and *Lawret*, old and worthy friends. Counsellor *Duponso*, I had the pleasure to see at Baltimore, and for want of time was forced to deny myself the pleasure of seeing him again, though he had, as he informed me, received a letter from General Lafayette, in which the General was pleased to bestow some kind remarks on myself. This proves the great sacrifices I make to do justice to the public. Nor had I time or opportunity to pay my respects to Dr. P——c, or Dr. Ely,* a greater misfortune still!!! It is more than probable I could have been of some service in aiding this "good sound Presbyterian" at the "Polls, *to govern* every election in our country." But I have something else to do besides aiding Dr. Ely, unless it were to the fate of Haman.

I find one "Mahlon Gillingham," in my notes, with the fatal mark, that is four naughts. He appears to have lived in Market above 3d st. and is described as "a tall, pale-faced fellow." But I have no exact recollection of my crow with him. I suspect he must be one of the "good sound Presbyterians."

Dr. Parish, of Arch above 3d st. was highly spoken of "a good sound Quaker." I recollect him very well—he has the same mark, and I should rank him among the

*Since I returned to Washington, about the inauguration of President Jackson, Dr. Ely came on, doubtless to feel the pulse of the new President upon the subject of *church* and *state*. But finding his mistake, hung his head, and went off sick at the heart. Query, did he tell the President that he shut his door on me when in distress, when I called on him for relief.

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least and last men in Philadelphia. I am astonished that for years people cannot find out what I do in two or three minutes. I think I ought to have a patent right for my sagacity.

I cannot couclude my remarks on the city without dropping a word upon the amiable Rev. Hurley, a Roman Catholic priest, (this is my priest,) of 4th st.—he was one of the good Samaritans when I was in distress in Philadelphia, of course I did not forget to call and thank him for his uninterested kindness. In the run of our conversation I asked him "how he came so readily and promptly to aid a total stranger, which numbers refused, and what opinion he formed of me at the time? Did you not, sir, take me for an impostor, and consider me, (as I was not of your religion) an intruder?" "I can just remember that an elderly female called on me and repeated she was a stranger in the city and in distress. God forbid I should deny relief to a fellow creature let them be of what sect they may." This is the language of a Christian. But you have so many calls, your sect is so charitable, that I have often wondered how you manage to relieve so many out of your limited means, and yet I always find you contribute cheerfully." "That is what we profess, Mrs. R. *Charity*, and we give away all we have; I lay up nothing, I give away my whole income to the poor of all sects, and I am much pleased to find I was the means of aiding you as you say, but I never thought of it since. I would say to the "good sound Presbyterians" go and do likewise. Mr. Hurley is one of the most accomplished gentlemen in the city. May Heaven reward him for his kindness! I have ever found the Roman Catholic clergy the most feeling and benevolent of all the sects in our country.

I perceive very little difference in the improvements in Philadelphia since I published the Sketches. The new State Prison and an enlargement of Fair Mount water works is all worth naming, if we except the Arcade. The market has increased considerably as to the articles exhibited for sale, and instead of one, is now two miles in length.

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But the market house is not extended beyond what it then was, which is one mile—but the market is continued, in carts and waggons, the whole length of the street.

There is another extensive market-house, in the southern part of the city, which I did not visit.

In other respects Philadelphia has fallen behind—the effect these pestilential societies of "sound Presbyterians," who have, as they say themselves, forced out of circulation (in the schools) all books of knowledge, and substituted, in their stead, shiploads of trash that would disgrace a Hindoo city. They say boldly that "they feel no hesitation in *dictating* to the consciences of thousands." A few years back this would have been considered treason and those who uttered it hung, but I have not time to follow them. I hope the good sense of the people may work out their salvation.*

Philadelphia exhibits, in the general, a very different appearance from all our other great towns, presenting a much greater variety of the human species. It would seem that the *lame*, the *blind* and *diseased* of all nations flock to Philadelphia. In walking the streets you meet some with one arm, others with one eye, some with no eyes, some limping, some with wooden legs, some with long legs and short bodies, others with long bodies and short legs, some reel footed, some club footed, others with long noses and some without any, some with black patches on the nose, while others have the patch upon the mouth, lip or cheek. Here a Bolivar with a forest or flower garden on the top, there a little scooped out thing called a bonnet, then the high-crowned dandy hat, and next the broad brim, and every variety of cloth, cut and color.

But the most amusing part is what is called the Jersey market. That part of the market-house next to the Delaware is called the New Jersey Market, as it is chiefly

*I have this moment received a letter from a gentleman in Harrisburg, Pa. wherein he says that "R. M. Johnson's report is a complete damper to the sound Presbyterians, and is considered equal to the Declaration of Independence."—Good!

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occupied by people from that state. On the great market days (which is twice in the week) toward the afternoon, the New-Jersey women exhibit a rare show. They are mostly great overgrown, shapeless women, who love a drop of the comfortable, and by that time, are all pretty well *corned*, as they call it, and sit fast a sleep in their stalls. This being harvest time for the plunderers, wags, thieves, and saucy children, will walk through the market and rob the old women of their fruit, cakes, nuts, or whatever they may have. Some times Mrs. Red Face will wake up and catch them, and the plunderer takes to his heels, while old Mrs. Lovedram makes a direful sputtering, and sets the neighborhood in a roar. These females are a great curiosity, being rather thicker than long, and their faces like lady moon at the full.

But there is another show in Philadelphia, which combines a little of the terrible; this is the practice of young gentlemen and boys, rolling hoops on the pavements. Armies of these almost grown men, take possession of the side walks, and drive the people into the open street. Every stranger's shins can testify this. I presume this is the effect of the "Sunday School Union books," and "good sound Presbyterians" together. It is the only city where young gentlemen roll hoops.

Strawberry Alley, my favorite spot, at the old stand, I put up again. I found a new but kind obliging Landlord. He was very particular, however, to make a bargain, a sign of an honest man. I always visit this house with the same pleasure I would a friend of my youth. Though I suffered much in this house, it is on this account still dear to me. It being the first house I entered in Philadelphia. It has a sweet soothing association within it, which I feel in no other house. It is the sign of the "Horse and Groom" and was then kept by an Irishman, by the name of M'Carty, a very kind and amiable man. His wife and her sister Miss Hetty, appertained to one of the first families in Pennsylvania.

Such were my limited means of subsistance at that time, that had I not met with this humane family, (all Roman

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Catholics) I must have perished, having but a few cents when I arrived in Philadelphia. My exertions to complete my description of the city (published in the Sketches) were such, that I walked the streets from early in the morning till dark, and often long after.* But not being accustomed to the hard pavement, my feet the first day, became very sore, and much swelled—I was so much fatigued that I was unable to undress. Mrs. M'Carty very kindly pulled off my shoes and stockings, as I lay on the bed, and bathed my feet with gin or some sort of spirits. The next morning, though they felt very sore at first, when warmed by walking they ceased to be painful.

This day, however, the skin broke on my heels, and the blood began to ooze through the stockings, but I felt no pain till the next morning, upon attempting to walk, the bottom of my feet were prodigiously sore and painful, and my feet swelled, but not so as to prevent wearing my shoes. Not wishing to trouble strangers, I said very little to the family, lest they might have dissuaded me to desist, and regardless of the pain I set out again. And as on the previous day after walking half an hour, I felt quite comfortable, particularly when I walked fast. But when I stopped, as I often did, they were very sore and painful. This day my labour was excessive, I walked first to the centre square, then to Schuylkill bridge, and from thence to Fair Mount water works,† which, and the various diversions, on my return must have been eight miles at least, perhaps more. This day the skin of my toes bursted, that on my heels were completely rubbed off, and both bled freely. The blood running through my shoes could be traced on the pavement. I felt very little pain, however, but being faint and weary threw myself on the bed after taking a cup of tea, without undressing

*I am yet unable to hire a hack in Philadelphia, as the Corporation leave strangers to the mercy of beastly hack drivers to charge what they please. There appears no longer to exist any thing like a police in Philadelphia.

†Water works is three miles in a direct line from the place where I set out.

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or taking off shoes or stockings. Next morning the shoes, stockings, and feet, were all glued fast together by the blood! But it was Sunday, and I had time to devise ways and means to get them asunder.

I had kept as much of my difficulties as possible, to myself, and was determined to finish what I had began, let my feet suffer as they might. I concluded (and wisely no one will dispute) that I might as well walk to death, as starve to death, and set suffering of all sorts at defiance.

After some time (though I disliked the spirits as it smarted bitterly) by bathing and soaking the wound I separated the shoes from the stockings, but to get the stocking from the raw flesh was no easy matter, and took up several hours The bleeding, however, was, upon the whole, an advantage, as it prevented the swelling and pain. On Monday I set out again, but this day my feet swelled and became so lacerated by the tightness of the shoe, that light as my purse was I was compelled to draw upon it for the amount of a pair of shoes, for which I paid seventy-five cents to Mr. Kelly, corner of Strawberry-alley and Market street. These were of course the lowest quality, and Mr. Kelly, a very good man, doubtless, remembers it well, as I left the bloody shoes in his store and pursued my labors with unshrinking perseverance. Thus I walked and thus I suffered two weeks to a day in Philadelphia.

This was the time I was relieved by Messrs. Badger, Perkins, Neall, M'Calpin, and Rev. Hurly—and this was the time I called upon the Rev. Dr. Ely, so famous in the fourth of July sermon, for relief and was refused. I had received a number of subscribers in Washington city, of whom secretaries Adams and Calhoun were two.* I also procured a few in Baltimore—guess how many I received in Philadelphia? only one! Mr. Darby, the author of the "Emigrant's Guide." I asked but few, however, (though I took the paper sometimes with me) as

*In 1824 I received no money in advance on subscription (nor was it offered to me) but from Mr. and Mrs. Secretary Adams.

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my object was to complete my business as quick as possible, and get on to New-York. But hearing that Dr. Ely was a pious christian, and, withal, a man of great wealth, I (of course was ignorant then of the charity and generosity of missionaries) took my subscription-paper with me, expecting that he would either subscribe or grant me other relief. I was informed how to find him, and that his house stood back from the street, in a square, and on his gate, some distance from the house, on the street I would see a large silver plate with "Rev Dr. Stiles Ely" on it in large letters; he copied this from St. Paul or St. Peter, or some of the Apostles of course. I found the gate, and the silver plate—the big letters—the big house—and the BIG man—christian I mean. The big door was open, and in a splendid passage were a few seats very tempting to a person dropping with fatigue. I did not, however, sit down, or approach nearer than the door, at which I knocked. After some time the doctor appeared and I briefly repeated my business—and though he saw I was sinking from fatigue, he turned off short and said he was engaged: even one minute's rest on one of the seats would at that time have been a greater benefit to me than ten dollars; but the savage—he convert the heathen! he might cut christians throats, or hang them! but as for heathens I would go no farther than himself if I was upon the hunt of one. This is the monster who talks so much of "kissing the Son," in his fourth of July sermon, and has the impudence to dictate to our Presidents what they must say in their messages, viz: "that they are christians," such as he is, and that "they preferred a christian temple, to a Socinian conventicle;" the daring traitor. The whole of this fourth of July sermon is treason from beginning to end, and the time was when any man who would utter such treason in our country would be strung up.

At this time I subsisted on a cup of coffee in the morning, and a cup of tea at night; for though I was furnished with bread and meat, from my weariness and fatigue, I was not able to eat, and for 32 hours of the time, I subsisted upon 4 cents!

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I had nothing but a thin dress at the time, (middle of Nov.) and not a vestige of cloak, over-coat or any thing but a half-worn shawl, bestowed to me by Mrs. Adams. But what astonished me was, that I walked with so much ease and felt so little pain from the shocking situation of my feet.*

I called on the lodges of Philadelphia, and after being on my feet from morning till night; walked nearly a mile after night, and after waiting till 10 o'clock, and often till the lodges would rise, never received one cent! I do not however charge this upon the lodges, but upon the *Tyler*, a brute who took some offence at me, and never, (as I suspect) submitted my papers. I am induced to this belief from his insolence to me, and detention of my papers, which he refused to deliver back till I had to complain to the grand master. I think, but am not positive, his name was Snyder. I am astonished that any lodge would retain such a brute, he ought to have been expelled for his conduct to me, and doubtless he has treated many a mason's widow in the same manner, he would not be retained in any place but Philadelphia. All those who contributed to my relief, however, and which I have often mentioned, were masons. Mr. Kelly, of the shoe store gave me a trifle, also a Jew, both masons. But when about to leave Philadelphia, I still lacked 50 cents of the fare to New York, which was only two dollars. I was to depart before day on Monday, and the Sunday previous I walked the streets nearly the whole day, soliciting of every one I met. Some would give me a few cents, and some hundreds refused even that. It was on this day I became disgusted so completely with the Quakers. The Jew, who I have mentioned, a very fine man, and one who might teach the "good sound "Presbyterian," Dr. Ely, a lesson—directed me to several whom he knew to be masons, and in particular to a Quaker, who was a master. But he ordered me to begone in the most brutal language. In justice to Philadelphia, he and the tyler were the only persons who treated me harshly.

*The Godly people, hypocrites I always mean, would say "it was the Lord's doings," and strongly suspect so myself, to give them their due.

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I had almost over-looked the Episcopalian priest, of the great chiming church; he gave me about as much as Dr. Ely! It is a great pity there is not a law passed to send every hypocritical priest to the work-house—many a better man is sent there. Had they dropped me a word of pity or consolation they would have saved their character. Had they said, "we are sorry for you, and wish it was in our power to aid you," they would have acted like men. But they behaved like *pirates*, perfect wild beasts; what can we think of such men? are they christians? But what can we think of those besotted fools who sit for hours to hear such Barbarians blaspheme their Maker by preaching? As I have often said, if there be a hell, there will be more preachers in it than any other class of men.

From this short sketch of my sufferings and privations in Philadelphia, to say nothing of what I suffered from cold, hunger, insults, and fatigue, from the time I entered Alexandria till the publication of my Sketches—taking into view my sex, my advanced age, my being a total stranger, my ignorance of the usages and manners of the Atlantic people—when we reflect upon all this, and compare it with my present situation, it proves what industry and perseverance can accomplish, when guided by virtue and sustained by independence. It is next to raising the dead, when we consider the host of wicked and powerful enemies I had to contend with—I mean the missionaries and tory booksellers. True, the masons and the editors were my staunch friends, and to them be the honor; but had I been a poor pusillanimous wretch, I should, with all their tenderness and care, have been wrecked upon the first quicksand.

HISTORY.

I have given a minute history of Philadelphia in my Sketches; nor would it be interesting to be always repeating what every one knows, that it was settled by Wm. Penn; and not only Philadelphia but the whole

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state of Pennsylvania, it appears, was for a long time the property of the Penns, who were called proprietors.

The date of the first charter to Wm. Penn, is 1681. The charter of the city of Philadelphia, is dated October 25th, 1701.

The discendants of Penn, and even Penn himself, became very unpopular with the people: the cause of which was an unwarrantable assumption of power, and selling the lands to the settlers at exhorbitant prices. Penn, as well as his descendants and successors, united the advantage of Governor with that of *Proprietory*, so called, as they alone, had the power or right to purchace lands of the Indians. These lands, they bought for trifles, and sold at shameful exhorbitant prices to the poor. In Dr. Franklin's view of the history and government of Pennsylvania, we find an estimate without date, of Thomas Penn, (who died in 1771) of the rents and value of the estate of the Penns, viz. ten million pounds sterling!! Besides a great quantity of the best lands of the province reserved to themselves: the fixed price of lands to settlers was fifteen pounds ten shillings per hundred acres, and four shillings and two pence, quit-rents, *sterling money!* They must have been hopeful converts too. The conduct of all those proprietors was arbitrary, selfish and unwarrantable encroachment upon the rights of the people, which were firmly and manfully opposed by the Assemblies, who being jealous of their rights, kept a watchful eye over these governors, who were mostly the proprietors or in their interest.

It is truly honorable to the people of Pennsylvania, that they boldly opposed those hypocritical Tyrants, and preserved their charter, though at the expense of incessant and unceasing disputes, till the revolution, when the people formed a republican government, from which those lordly tyrants were excluded.

The conduct of Penn and his successors proves how dangerous power is to liberty. This man, at first mild and honest, when he acquired unlimited power and entire possession of a fertile country, became a sly de-

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signing hypocrite, intent upon nothing but filling his coffers, and his descendants became possessed of immense wealth.

But scarcely any one will believe that no history of Pennsylvania has ever been written, excepting a few disputes between the governors and people, collected by Dr. Franklin, previous to the revolution. Nothing that can be called a history of Pennsylvania exists!! This is the effect of tory booksellers. British gold, British-book pedlars and an unpardonable neglect of learning and genius. Amongst the number of eminent writers this great state has produced, it appears not one of them has favored us with the history of this interesting state. This is shameful, and a great reproach to the people. No one however, can be at a loss to account for this, when we look at the able support and the universal applause hitherto bestowed on such men as Walsh. "But Mrs. R. you must allow he is a fine writer." I allow no such thing, he is a prolix frothy fool, who does not wish to be understood by common people, nor does he write at all for the benefit, amusement, or instruction of his country. Compare his far fetched, bombastical style and splendid nonsense with Doctor Franklin's; the improvement of his own country never enters his head; which of the common people reads his dry review? what benefit would they derive from it, if they did? But it is not intended for their benefit, it is merely meant to show off his vanity; if he is so fine a writer, and is not a traitor, why has he not written the history of Pennsylvania? so much wanted.* I have hunted till I am weary

I this moment received a letter from the famous town of Snags--Burlington, Vt. and as the public seem to take particular interest in all my relations to that place, I hasten to lay the letter before the public without apology, particularly as it is the best illustration of a subject so often deplored and so deeply felt, I mean the treachery of booksellers. From the uncommon venom and vulgarity of the style, I would suspect the writer belongs to the "good sound Presbyterian" class. Last fall I consulted (by means of a letter) my friend Col. Walton, of Montpelier, Vt. upon a proper person to whom I might consign a few books, intended for my friends in that state; Col. W. recommended me to Chauncey Goodrich, adding, that he, Mr. G.

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and can find no publication containing a regular history of Pennsylvania, which I regret exceedingly, as I always add the history of every town I visit, if possible.

Having concluded my remarks on Philadelphia, I subjoin the amount coined at the mint.

For the year ending 31st Dec, 1827.

The gold coined, was

Quarter Eagles,	2,800	$131,565.00
Half Eagles,	24,903	
Silver		
Dimes,	1,215,000	$2,869,200.00
Quarter Dollars,	44,000	
Half Dollars,	5,493,400	

Year ending 31 Dec. 1828.

Of Gold	28,029	pieces	making	140,145.00
Silver,	3,302.200	do	do	1,575.600.00
Copper,	2,866,624	do	do	25,636.24
				$1,741,381.24

Of the Gold abovementioned, $46,000 were received from North Carolina.

JOURNEY TO EASTON.

Upon consulting my friends respecting my tour, the principal objects being submitted, it was determined I should go direct to Easton, particularly as I obstinately refused to give up Mauch Chunk, so famous for its wild

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would attend to it with pleasure, and the books were accordingly sent. Not long since I addressed a letter to Mr. Goodrich, respecting the books and received the follow-ing letter, which I insert verbatum without comment.

"Burlington, March 21, 1829.

"To Mrs. Anne Royall:

"Your letter of the 5th received, also some books last fall. The books will not sell here, and as they have never been ordered by me, of course all charges of freight, storage and postage are charged to them. Wish you to send no more, and have some one take what have already been sent, and pay expenses.

CHAUNCEY GOODRICH."

This fellow must be full cousin to Hecock. Burlington ought to have a patent right too, for converting the heathen. Give them more rope.

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scenery. Most of my friends said it was a remote place; rough road—on the verge of the state—greatly out of my way—and what is my way if it be not to see the country?—and Mauch Chunk, of which I had heard so much, became the pivot of my tour, in spite of the bad-roads and out of the ways.

Fortunately the evening preceding my departure, I met with a Mr. Hewit, whom I had often seen before; he also being a tourist. Mr. Hewit very politely furnished me with a travelling map, and other useful direction, in which the towns, distances, mountains, rivers, &c. were accurately marked. Mr. Hewit publishes a very useful monthly Journal, of roads, distances, post offices, Newspapers, editors, &c. &c. and makes frequent tours through the United States for the purpose. He is also a good and professed teacher of Penmanship, and quite an intelligent useful man—I have met with him in various parts of the United States, on this business.

Thus prepared, on the evening of the 13th October, 1828, I sent my trunks to the stage office, kept at Rotterdam hotel, 134, North Fourth street, and engaged a seat in the stage to Easton, 75 miles from Philadelphia, through in one day, fare $3 The ensuing day, 14th, was the day appointed for the Presidential election in Philadelphia, and throughout the state, (if I am not mistaken) so at six o'clock I made my escape.

It was just dawning when I arrived at the stage office, but the door being still shut, and no stage in readiness, I took a seat with an elderly female, upon the piaza before the door. The lady it appeared was going in the same coach, and had arrived at the office a few minutes before me, I discovered she was an old maid at first sight—and though rather prejudiced against old maids, as we were to be fellow travellers, I struck up an acquaintance, and in about two minutes time I discovered what nine times out of ten always happens, which was, that my coach-mate was a missionary. Poor thing, she had a hard time of it, for of all classes, I have the least kindness for those sort of women. She would have been agreeable, had she not been a priest-lover; she had a pleasing counte

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nance, though an ignorant woman of course. But when she said "she loved good people"—meaning the priests, doubtless, it sickened me. What thanks have we if we love one another? we are commanded to love our enemies. The heathen; just as I had opened the battery upon her, to her great relief the stage arrived, the door opened, and my trunks being produced, we rattled away up North Fourth street, into the old York road.

We took in an indifferent, foppish young man at the stage-house, who, and our two selves, completed the number of passengers. The old maid made a shabby appearance—no wonder, when she must support pious young men—she an old woman!

She wore an old scooped black leghorn on her head, a rusty old black cloth shawl round her shoulders, an old two parts worn bombazett, I believe though I am not acquainted with fashionable names. She was lean, crooked and *stoop* shouldered—her face was long (I never saw a round faced missionary yet) and wrinkled—her cheek was shrunken and her complexion yellow. The coach was open in front—now I think of it, it must have been a stage waggon all the time. The morning was cold and raw, the wind blew a gale—the old maid shivered with cold, and pity her I did. I had seen the time when I too was without a cloak. But that time is past, nor did I work for Missionaries. I was now well wrapped up with a new cloak and warm shawls, which caused me to feel the more for the old maid. She had no baggage but a bag about the size of our old go-to-mill bags, which, like herself, was threadbare. It was very white and clean, however, and was about two-thirds full of something which I took to be clothing, though it might have been tracts. When I saw her shaking with cold [now any man that would take a cent from this poor silly woman ought to be tried for his life] I asked her if she had nothing in the *bag* that she could have temporary recourse to to defend her from the cold? but she never agreed she was cold at all.

While I was endeavoring to put priests and missionaries out of the old maid's head, and quoting a text of

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scripture that "he [or she] that neglects his own house is worse than an infidel," the driver stopped at a tavern to water, when the silly young man in the stage, finding I did not think him worth speaking to, took upon himself, with sermonising look, to take the lady's part, and spoke rather abruptly. When the old maid found she was backed by the young man, and finding herself, as she thought, supported by the appearance of two or three good-looking men, who were walking to and fro on the porch, she spoke up pretty pert, as if to induce the people on the porch to listen: "She had never seen or heard any thing like this before in her life and had never travelled with such a woman." The first time I ever knew a missionary to tell truth—I laughed at the remark and said she had doubtless told truth for once. But as for the man, I told him "If he addressed any of his impertinence to me I would have him arrested upon the spot." One of the men on the porch, who seemed to be the master of the tavern, addressing himself to me asked "what was the matter," without paying the least attention at all to the other two. "Oh, nothing," said I, "I just happen to be travelling with a couple of Dr. Ely's church and state folks." "Ah!" said the man, "they come to the wrong place to complain. They and Dr. E. both ought to be hung, and all such people. None of your Sunday School Union folks for me. I hold with no such doings. I join you—you must be one on the right side." The old maid was in the act of getting out, I suspect to warm, but when she heard how matters stood she slipped back on her seat, and looked what she was—a poor hypocrite, who would just as soon have twisted my neck as she would that of a chicken, had she found a missionary to protect her. She would doubtless have said or sworn any thing to these men had they belonged to her class. The men were plain, honest, farmer-looking Germans, whose sensible independence inspired me with a good opinion of the country. I heard more independence from these men, and saw more of it in their countenance than I had witnessed since I left the western country. I was truly astonished, and began to love

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Pennsylvania. The young man was completely frightened into silence and, with the woman, squeezed himself up in one corner of the stage as though I had been an alligator, and they were not far wrong. I am always ready to snap off the head of a missionary since their attempt to convert me in Vermont.

We breakfasted at the *Willow Grove*, that is the young man and myself, but the old maid was so afraid of spending a cent, if she had one, that she would not come into the breakfast room to warm herself, but sat in the bar-room in the cold. I may be mistaken, but I thought I saw the bar-keeper making *sling*. I solicited her strongly and kindly to take breakfast, and would cheerfully have paid for it, but she steadily refused.

We had an excellent breakfast and the charge low, the people who kept the house were Quakers, and appeared to be deserving people, and the house neat and comfortable. I was much pleased with the females, of whom there were several.

About one o'clock the old maid called to the driver to stop, and she got out in a lane and taking her bag under her arm, bid me good bye, saying I was "rid of her company for that time." I thanked her and the driver proceeded.

Meantime the young man, finding he was still alive, ventured to tell me he "was a citizen of the western part of New-York, that he had no concern with tracts or missionaries, that he had purchased a drove of hogs which were to meet him a few miles further on, at which place he also was to quit the stage, which accordingly he did."

The road, shortly after leaving Philadelphia, became rough and hilly and the land rather thin, but the farms were well cultivated and in neat order. We crossed a handsome little stream in the forenoon, but they could not tell me the name of it. We also passed through Doylestown, a considerable village or borough, as the small towns are called in Pennsylvania. Doylestown is the seat of justice for Bucks county. I was much disappointed in passing through Bucks, being told it was the richest county of land in the state. I saw but little good

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land, however, but it appears the road passes through the poorest part of Bucks.

We passed through several little towns, all of which had a Jackson hickory pole with national flags flying and the words "Jackson and Liberty," in large letters. These poles were of amazing height. These, with the tavern signs served to enliven the country. Of all countries for taverns and tavern-signs it exceeds—sometimes lions grinning frightfully at you, and then the eagles seemed ready to pick out your eyes; bears and turks heads, I cannot tell how many. The great stone barns and stone houses, all show comfort and independence.

I was unfortunate in my last driver, he was drunk when he took possession of the stage and horses, and not content with that, he stopped at every grog house and tavern to get more. I at length threatened to get out of the stage, and also threatened him with prosecution. This sobered him for a while. He was very good natured, and I must say drove very well. But he would sometimes lose the command of the horses altogether, drop to sleep and drop the reins. The whole of the way, almost, that fell to his share was very dangerous, particularly when we reached the river Delaware, which we did some miles on this side of Easton. Narrow defiles, and our heads overhung by rocks, and the road almost impassible for these rocks. There was another and a much better road, I was told afterwards, but I heard nothing of it in Philadelphia.

Although I was nearly shaken to pieces, I could not help admiring the man's generosity; he seemed to know every person on the road, nor did he fail to call at every house, "well, when are you coming to see Betsey? come down next Sunday, we will have a turkey, shoat, or something good—come we want to see you, now besure and come, w've got a plenty to eat and drink." The next house it would be the same thing. He appeared to be the most generous man in the world with Betsey and the turkeys. He informed me he had been a stage driver fifteen years, and never had any bad luck but once. We arrived in Easton precisely at sunset!

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The approach to the town is very handsome. The bridges, one over the Delaware and one over the Schuylkill, appear to great advantage. The junction of the two handsome rivers, the town, which stands partly on an eminence, the public buildings. It was a perfect treat contrasted with the rough, rocking, rolling, running, and I might add, lying and jumping, of the stage, over hills, rocks, and vallies, from six o'clock in the morning, seventy-five miles, 14th of October. This was the hardest day's journey I ever travelled.

This day I enjoyed the novelty of wood land to a greater extent than since I left the western states, as a great part of the land remains to be cleared of the timber.

EASTON

Is a beautiful town, N. W. from Philadelphia, enviable from its situation on the point of land which lies immediately at the junction of the Delaware and the Lehigh rivers, seventy-five miles from Philadelphia.

It commands an extensive view of these rivers. A very handsome bridge over the Delaware, which appears of vast strength, and also one over the Lehigh. It contains one court house, one county house, one jail, one market house, four churches, two banks, one public library, seven merchant mills, one academy, nine store houses for flour, &c. four oil mills, two saw mills, two breweries, one distillery, and four thousand inhabitants. The town is supplied with excellent spring water, brought one mile through iron pipes.

The court house is a very handsome stone building, and sits on a beautiful square in the centre of the town, the bridge over the Delaware cost $80,000, and for *height*, strength and beauty, is a great curiosity. That over the Lehigh is a chain bridge. The site of the town is level on the point, and for a short distance on the rivers, but rises back upon a considerable eminence which overlooks the rivers and the surrounding hills, by which it is nearly environed. Besides the rivers there is a handsome little stream which forms an angle with the Dela-

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ware, into which it empties. This stream is fringed with luxuriant willows, and also has a bridge, and various mills. All these bridges are high from the water. Thus Easton is surrounded on three sides by water.

The principal street is wide and straight, and running from the Delaware bridge through the heart of the town, mounts a lofty eminence which affords a most delightful view, which, though void of fertile lands, is rich in picturesque and variegated scenery.

Easton is on the edge of the state, having only the Delaware between it and New Jersey. The Delaware is about 500 feet wide at this place, very limped and runs swift; so also does the Lehigh 360 feet wide. The junction of the two rivers is a grand display of beauty and water scenery.

Easton has every appearance of becoming one of the first commercial towns in the state, and bids fair to outstrip all her rivals. All the Lehigh coal must pass through Easton. The Lehigh canal, by which this coal is to be transported to Philadelphia and from thence to other places, begins at Easton and extends to the mines at Mauch Chunk, 36 miles from hence. This is called the Lehigh Canal, which, including the cost expended on the Lehigh river is rising $800,000! It has fifty locks! This was done by the enterprising Messrs. *White & Hazard*, of "The Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company," at their private expense!! They have also nearly completed a canal from Easton to Bristol, 50 miles, down the Delaware. This, independently of the expense of the rail-road, (also the work of the company,) is certainly without a parallel. And these are the ignorant Germans —something like the Yankees and their molasses. I begin to think these ignorant Germans have a little sound sense and a great deal of sound wealth and judgment with all their ignorance. This coal, called the Lehigh, has already been transported in large quantities to Philadelphia, by the means of boats adapted to the purpose.

I saw great quantities of this coal in heaps about the river banks—also a number of long, flat, shallow boats, laden with coal, lying at the landing. These boats are

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like our *flats* or ferry-boats in the western country, excepting that they are twice as long. Those I saw were heavy laden, and appeared to let in the water, as I saw much water distinctly amongst the coal. This, however, might have been rain, as the boats were without covering. The canal, it is said, is nearly finished. This canal communicating with the great Lehigh coal mines, which alone are (from report) of more value than a gold or silver mine, will be the means of enhancing, not only real estate, but other property. Every article of commerce and merchandise will be transported with little cost upon the canal. Easton, therefore, will be the depot for lumber, grain, whiskey, and whatever the farmer makes for market, and merchandise from the seaports will, for the most part, stop at this point.

There is a very striking difference in the manners and appearance of the people (so far) of Pennsylvania and those states I have passed through, but I ought not (were it not my practice) to draw a comparison till I had seen more of the state, as the best is yet to come. But for Easton and those I saw on the road, both men and women are much stouter, the females particularly, are tall and heavily made, with round and rather large faces, but good eyes and good complexions and very good features. The men are the same in appearance though rather darker than the women, and more, much more intelligent. This is not the case in the Eastern and Yankee States, the females are as well informed as the men. Both are entirely free from pride, rude curiosity, or affectation, and are easy in their manners.

Easton is settled by Germans, though the most of them use the English language, and are well educated. The professional men, particularly, are greatly superior to those of New-York, and not inferior (if they do not excell) those of any other state or town. There is a plain, unimproved, though intelligent independence about them, similar to the people of the western states.

It would seem that good sense, good size, good manners and hospitality, which once distinguished Philadelphia, had fled for shelter to this part of the state; and

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nothing proves the truth of the remark more clearly than their freedom from priest-craft. I find no tracts nor pious education societies here. They all seem to be of the same stamp of the men I saw on the road, who disapproved of Sunday schools. These Germans I find are too wise for the priests. In religion, they are Lutherans, who do not suffer those religious pirates to come amongst them. They remind me of the French people, particularly the young men and women, being very sprightly and fond of music and dancing. You hear the violin or Piana Fort, of an evening, almost in every house. Very different from the dullness of Philadelphia. Easton is the residence of several eminent and scientific men. Rev. John P. Hecht, Hon. G. Wolf, member of Congress, Hon. Judge Waggoner, Hon. Judge Cooper, Gen. Rogers. Col. Porter, Col. Peter Enery, Col. Hutter and Dr. Swift. I did not see Judge Waggoner, but all the rest were gentlemen of education and politeness. Dr. S. particularly, is a man of science and taste, and, though quite a young man, has collected an extensive and very interesting cabinet of minerals—many specimens are from Europe, and various parts of the world, and a great variety of our own country. For the time he has been engaged in the pursuit the collection is astonishing, and the whole is arranged in the neatest possible manner. The doctor is a young man, tall, and finely made, with fair handsome features, open countenance, and affable manners, and ranks highas a Physician.

I have often remarked that there is something peculiar in names, and have ever found the name of Swift and goodness united, in an eminent degree. Hon. G. Wolf, is a middle aged, stout, heavy made man, round face, dark complexion, and black eyes; he is a lawyer by profession, a sensible, shrewd German. I mean in descent; he has an open honest countenance, and the manners of a gentleman. In conversing with Mr. Wolf on the shameful popularity of tracts, and the religious frauds of the clergy, subsequently I observed "it was strange these priests had never wormed themselves into the pockets and confidence of the German population." I shall never

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forget his reply. "Why," said he, "we put no more confidence in religious *lies* than we do in other *lies*." A volume could not have expressed more, and certainly not more to the purpose. How often I have heard those Germans branded with the words ignorant and dull. But I find they are the stay of Pennsylvania.

Col. Porter and Gen. Rogers, are also very amiable gentlemanly men, and of easy polished manners, remarkable for kindness and hospitality.

Rev. J. P. Hecht, a Lutheran minister, is worth more than the whole host of grey or black coats in the Universe. He is what I should call a christian. Mr. H. is a young looking man, with a round, handsome face, and very benevolent countenance. He is a small, light made man, and possesses every trait of a gentleman.

But Gen. Rogers excels—liberal, sociable, humane, modest and affable; I cannot remember of being more pleased with a stranger. Being told he was one of the best of men, I called at his house, he was not in, but in a short time after returning to the tavern, Gen. R. came; he is low of stature, and middle-aged. I was not well pleased with Judge Cooper—he is an aged and not a very intelligent man. Mr. E. *Brown* is very amiable. But Col. Hutter, who (as well as Gen. R.) Edits a paper, is a real nobleman, a good warm-hearted German from the very place. Instead of being unsociable, ignorant, and dull; he was learned, familiar and gay—and as polite as a Frenchman. He is an elderly man, of great information; had travelled over the most of Europe, and partakes of the easy and pleasant manners of well bred foreigners. He is a great Jackson man, and had the coffin hand-bills stuck upon the walls of his store, also his office. He said "they done more for the election of the General than his pen." I happened first, however, to fall in with an Editor of the other side; a very friendly man by the name of Mullay, who furnished me with a plan of my route, differing however, from those I brought on.

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It is needless to say I was well pleased with Easton, with the exception of a shabby, ill-behaved man by the name of Hepburn.*

The middle aged and elderly people of Easton have a steady independence in their manners and appearance, very different from the people of Philadelphia. And the young people are what they ought to be; sprightly and gay, and all are sober and industrious—so far all is well.

My land-lord—I put up at White's. The polls had just closed, and the house was full of company. Many of them were from the cities, and knew me. One only, an amiable youth, had the courage to speak to me. The land-lord's daughters met me directly, and were kind and affable. Supper was soon set and I sat down with the company. Some of whom had taken a cup too much, upon the success of their candidate. Most of them however were solid, sober and well behaved—nor did I, during my visit, want a friend.

The land lord, White, was what is called an Englishman in Pa. It must be remembered all are called English in Pa. though American born, who are not Germans or of German descent. This distinction is used from the custom of those Germans, speaking the German language. And though most of the Germans understand and converse in the German language, they also pronounce the English language with elegance and ease—There are a few Germans however, though I have not yet seen them, who neither understand nor can converse in the English language. But to return to Mr. W. he is married to an Amizon German wife, and though she has the most beautiful face I ever saw, for so large and aged a woman; she is a monster in size. Were I a man, I should be afraid of her; she works in the kitchen steadily, and slings the pots about as a boy would a top, and her daughters do the work of the house, and yet look neat and affable. In this respect I find they resemble the yankees, having no servants. White keeps a good table, but is a sharper to charge, and is by no means a plea-

*One Sten—n of the bank, was also a mean man.

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sant land-lord. His bar-keeper was, however, polite, and has much more of the gentleman in him.

There are five newspapers published in Easton, viz. Three English and two German papers.

HISTORY.

I have searched in vain for the history of Easton. The Pennsylvanians have no one to blame for this but themselves, and their Walshes. This remissness ought to bring a blush in the face of every Pennsylvanian. I have just been apprised that a gentleman is now engaged in collecting materials for the history of the state, but this is too late for me.

I find that Easton was in existence as far back as 1758, but I always like to go back to the first settler.

Having left a book on the chimney-piece the first night of my arrival at Easton, upon taking it down next morning, I found a paper in it written in a very neat hand with a pencil. The writer, after paying me a very high compliment for talents, independence, &c. as a writer, and not a few on my manners and address, (doubtless a quiz) requested me in very polite terms "in my next work to give to the world my ideas on the tariff, and political economy, considering it as a national and not as a party question." Had the writer put a dollar in the book, with or without the paper, I should doubtless have been better pleased, and perhaps might have presented him with the book.

In the first place I would say, that the gentleman like too many others, is willing to receive, but not willing to confer benefits; and although he requests the matter to be discussed as a national, and not a party question, he belongs to a party; and further, had he read my books, he would have found his note unnecessary. In the next place that the subject being one of a political nature, it is beyond my abilities; being no judge of politics, I never meddle with them, and beg leave to observe what I always have done, and that is, I leave politics to the men. I should soon bring myself into trouble, by giving

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my opinion upon a matter I do not understand, or dictating to freemen, even if I were a judge, as every man under our government is a sovereign and has the sole right of judging for himself. Some of the ablest men in our country, are divided in opinion upon the tariff, and I should only become a laughing stock to attempt to settle the question between them. Nor am I able to say how it can be reconciled. For instance, there is the state of Maine, a maritime state, almost ruined by the tariff. The only fair way at last, is to let the majority of the people decide. But even this is perhaps going too far, my business is with the *grey coats*—I am provoked to think they have led so many females astray.

NAZARETH

Is only about six miles from Easton, and a small carriage runs between it and Nazareth, with the mail, drove by a boy, and two horses who carries the mail to Wilkesbarre. I, therefore, took my departure alone, with the boy, drawn by two stout German horses. We were not long going to Nazareth.

The country becomes more fertile and beautiful, though uneven. The land takes a considerable rise upon leaving Easton, which affords an extensive view of the rivers, hills, and dales. The farms are very neat, fences good, and the ploughing very different from any I had ever seen, excepting a small part of Chester county. The Blue mountains are also seen peeping over the forest, they lie west.

Nazareth is a romantic stone village, combining the rural, the wild, and delightful. The town stands upon an elevation, with two principal streets, which crossing at right angles, forms a handsome square in the centre. Upon this square stands Nazareth Hall, a large elegant stone building, in which the celebrated academy is kept for young gentlemen. The square is three hundred and forty by two hundred feet. The hall is large, and contains a chapel, kitchen, dining room, and rooms for study and lodging. On the top is a cupola, from which you have a

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delightful view. In front you have an extensive plain of rich meadows. In rear you have the gardens of great beauty, and at a distance the Blue mountains.

What is called the South Mountain in Maryland and the Blue Ridge in Virginia is seen from the top of the academy. If I were to judge of beauty this is about the right distance to place this famous mountain, and seems to have been designedly contrived. Then to the right, for the sake of variety, the land sinks into a modest vale. This vale is one of unequalled beauty. It is a narrow level strip thickly shaded—through it runs a stream, whether by art or nature I could not tell, as the hand of taste has so cunningly woven such a variety of images that one is puzzled to tell one from the other. Here the rambling fancy meets a summer house, and there a stately stage with rows of seats. These are mingled with smooth shorn box-hedges and grass plats and bowers. On the other side of the vale suddenly rises a steep hill. This has also been touched with a magic wand, being divided into regular gravel walks parallel to the vale. These walks, though on a sidelong hill, are perfectly level, and extend in succession to the top. Each walk is shaded and fringed and adorned with rows of box neatly shorn, and the whole has the appearance of magic. How the population ever managed to perform so much work is astonishing, as the town only contains between 4 and 500.

I was told at Easton upon my arrival at Nazareth to call for Dr. *Steckle*, who would pay to me all possible attention. I was, however, at no trouble to find the Doctor. He was the first person I saw after the stage stopped at the door, and from the description I had had of his person and manners I knew it must be the Doctor. He attended me into a parlour, attended to my baggage, and deported himself with that ease and modesty which bespoke him of high birth and breeding. Dr. Steckle is a German by birth, advanced in life, rather low of stature and a man of highly polished manners, mild and pleasant in conversation, and speaks the English language well. He forwarded a note I had written to Rev. *Van Vleck*,

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the Principal of the academy, and which was a considerable walk from the inn; not long afterwards he brought in an answer from Mr. V. one of the politest I ever remember to have received—so much for the ignorant Germans. Mr. Van Vleck referred to Dr. S. in the note to attend me to the academy, and the moment I showed it to him he put on his hat and attended me first to the house of Rev. Van Vleck.

I had taken up the idea, from reading the tours of travellers and visitors, particularly the Duke of Rochefoucault, that those Moravians, though mild people, were oddly dressed, bigoted, distant and uncouth—that the men were like Roman Catholic friars, and the women like nuns, with round calico caps and calico aprons, and speaking barbarous German. Imagine my surprise to find Rev. V. fashionably dressed in fine broadcloth, in the style of our first gentlemen, and Mrs. V. in a fashionable but neat lace-bordered cap, and both received me with the ease and elegance of people of the first fashion—addressed me in the language of the finest belles lettres scholars. I was thunderstruck, and mentioned my disappointment to Mr. V. and the Doctor. "Numbers, like yourself," said Mr. V. "are disappointed. They take us to be a gloomy, old fashioned people, with all the hypocritical sanctity of ignorance feigning religion. True religion has been so abused that because we profess it in its purity people think we have, like too many others, banished cheerfulness and common sense from our community. No such thing—we are a people who have cultivated every branch of science, and of course have no such thing as bigotry or gloomy priestcraft amongst us. We think it degrading to put on a long grim face and all the forms of hypocrisy. We are cheerful because we are innocent, and polite from the conviction that it is our duty to treat every person with kindness and respect, and of course we must be supposed to understand what we teach. We profess to teach and educate those youths designed for gentlemen, and it would be absurd to be one thing and teach another." "But how, where is the heavy German language, caps? &c." "The caps," he said

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had only been worn by those who came from Germany, and the whole of the system had undergone a change more consistent with the government and customs of America and the manners of the people they were among.

After resting a few minutes, we walked into Nazareth Hall, where the celebrated academy is kept. It is doubtless understood that as that at Bethlehem is devoted to the instruction of young ladies, this is devoted to the instruction of young gentlemen, and I may as well remark in this place that every class, of which I think there are seven, are taught in separate rooms, all of whom have a preceptor or tutor. They are taught the English, German, Latin and French languages, history, mathematics, music, drawing and all the useful branches.

Dr. Van Vleek waited upon me himself into the academy, and beginning at the room of the *first* class took me through the whole building. If I was surprised and disappointed before I was now completely confounded. Having made the tour of all the universities, schools and colleges in the Atlantic States, and accustomed, at any time to see more or less rude, dull, stupid, impudent gawks, and not often a few that might be called civilized. Suppose me now actually spell-bound when the moment I entered the first room the whole class arose from their seats as if by inspiration. The tutor was on his feet when we entered the room, and Mr. V. introduced him to me in the first place, and then beginning at the head of the room he named each youth or boy (the first class being always the lowest in science) by name: "Mr. So and so, from —" always naming the residence. The moment the last word was pronounced the student bowed with unequalled grace. Every one waited till it came to his turn, and when we turned to come out, they bowed again, (a little different from the University.) This was the case through all the rooms. There certainly never was to me a more surprising or a more pleasing sight, so modest, so intelligent; all was one uniform representation of gentle impassioned sweetness. The picture of one was the picture of the whole, so much did they resemble.

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Unlike all the seminaries I had visited, even Yale College, there was no silly grins, impudent stares, to say nothing of horse-laughs—not a smile disturbed their downcast modest blushes, while they evinced the meekness and easy grace of the most erudite gentlemen. In a word, these Moravians are a century ahead of any other people I have met with in the United States, in their system of education, and yet they are almost unknown.

There were only eighty students, perhaps as many as could be taught at the hall. But why these Moravians are not sought for, to place at the head of other seminaries, nothing but that stupid blindness to our vital interest can account for. Doubtless they being solely actuated by a desire of benefiting mankind would not object to leave their own establishments; and though I never inquired into their rules of civil or religious governments, I am induced to believe they would consent to so laudable a measure, as I understand there are several of them scattered about in the towns of Pennsylvania, engaged in commerce and other business.

From what I have seen of principal, teachers, and pupils, I would say this was one of the best conducted schools in the world, and in forming the manners and morals leaves all the seminaries I have seen in the United States a long way behind. I could not have thought it possible that the young mind could be brought to realize such a model of perfection.

What a contrast between this effusion of elegance and modesty, and those dens of orthodox seminaries. Whoever wishes his son to be respectable or happy, I would by any possible means recommend him to Nazareth Hall.

Dr. Steckle followed me through all my windings, from the chapel in the basement to the top of the building, and then walked with me over the pleasure grounds, gardens, and grass-plats. I was sensibly struck by one thing peculiar to this place. Though there is a tavern, several stores, and work-shops—a death-like silence reigned throughout the whole place, no whooping, rolling hoops, or noise of children in the streets or houses, a few people driving teams or walking through the streets. Nor in

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the hall was there the least noise or conversation, except when the boys in a short recess would run down stairs. Apropos—I forgot to notice the stairs which differ from all others, the acclivity being much less inclined than other stair-cases, and the steps very different. They are broad and but a few inches one from the other, being very easy to ascend.

Rev. Van Vleek is a native of N. York, a young man, dark thin visage, good height, and has the blackest and the keenest eye in man's head.

Dr. S. and myself were pretty well tired down when we returned to the tavern: as we walked along he showed me the house, a large stone building, built by the Rev. Whitfield 90 years since, as every one knows, or ought to know, that Whitfield settled the place where Nazareth now stands.

I had requested the landlady, previous to my walk, to have me a dish cooked (fried cabbage) in particular for myself, and was astonished at the readiness and very polite condescension with which she accompanied her consent, and accordingly the dish was placed by my plate at dinner.

The landlord, who was out when I arrived, now met me with a welcome smile—he also was a Moravian, (Dr. S. was not) and a most amiable man.

A wealthy lady with her daughter from the Southern states (I think Alabama) was at Nazareth when I called. Here and at Bethlehem she spends her summers, being partial to the society, as well she may—I commend her taste and good sense These were the most or amongst the most accomplished females I remember to have seen. The mother, as well as the daughter, had a general and personal knowledge of all the popular towns in the Union. The young lady for figure, countenance, features, and complexion, was bewitching—she had the blackest and the finest hair I ever saw.

In the evening several of the students came in, and some of the tutors. I have before remarked that every house in Pennsylvania has a piana forte. Every tavern has them generally through other states, but very few,

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(in fact none) private houses in Pa. is without a piana forte, particularly the Germans, as they all are fond of music. But to resume. The young gentlemen one after another, sat down to the piana. I never heard the keys touched with so much skill and sweetness; and it is universally admitted, as I have since learned, that no people in the world excel the young gentlemen of Nazareth and Bethlehem in the science of music. They spend all their evenings in improving themselves on different instruments, and have regular concerts once a week.

The Moravians, it appears, have always been famous for their skill and fondness for music. An anecdote is related of the effects of their perfection in music: shortly after Bethlehem was settled, they were frequently interrupted by the Indians. One night when the town of Bethlehem was invaded by a large body of Indians, a party of the Moravians ascended the balcony of one of their houses, about midnight, and began to play. The music, at that hour of the night, had such an effect on the Indians that they concluded it could be nothing less than the Great Spirit, and immediately withdrew, without offering any injury to the inhabitants.

HISTORY.

Nazareth was settled at first by Rev. G. Whitfield; he purchased a tract of land containing 5000 acres, in 1740, and built the house already mentioned, with a view of educating the Indians; but the plan not succeeding to his wishes, he sold the land to the Moravians, two years afterwards. This land is of excellent quality, and the town of Nazareth is built in the centre of the tract, the whole of which belongs to the brethren.

At first, the Moravians observed some rules, with respect to matrimony, and keeping the single sisters and brethren apart. These lived in large houses, and were not allowed to meet, or marry, but under certain restrictions. But these rules are now no longer in force, and they marry and live in houses to themselves through the

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town, as others, and have also altered their mode of dressing. They are a sober, industrious, ingenious, economical, and benevolent people, and resemble the Episcopalians in their worhip.

BETHLEHEM

Is 10 miles from Nazareth, and after spending one day at the latter, I proceeded to Bethlehem, through a fertile, well cultivated country. Bethlehem is comparatively a large town, and though mostly built of stone, has some handsome brick buildings. It is regularly laid off into handsome streets, and like Nazareth, stands on a considerable eminence. It, however, sinks in some places, and rises in others. The new buildings are showy, and built in the modern style; but the original buildings are roughly built of stone, and those where the societies lived, are huge masses of great size, small windows, and stone or brick floors, on the lower stories. The church, however, and the young ladies' academy are two of the finest buildings in the United States.

Their grave yards are peculiar. Instead of putting the toombstone perpendicular it is laid horizontally loose on the top of the grave as an emblem of death, which levels all things.

They have a house where the dead are placed and locked up till they are interred, and the friends of the deceased proceed from this house to the grave yard with appropriate music.

The waterworks of Bethlehem, by which water is conveyed through the town, is a great curiosity. It is forced from a spring 100 feet high into a deep well, and a number of pipes leading off from the well under ground conveys the water wherever it is wanted. They keep large cisterns full in case of fire.

Dr. Steckle, of Nazareth, recommended me to a Dr. Green, at Bethlehem, whom he said I would find at the stage-house, kept by one Christ. Dr. Green, though he paid me a great deal of attention, was not the gentleman his friend represented him. Nor was I at all

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pleased with my quarters. The tavern keeper was from home, and his wife was an impertinent, disobliging woman. Some fool, a vulgar woman who boarded at the house, had a young child, and forsooth, she like many other fools, had bought a small waggon for the child, and what does she do, but brings the waggon up stairs and rolls it to and fro through the passage, upon the hard floor, which made a tremendous noise. Not being able to procure a private room, with a fire, I was lying down to keep myself warm, as well as to rest, after my walk; when lo! I was interrupted with the thundering of the waggon. Not in a very good humor at my privation, I jumped up and silenced the waggon. The servant who had the care of the child, I suspect told the mother, and just as I lay down the second time the thundering began again. I opened the door and reprimanded the girl again, when the madam (a Philadelphian, doubtless) said she would "ride the child as much as she pleased." I told her "she was no lady, and a fool into the bargain, and that she should quit rolling the waggon or I would quit the house." I went down stairs and complained to the land lady; she was also very impertinent, but when she saw her own time, she went up and stopped the noise. I think it was the most audacious piece of impudence I ever knew, to be licensed in a public house, and the proprietor is unworthy the patronage of the public. The tavern, I was told, belonged to the society of Moravians, who hired this man too keep it. They could not hire one worse qualified, and had I known it, there was another tavern kept by a very clever man, whom I had seen in Philadelphia. It is very possible the proprietors are ignorant of the unfitness of the man; and from what I saw of them, I am very sure they would not allow strangers to be annoyed so. There were several families in the house at the time, who were glad enough I stopped the waggon, though they had not independence enough to do it themselves. There was one tolerably genteel woman there, from Philadelphia; she had a beautiful, sensible, and highly accomplished little daughter, who was going to the Bethlehem academy. She also had a house-

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full—or at least several little children, but she kept them in her own room; and though I was pleased with her and her children, I thought very little of her husband, a great churlish boor, who came up from Philadelphia to see her while I was there. I am the more particular in doing justice to this female, as I never, often as I have visited Philadelphia, saw half a dozen women worth the wadding of a gun, that was reared in the place. This was a plain, sensible woman,* and knew her a b c's, and even how to read, though she acknowledged she never bought a book.

I was sorry my books were out, as doubtless, she would have bought so choice a work, (to say she had once bought a book) and particularly, as she would have found some wholesome lessons upon the duties of the sex, though I am a *Mohawk*.

Besides her candor and good sense (she did not know the latitude of Bethlehem, and I fear did not know the meaning of the word) I admire her for sending her little daughter to the Bethlehem seminary. It is much to be deplored that they do not, either move the young ladies' academy to Philadelphia, or move Philadelphia to the academy of Bethlehem. This would be nothing for a "Peter the Great" to do. Wonder Walsh the Great, does not signalize his name at once, by a bold stroke of this sort, instead of piddling himself into immortality.

SEMINARY.

Bethlehem, as well as Nazareth, has long been distinguished for the excellence of its schools. The Young Ladies' Academy at Bethlehem, is so well known throughout, not only this country, but the world, that nothing I could say would be of any advantage to the Institution, its fame having reached all parts of the Union.

I have seen numbers who were educated at Bethlehem, and have often seen the work done by the pupils, which no doubt, has reached every part of the United States,

*I have of late, marked these Philadelphia ladies, and find them the most insignificant women of all our towns.

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and is doubtless, superior to any needle-work done in our country, at least.

I unfortunately called at Bethlehem on Saturday, and the first thing I did after my arrival, was to inform the Principal, Rev. Charles F. Seidel, of my presence. He very gentleman like waited on me in a few minutes; and after communicating my views, Mr. S. said he would rather I would postpone my visit to the academy till the next day, as the young ladies were always in an undress on Saturday, preparing themselves for the ensuing week. That Saturday was the usual day for cleaning up. This being the case, I had to submit, as I was resolved upon seeing the pupils and the interior of the academy. Mr. Seidel is a middle-aged man, heavy make, full round face and pleasing countenance. In his manners he excels, if possible, Rev. Van Vleek. He is a native of Germany, but has been in this country several years—no one, however, would peceive from his dialect that he was a foreigner.

I have never seen an American whose demeanour and manners possessed the same ease and grace of Dr. Seidel, and it would be mockery to attempt a description of the man. His conversation bespoke him a man of high attainments, and upon the whole he is one of the most fascinating men I ever met with.

The following day I went to church in the first place, as I wished to see their mode of worship, and when the sermon was over I was to be admitted to the academy, it having been so arranged. The church is very large and has a handsome organ. The men and women sit apart, the men taking off their hats. These sit on one side of the house and the ladies of the place on the other, face to face, and the pupils sit in the middle. The pupils, however, have a place of worship by themselves—their seats are at right angles with the others. The daughters of the citizens (single ones) sit with the pupils.

This was a good opportunity to see the costumes of the whole. Both men and women were fashionably dressed, excepting, as in other cases, the aged; but nothing could exceed the taste and neatness of the whole. They differ from all other people in countenance, manner, and dress.

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They all have a smile on their countenance, and none of that sameness of the Quakers or the Shakers in their dress, nor the sadness of the Methodists, or the fripping flounces of other sects, and still less that studied grimness of the Grey coats. Some of the citizen-ladies were dressed in white, some in lead-color, some in calico, some in bombazeen, and some in silk; their hats or bonnets (if you please) were neat, fine, and small, and those of the young ladies were trimmed with ribbon; but chiefly they excel in that art which conceals art. For although most of them are learned, the most learned amongst them approach nearest to nature. The congregation accompanied the organ in singing, and both men and women have books in their hands.

But nothing that has gone before can give any idea of the heavenly smile which sat upon the face of the preacher, and the beguiling ease of his gestures. If he is not perfection there is none on earth. Though I am strongly prejudiced against priests, I could almost be brought to believe this man was a christian—his face was never without a smile.

They have none of that silly getting up and getting down, and continual motion of other churches, and if I were to believe, what I do not, that there were any christianity in the United States, I would say it had fled to these Moravians for protection. In saying this I wish to be understood that I have found a great deal of liberality generosity, kindness, and good feeling, but no christians agreeably to the requisites of the gospel. Those who have, and are making so much noise about religion, as they call it, seem to be more upon the Jewish plan. But this is no more than an opinion—to return, if there be any of the meek religion of the gospel in our land it is amongst those Moravians.

It was not the Rev. Seidel who preached, nor do I know his name—he was quite an orator.

After church was out* Mrs. Seidel accompanied me through the young ladies' academy, which, like that at

*The only singularity I saw was that the men and women go out of the church at opposite points—doubtless to prevent the young gentlemen from gallanting the young ladies. This was the only church in which

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Nazareth, does not consist of one entire large hall like high schools or some academies, but every class has a hall or class-room to themselves. They dine in one great hall and sleep in another; which plan of sleeping all in one room I do not approve; for though the room is high and airy, I am of the opinion that many human beings inhaling as they must each other's breath cannot be healthy. As respects this academy, nothing would be more easy than to throw this large room into chambers.

The cooking department is also in the same building; this is the best constructed, and in the neatest order of any I have visited in the Atlantic country, excepting that at the Hospital at Boston.

As it was Sunday I lost the pleasure of hearing the young ladies play, or of seeing them at work, though they were all in the rooms occupied in common for study.

This was certainly the capstone of the climax, and what I had for many years back ardently longed to see, and though fancy was raised to the highest stretch, it fell short of the burst of innocence, beauty and elegance, which met my eye at the opening of each door. The retiring modesty of some, the polished urbanity of others, the snowy arm, the delicate hand, the soft friendly smile, the spiral ringlet, the dimpled cheek. I lingered at each door, lost in admiration.* As at Nazareth, they severally arose from their seats and made a graceful courtesy as they were introduced. There were some from all parts of the United States, and some from the islands—some were small girls and some were grown. I was much pleased to find the Miss Bibbs there from Alabama, with whose parents I had formerly a slight acquaintance.

There was at this time a thin school, on account of a vacation from sickness, if I recollect—the first time the institution was visited with sickness. There are, how-

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I ever saw window curtains used. The windows are of amazing height and width, and every one has a large, fine, white curtain before it, with lead fastened to the bottom to keep it in its place. Otherwise the church is without ornament. The pulpit is very high, and the priest walks into it from another portion of the church.

*How different from the Golgothas, the Presbyterian old maids.

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ever, more applicants than can be accommodated. This is much to be lamented, as it certainly is the best female seminary in the United States. It is wholly under the control of the United Brethren, of Germany, who it appears, do not seek to enlarge it, though the profits go to establish other seminaries somewhere else.

The young ladies showed me their frames with the unfinished work, which surpassed beauty.

They have introduced what is called ribbon-work, recently taught by a German lady. This is very ingenious and has still a richer appearance than the common way with floss silk. The ribbon work is shaded like the floss, very narrow and curiously worked into flowers and figures of all sorts and shapes—it is richer and much easier done. The ebony work is a very useful work and a great curiosity—every thing almost is made of it. The worsted work is also beautiful—hearth-rugs or any thing you fancy is made of it. But the literary part of the education is by far the most important. The following are the branches and the prices, viz:

Board and tuition, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, History, Geography, the use of the Globes, Botany, plain and ornamental needle-work, per quarter, -	$28 00
Entrance money, - - - - -	6 00
Instruction in Music, French, Drawing, Painting on Velvet, Ebony-work, Ribbon-work and Worsted-work, each per quarter, - -	3 00
Washing per quarter, - - - -	4 00
For the use of a Library, - - -	2 00

Age of admission, between eight and fifteen. Vacations, during the month of August.

Bethlehem is on the river Lehigh, and a small creek called Manakes, fifty-three miles from Philadelphia. The town begins on an eminence, and descends to the banks of the latter, a handsome stream. The prospect, however, is not so handsome as that of Nazareth, as the Lehigh mountains approach too near the town and confines the view within too narrow limits. It is, however, a lively town, the people pursuing a variety of business, as in other towns. It owns a great number of mills, tanneries,

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and breweries, and contains about three thousand inhabitants.

There are also handsome flower gardens, shrubberies and pleasure grounds adjoining the academy, all of which, with pure air, fine water and a rich surrounding soil, but above all the refined and pleasing manners of the inhabitants, renders it a delightful summer retreat, and to which numbers of the southern gentry resort during the warm months. All those who travel for amusement or curiosity ought to visit those interesting towns.

It was to this town Gen. Lafayette was brought for his safety and recovery when he was wounded at the battle of Brandywine, and the house was pointed out to me in which he was lodged—it is rather a large stone house on the main street, and more than this, I saw the *lady* who nursed him at that time: she is still living, is an active hale woman. She said the General suffered much from the pain, but was very patient.

I ought to have mentioned that Mrs. Siedel aids her husband in teaching the young ladies: She is an American, and was educated at the Moravian schools in North Carolina. She is a female of rare and high accomplishments and has some of the most interesting children my eyes ever beheld. Of all places to rear children this must be the best.

Finally, how these people have managed, with so little noise, without tracts, and begging money, to advance so far beyond the rest of the United States in every social and mental virtue, is truly mysterious, surrounded as they are by those enemies to knowledge, the blackcoats, or black hearts rather.

Upon going into a parlour up stairs, at the tavern, I found the windows and tables strewed with tracts. As I always do, I hoisted the sash and gathering them all up, tore them to atoms, and flung them into the street. Being called away shortly afterwards, I could not have been gone more than twenty minutes—and what was my surprise to find the tables and windows again replenished with this trash. There was a lady sitting in the room all the while, but so artful and secret are those traitors that

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she did not see who did it. Some said it was Dr. Green. I served these the same sauce, but doubtless it would be renewed. Now what good is to be effected by leaving these tracts here? How they grudge the success of this academy.

I met with some very pleasant company at the tavern, particularly a French officer, who was quite interesting.

HISTORY.

Bethlehem was settled about the same time of Nazareth by the Moravians, who purchased the land.

On Monday, before day, I took my departure for *Mauch Chunk*, the celebrated Lehigh coal mines, after paying the highest bill for the worst accommodation I had met with, by far, in Pennsylvania. It is hoped the society, if they own the property, will make an alteration there. One of the first objects to strangers is comfortable board while travelling. The landlord was absent the whole of the time, and perhaps it was still to my advantage.

But I am now about to unfold another tale of wickedness that ought to rouse the whole country. The habit people have fallen into of travelling in stages has induced contractors and proprietors to take the advantage of these travellers, as they are now pretty safe on the score of the travelling custom, pick up any worthless ruffian whom they can hire for little or nothing as drivers, it being no object to them how the traveller gets on after they receive the fare.

It was about 3 o'clock when we set out—I mean the stage driver and myself, no other person being in the stage. It was well I was armed with courage, or the consequence might have been serious. I had not been more, perhaps, than half an hour on the road, before the driver began to address me in a very suspicious and alarming manner; first, by asking "if I were married?" (and, I think, for I did not give him an opportunity of adding much, you are sure,) "was I not afraid to travel in the night?" "How dare you address yourself to me, you insolent ruffian? if you

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say another insolent word, and I will drop you from the seat in an instant—speak if you dare, and drive on." He had almost stopped the horses, but never did a fellow drive faster than he did; and the road being very rough, I paid for it. He said no more till we drew near the house where we were to change horses and drivers, and suspecting I might inform against him, he endeavored to intimidate me, by pretending he would have *me* arrested for threatening the "mail carrier." He was a hopeful convert—he must have been converted by the tracts, as I saw him at the tavern during Sunday. Now, is it not shameful that lives are endangered by these contractors? The Germans are the only drivers I have seen, in the United States, who can be called civil or sober. This man was an Englishman, it being understood that both are Americans.

It was about daylight when the stage stopped to change horses and drivers, to my great pleasure; and the moment I arrived, I accused the driver—all stared, and were silent; not one understood English; girls and boys eyed me in silence—the man who owned the house, and a traveller, were the only exception. The traveller was standing by the fire; the landlord was out, attending to the horses.

When the landlord came in, the stranger told him in German; and the landlord, addressing me in good English, asked me if it were true that the driver had behaved rude? I replied in the affirmative, and added, "I had hoped the stage would have stopped at some village where I could have found officers to arrest him."

The man appeared very serious; said "it was very wrong, and he should talk to the driver about it." This is nonsense; such ruffians are not to be reclaimed by talk: the fact is, they ought not to be employed. The whole of this business is falling into disrepute, and I am pleased to hear they are canaling and rail-roading the whole country, that our lives may be no longer endangered by such lawless ruffians. They ought to boast of converting the heathen—dog eat dog.

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The driver never showed his face; and my new drive being a German, I felt greatly relieved. The young ladies, who could not, or would not speak English, were fair, handsome, and modesty itself.

The road, now drawing near the Blue Ridge, became still more rough; but the driver took much pains, and was very obliging.

I had gained very little as to distance, from Easton to Mauch Chunk, by visiting Bethlehem, which was nearly as far from Mauch Chunk as Easton, from which last it was thirty-six miles distant. We arrived at the mountain about 8 o'clock, which we pass not over, but through, at a place called the Gap. A tavern is kept at the Gap, at which we breakfast. Here the mountain scenery begins: in truth, it is often seen east of this; but after passing the Gap, we are fairly engulphed in streams, rocks, and mountains; and never was a mountain, it would seem, without a river.

The Lehigh Hills, (or mountains, more properly,) which commence at Easton, has kept pace with me, and still pursues the river, while the famous Blue Ridge seems to wage war with all the Atlantic rivers, and as sure to be vanquished. Here, as with all the eastern streams, the Lehigh bursts through this untiring mountain, as though it were a breast-work of cotton bags, and rolls on triumphant to the Delaware. The Lehigh river and mountain meets the Blue mountain (as it is called, and sometimes Kittatinny mountain,) at right angles.

The Blue mountain maintains the same steep cliffs of wild naked rocks in this place, which it does in all others, from Virginia to West Point. It is the same stubborn mountain, and exhibits a true picture of wildness.

Here, also, comes in another pile of hills or mountains, which you please, on the right, the Lehigh and its mountain lying on your left; each draws up close to the river, and between these two the road passes to Mauch Chunk.

A very handsome stream also comes in here, on the right of the Lehigh, and discharges itself into the Lehigh,

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The tavern where we breakfasted stands between the Blue Ridge and the stream just mentioned. Over this creek there is a very handsome bridge; the stream runs very swift over a bed of rocks, and also has its hills parallel to it. A little beyond the creek, in full view of the tavern, the canal and several of the locks appear; also kilns where the cement used in constructing the wall is burnt, and likewise the mills in which it is ground. Hard by are blacksmith shops, and various other cabins for the workmen. The Lehigh river runs close to the canal, and a store near the tavern. While the whole is environed with wild mountains and huge rocks, some of which, loosened from their places, have rolled down near the road. Thus we have a rich foretaste of the much extalled sceneries of Mauch Chunk, from which it appears I am still twelve miles distant.

The man of the tavern was not at home, but I had a good breakfast, and found the German girls kind and attentive, though they spoke very little English.

After breakfast I walked over the bridge, and ever delighted with swift running streams, I lingered some time upon the bridge, leaning upon the balustrade. The curling of the limpid water, and the associations of domestic neatness, awakened by looking at a woman scrubing her churns and pails as she stood in the stream, added no little to heighten the glow of feeling set in motion upon my approach.

Had the day been pleasant, I should have had a delightful walk, but it was cold and blustering.

I walked on to the canal not yet walled up, and the kilns and mills for preparing the cement being mentioned, I can add nothing more, as I would not have had time to examine them before the stage would call. I saw a great dust flying out of the mills, and the men who conveyed the ground cement away, in bags, to load the wagons, were covered with dust. I saw a few carpenters at work upon wood, but could not discover their object. The canal seemed to be nearly the size of other canals, and the workmanship of the locks seemed to be skilfully done. This cement is a sort of stone which, when pre-

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pared, is used in masonry, and answers a better purpose than lime, so it is said. I never heard of it till this day, and great quantities of it is said to lie in the neighborhood. The enterprising Mr. White, of the Lehigh Company, is said to have discovered the cement.

I had, however, but a few minutes to satisfy curiosity, when the stage came along, and through defiles, and over rocks, sometimes on the brink of a high stone wall built in the river, which formed the jumping off place, we reached Mauch Chunk.

Hardly any road is more dangerous to travel at this time, from the blowing of rocks; and, at all times, it is dangerous, from the narrowness of the defiles, should the horses take fright. The best way would be to travel it on horseback, or in private carriages.

But the *Teagues*, poor fellows, they are strung along the canal, scarcely alive, stupid from drink. The poor fellows, fleeing from oppression to be free, grow rich in our country, make a short life, and a merry one of it. I have been informed that they generally live about eighteen months after coming to this country, and work and drink most of the time. They care little about eating, provided they get whiskey. In many instances, on some of the canals, they die so fast, that they are thrown into the ground from four to six together, without coffins.

You are tormented, beyond endurance, by these Patts, when you travel along the canals in stages. They are eternally getting in and getting out, and suffocating you with the stench of drunkenness. They are, for the most part, covered with mud, where they have rolled when drunk, and never think of buying a little trunk, or light valisse, to carry their clothes from place to place, but always have a wad of something tied up in a black greasy old pocket handkerchief, and crowd you, and grease you, and stench you to death. If ever you see a man with a rusty crown-cracked hat, short legs, tattered clothes, and dirty face, standing before you in the road, you may expect a Pat in the stage.

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There are, however, Yankees and Germans at work on the canals. The Yankees take their money, when earned, and go home; so do the Germans, and both are generally steady. But the Teagues are continually going from one canal to another.

Several of these got into the stage as we drew near Mauch Chunk, and though, in justice to them, they are generally harmless, there was one of these very impertinent, so much so, that I called to the driver either to put him out, or I would get out. The driver had got into another stage which overtook us, and a youth had mounted the seat of my coach, and, of course, could do nothing with Pat, I ordered him to stop, when I got out, and walked nearly half a mile, to Mauch Chunk, over a rough road, and being then very lame, I suffered a great deal on the way.

MAUCH CHUNK.

Upon my arrival at the tavern, I complained that a carriage was not sent to meet me; but they had heard nothing of the accident.

The house stands on the side of a mountain, and I was shewn into a common room. I was there but a few minutes, when the landlord, a genteel looking man, came down and invited me up into the parlour. He had often, he said, heard of me, as he took the United States' Gazette, and was pleased with my visit; and, to crown the whole, was a Yankee. I walked up to the parlour, ordering a room at the same time. Mr. White, the principal manager, already mentioned, was absent, but was expected home that night. Dinner would soon be ready; they were only waiting for some ladies to return from the coal mines. The parlour was large, neat, and well furnished; the Lehigh was glowing in the grate, the best part of the story, as it was very raw and drizly. Several young men walked in to *look* at me, and were introduced. They appeared to be boarders, and, as it appeared afterwards, clerks to the Company. Thus all went on well; meantime I took a view of my chamber, ordered up my

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baggage, and returned to the parlour, and, shortly afterwards, the company arrived, three ladies and two gentlemen; they were from Philadelphia—a great old fat woman, a little lame, an old maid, her daughter, and a younger one, also her daughter. One of the gentlemen, a right Philadelphian, was, I think, brother, nephew, or something to the big woman; the other was a lad, I do not know from whence. They had been taking a ride on the rail-road, and not being guarded against the change of weather or the height of the region of the coal mines, had suffered much from the cold. It actually was enough (from what I learned afterwards) to have killed them out right, as they had nothing on but thin shawls, and the day was very cold. The mother was tall, about three yards round, and roughly hewn throughout. The old maid was tall and guant, long necked and long chinned, long faced, fair, handsome mouth and teeth, which she appeared to make the most of, by always grinning to show them. She had a once handsome dimple, but it was almost extinct in her sunken cheek; her hair was red, or bordering close upon it. It is always my favorite color, when not too deeply tinged, and is accompanied with a fair complexion at all times. In short, but for the length of her face, and a bow chin, she must have been handsome when young, and would be so now, had she not been abominably affected, and ignorant of course. The ladies ought ever to remember that knowledge is *never old* nor *ugly*. The other lady was not so tall nor so old, round faced, redish haired, fair complexion, middling features, and stupid dull countenance—both had whiteish grey eyes.

The gentleman, their kinsman, whose name, if I am not mistaken, was Hare, was, as I have said, a sort of chip in porridge man, with a hard iron countenance.

The lad was rather accomplished, but had more sail than ballast—he was all in raptures to see Mrs. R., and who would not? He was not of the Philadelphia party. The ladies lisped, and twisted, and figited, and smiled, "*ma—ed*," and never was so cold; and the old lady broke

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off in the middle, and disappeared—presently orders came to the young ladies to come and dress for dinner.

At length we were seated at the table, where my Yankee landlord took a seat by my side, or at least placed me by his side, to pay the more attention. The other gentlemen, also, were very attentive, and none more so than the young gentleman whom, it strikes me, had seen me before.

No one attended to the Philadelphia ladies. Here is another remark—those who do not seek admiration, admiration will seek them; and those who are always seeking it, will never find it, for the best of reasons. Every one at the table could see, with half an eye, what brought this gang of females from Philadelphia; and the young men of the place taking the alarm, avoid them as carefully as though they were just so many wild cats. There was another female at the table, a pretty good match for these—I guessed she was of Philadelphia also, and I guessed true—she was dressed in the extreme, black, proud, and ugly, and though not so silly, was just as ignorant and affected as the others; and whom, think ye, was this fine (they were all as fine as silk and lace and bubbles could make them, just as though they were going to be ushered into the ball room) dressed lady? The landlord's wife!!!! the first time I ever saw a tavern keeper's wife sit down at the public dinner table, or even show herself, since I have been in the Atlantic country; and the essence of it is, her husband is only a hireling, the tavern being the property of the Company, so, without any further evidence, it is plain that my Yankee friend is a goose, and his wife is the gander. I did not, however, dream, at the time, she was the lady of the house, as my Yankee friend never introduced me. But the next day, being interrupted by the noise of children at my room door, I looked out, and finding a black servant at the door, who seemed to have the care of the children, I told her she must take them away; and thinking they were doubtless the children of some lady from the south, from their having a grown woman to attend them, I inquired whose children they were, as I had never seen the mother

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about: she told me they were Mrs. —— (I do not remember the name.) I observed, I had never seen the lady—"was she sick?" Why, she was at the table ever since you came! I then apprehended, and not recognising the tavern keeper's name, I asked who the lady was, and where she was from? She laughed, and said, "it was the tavern keeper's wife." Now, had this simpleton, as it is clear he is one, married a Yankee lady, instead of having a maid to attend her children, and dressing in silks, laces, and flounces, and sitting down at the head of the table, where gentlemen and ladies and strangers dine, she would be found in her kitchen, with her checked apron on, attending to her business—she would have been a fortune to him, instead of spending one—he is sure to be a poor man while he lives. Wonder not at the number of old maids in Philadelphia. What man (though they caught this soft Yankee) would have such women? This woman, beside neglecting her kitchen and her children, had a fortune on her back, and as great an ignoramus as could be found—she was quite a vulgar coarse woman. I should think the Company poor judges of a matter so important to their interest, the tavern being a very large expensive house, and doubtless does much business, as numbers visit the place during the summer—I am told it is like a fare. And the worst is to come yet—she is a missionary lady, and, of course, her and I were no favorites; and her poor hen-pecked husband, when he found I exposed the conduct of missionaries in my usual open independence, he sneaked off for fear of his wife, and I never came in sight of him but once afterwards.

But the old maid, it was sickening to see her airs at the table, nibbling and mincing and turning her head, first on one shoulder, and then on the other, and languishing and ogling and addressing some pretty silly thing now and then to her mother. The younger one was not allowed to speak, as doubtless the old maid had put a padlock on her mouth, that she herself might receive what she did not, the addresses of the gentlemen; nor will she ever, while her designs upon them is so evident. There is a specimen of Philadelphia ladyships for you. The poor

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they brought with them never offered to attend them, and about to cross the river, over the bridge, I shamed one of the young men of the place into politeness and courage enough to walk with them. He set off, and seemed rather to prefer the company of the youngest, who, finding she had the advantage, resolved to maintain it, and fairly ran off with the young man. The old lady hobbled along very slow, and, in a short time, the young pair was out of sight, and the old maid, to her infinite mortification, who could not leave her mother, missed the only chance she had of a beau at Mauch Chunk. I was sitting in a high porch, looking at them, and was no little amused to see the younger sister run off with the prize. The walk was a mere excuse, as it was the most absurd thing in the world for such an old over grown lame woman to attempt walking in such a rough country. The young man, who doubtless will never forgive me, shut himself up in his chamber, and was never seen, except at meals, while they staid. Thus women defeat their own purposes—their palpable advances disgust the men even to hatred. I never had so good an opportunity of observing the weak side of women before.

"But the scenery, Mrs. P., and the coal mines"—"ah, you shall have it." I always go on by regular climax, and thought, perhaps, if I mounted my hobby before I disposed of the woman, it might run away with me, and so much would be lost forever. Which will you have first—the scenery or the mines? for the mines are nine miles from the tavern and the town of Mauch Chunk. "The scenery." Then here is the scenery. Mauch Chunk is the Indian name of a small town on the Lehigh, which, at this place, winds in the form of the capital letter S. Now, if you can imagine perpendicular steeps of wild mis-shapen rocks, to the height of a considerable mountain, on each side of this serpentine river; if you can imagine the steep on the *opposite* shore, running up to the right hand bend of the S, into a sharp bold perpendicular point, and the river, *with* the mountain on this side, wrapping round it; if you can fancy another *steep* mountain showing itself to the left, up the river, meeting it at a

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right angle; and then suppose a sharp ridge sloping down to the river, on *this* side, on the left also, near by—if to this you add the long string of black coal waggons on the summit of this last, all in readiness to take their eternal flight down the shoot into the river, and the shoot itself a rail-way mounted in the air, with one end on the brow of this summit, and the other end sloping to the river, some hundred yards, over a considerable valley!! If you can imagine one of these waggons flying (nothing short of it) down this shoot, while another is flying up, like a witch, through the air, without even a broomstick;* next fancy a large park on the side of this *coal waggon mountain*, facing you, filled with elk and deer, and, as if for your gratification, appears as one end of it was lowered to show its contents; a little below (only a street between) stands a handsome white building, under a shade; further on, toward the tavern, from the lofty portico of which you see the whole, a large store, and then a mill, and here a stream runs down, at an angle with the Lehigh; on the bank of this stream there is a street called *Broadway*, with two long rows of houses—you are all this while at the base, or rather on the side of another mountain of huge moss covered rocks, which rear themselves up, rocks upon rocks of frightful wilderness behind you; the Lehigh running nimbly at your feet, a handsome bridge thrown over it; the locks and dams, and the canal, all in one view. If you can imagine all this, you may form an idea of the scenery of Mauch Chunk. But it is impossible for the pen to represent the novelty and wildness of the masses of stone, and the whimsical figures of the mountains, as they assume a variety of bends and shapes. The scenery of Mauch Chunk has little beauty, the mountains approaching too near—it only pleases from its surprise, novelty, and wildness, which is unequalled by any mountain scenery I ever met with, and it will forever be what it is now, as these rocky steeps defy, alike, the hand of art and the hand of taste. Wildness, therefore, will

*The loaded waggon, running down, draws the empty one up, there being a double rail-way at the shoot.

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forever reign sole monarch of Mauch Chunk, unconquered and unsubdued.

The tavern, to leave room for a street between it and the river, is wedged in amongst these rocks, where, and the mass of frightfulness over your head, in one thousand acres you could not find a hand's breadth of earth.

These rocks, and those I saw on the Delaware, are different from any mountain or other rocks I have visited—they are of a light drab color, almost white—all that I have seen, were a redish, dark, and grey, and, for the most part, flat, or shelvings, seemed to mingle and adhere, forming some sort of society; but these of Mauch Chunk are great rounding lumps, loosely scattered, as though they had dropped from the clouds one by one. Now for the ride upon the rail-road, the *mines*, and the ride back.

Next day the ladies, old maids and young maids, old lame women and unlame, and, to crown the whole, Mrs. *Tavern-keeper*, condescended to join the party—*Mr.* Tavernkeeper, my young beau, the Philadelphia beau, the ladies' coachman, by far the genteelest man of the party—he could not be called a coachman, as I understood he was a relation, and brought them in his own private carriage—two strangers, the owner of the team, and the driver, all set out to the mines.

We were placed in pleasure carriages, which have seats like sleighs, and precisely like the sleigh, but longer, and without the back and front, and have small iron wheels. These carriages are fastened together, as many as you please—one horse to every twenty persons, which he pulls with ease, at a brisk trot—no horse is used in returning.

The distance from the town to the mines is nine miles, the mountain being an oblong; the rail road runs parallel with its length, which resembles what we call a spur. The road runs on the side of this ridge, and partly on the top, as it happens to sink or rise—the highest summit is about one thousand feet, and the road rises one foot in seventy.

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It was a delightful afternoon, when, seated in the *front* of the *front* carriage, supported by the two strangers at my back, with my little beau next to them, the old maid, &c. &c. &c., the owner of the carriages, and driver in front of all, and off we go upon the rail-road. But of all modes of travelling or sailing, it is the most pleasing; so steady, so swift; not a jolt, jar, or movement, to the right or left. To say it was delightful, would scarcely convey the idea; nor can it be conveyed, by language, to other than those who have travelled on one. I shall ever, after this, be the warm advocate of rail-roads! Rail-roads! rail-roads! give me a rail-road!

We had a romantic view of Broadway as we drove on, sunk deep as it was between two stupendous hills—the stream mentioned wound its sparkling way down a deep vale, in the opposite course—its serpentine figure, though far beneath our feet, with a headlong mountain rising upon the other side, were to our left, and always in view; at our backs, the Blue mountains soon appeared, as we drew near the summit; on our right, there was little to be seen, as the nature of our way precluded a view.

At length we lose sight of our deep vale and curling stream, and gain a considerable flat of some width—here we have another purling stream of crystal clearness; it was sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other, and its banks thickly shaded by shrubs and brambles—now and then a pheasant, or partridge, would start up before us. The rail-road, from its symmetry, was no less pleasing to the eye than it was delightful to travel.

I ought to have observed, that these pleasure wagons never visit the mines except in the afternoon, or until the coal wagons have run down, which is always in the forenoon; and that the coal wagons run down of themselves, being all fastened together, and are pulled up by mules; the mules, being placed in a wooden wagon, with troughs before them, to eat as they go on, are fastened to the coal wagons, and ride down. There being but one road, and no chance of getting off should one carriage meet another, and such a number of these coal wagons, all made of iron, and heavy laden, they would grind every thing they met

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in their way to powder. It is, therefore, a strict law, that no carriage shall go up until the coal is all down; and the mule wagons going down at the same time, there is then no danger.

As we drove on, I happened to ask the owner of the wagon "what would be the result were we to meet a wagon?" "We would call out to the driver to hold up," there being a sort of a machine which locks the wheel, one end of which the driver, who always sits in front, holds in his hand; by this means the wagons can be made to go fast or slow, or stopped. This part of the story I can scarcely believe, when applied to the coal wagons—from their great weight and velocity when running down, I doubt whether any power on earth could stop them.

The word was scarcely uttered by the man, when we saw a mule wagon meeting us—I had such confidence in the man, that I felt in no way alarmed—he cried out to the man (or boy rather) to "hold up," but he might as well have told him to hold down. The proprietor jumped off the seat, and jerked up a small stick, which he had scarcely time to do before the two carriages met—he threw the stick across the rail-road, and whether it was of service or not I cannot tell, for, in a twinkling, the mule carriage knocked the horse in our carriages down flat on his side, and he lay as though he were dead some time. This stopped the mule carriage.

The whole of the party jumped out but myself: I being lame, was afraid of a worse evil, had I made the attempt; some of the party were hurt in their eagerness to escape, but I received little or no injury. I suspect there never was a more fortunate escape—it was the first instance of the sort. After some time, we got the horse up, and lifting the carriage off of the road, let the other wagon go on—our horse was put too, and we went on again very well.

As we draw near the mines we descend a little, and have a beautiful prospect of the plains and hills around us, from our high situation.

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THE COAL MINES

Is matter enough to satisfy the most capacious mind, and gratify the most unbounded curiosity—one whole mountain of solid coal, which continues, it is said, across the country to the Schuylkill. Wherever they have made the experiment, they find the same unbroken mass of coal. The excavation already made comprises seven acres, to a great depth, in some places 70 or an 100 feet, and yet there is no alteration in the coal—it lies unbroken and unmixed by the least particle of stone, earth, or any thing whatever.

A vast many hands are employed in loosening the coal, loading the wagons, and gathering them together, to send to the river. These hands do not work under ground—they begin on the surface, and dig and haul off as they go. There is, at first, on the surface of the mountain, a few feet of earth, which is carefully removed,* but when they once get to the coal, the earth ceases—it is so easy to dig, that one good hand can dig 100 bushels per day—the instruments used are a pick-axe and a crow-bar; these are light and sharp, which the men handle with much ease. It is surprising to see how fast they can loosen and throw it out.

They receive from 80 to 90 cents per day. Some of the workmen are Irish, some Germans, and some Yankees; they work, drink whiskey, fight, receive their money in the fall, go home, spend the winter, and return in the spring. They have no boss, (as an overlooker is called in the Atlantic country.) I asked "if they drew their wages by the day, or the bushel?" they replied, "they drew the same wages, whether they worked or played."

The whole country around seems to be one continuation of mountains; and the view from the mines is very extensive and beautiful, presenting an endless representation of high ridges and deep valleys.

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* This earth is wagoned to a precipice, and thrown down, to be out of the way. It was down this precipice an Irishman recently took a merry ride—he insisted upon getting into the wagon of dirt, and the wagon running at full speed, Pat went over and down to the bottom without much injury.

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A number of rail-roads run in all directions over the excavation, to facilitate the removal of the coal to the rail-road which is to convey it to the river.

Such a number of hands, their black wagons running alone, black clothes, and the black broad flat from which the coal has been removed, the vast ebony walls which surround the excavation, are a subject of much interest and curiosity. There is a species of shaded coal, extremely beautiful, called the "Peacock coal," and resembles the variegated color of that fowl precisely. This is found promiscuously amongst the other coal, and differs from it only in color. The rail-road is thus described by a traveller, who called nearly at the same time; and to save trouble I copy it from a paper, as I am aware it is correct.

"A road is first cut along the side of the mountain, on which billets of wood are laid transversely (like our swamp cause ways;) and on them, parrallel with the road, the rails of pine, 6 by 4 inches thick, are placed. On the upper surface and inner edge of these rails, narrow bars or plates are screwed for the wheels to run on. The cost, $4,500 per mile. The cars for carrying the coal are made of sheet iron, with strong wheels about two feet in diameter."

The bodies of the wagons are very deep, and wider at the top than the bottom. A driver or steersman always sits in front to guide the wagon upon the road where it makes short or crooked turns. The wheels, I find, have often to be greased.

It certainly must be the most interesting object at Mauch Chunk to see these wagons, of which there are a great number, all of one size, all tied together and running full career down the rail-road. This I did not see, as they came down but once while I was there, and nothing but the neglect of the landlord to apprise me deprived me of the pleasure.

The ride up is, in comparison, nothing to our ride down. The company and myself being again seated in the carriages the horse was again put to for a little way, when he was again taken out, and away we flew; at first

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slow, but soon like the wind. There are a few scattering houses near the mines, in imitation of a town, and a solitary one here and there for a little farther on, also a meadow, where we saw several mules feeding. But what astonished me as much as any thing else was a 70 foot Jackson pole. The mules, accustomed to the wagons, paid little attention to us as we passed them. But it was different with most other things. The wheels, going up, make very little noise, but going down they make a considerable hollow rumbling sound, which I presume must be heard some distance.

It was no little amusement to me to see birds, cats, dogs, and cows flying for their lives before us. They must have thought the end of the world was at hand. The birds wisely fled for it at once, but I did expect to see a cow smashed to pieces, as the foolish thing ran into danger instead of running out of it. But the cat, I suppose, is hardly done running yet. I was till this day ignorant of the gait and fleetness of cats. We were 30 minutes running down.

But of all the wonders of Mauch Chunk I was most astonished at the rapidity of the wheels upon a road apparently level, as any person in the world, with no more knowledge of rail-roads than myself, would be at a loss to distinguish which way the road descended. It has all the appearance of a perfect level. I had formed some sort of an opinion of every thing except this.

The air was quite cool from the swiftness of our passage, though it was a warm evening. It strikes me that this ride must be doubly grateful in the heat of summer. We pay 50 cents each for our ride. I did not expect the proprietor, as he was a very friendly and affable man, would have charged me. Had he known his interest or the interest of humanity, he would not, particularly as he saw I was lame and had come some distance out of the way, on a rough road, to see the place. There was a meanness in it that is unaccountable, but he was a Quaker. He said "he would leave it to myself to pay what I pleased." I would have paid ten times the amount rather than have imitated his meanness.

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I called at Mr. White's on my way to the tavern, and was pleased to find he had returned. This is the gentleman mentioned some pages back, one of the most indefatigable man in Pennsylvania: he is in a great measure the patron and proprietor of the canal and rail road, and the only one of the company who resides at Mauch Chunk. He is a middle aged, keen, sensible man, genteel and affable, and a man of extensive knowledge. His family also resides here. Mrs. White, a most lady-like woman, I had called on before; she very politely walked about with me, explaining and showing me the works and the wonders of the place.

They were both much displeased at the mismanagement of the people of the mines, for sending the mule carriage down, which occasioned the accident, and which might have been attended with more serious consequences. He will doubtless take measures to prevent a similar accident.

This extraordinary man seems to be peculiarly blessed with every thing which can render life desirable. He has the finest children I have seen in the state, particularly a very amiable, handsome, and accomplished daughter, nearly grown. Their hospitality and plainness of dress were exemplary, and a very great contrast to the ladies of the tavern.

Being detained at Mr. White's till after tea (by which time it was dark) Mr. W. a perfect gentleman, attended me to the tavern.

Next day was set for my departure; as the stage went only every other day I was forced to take the advantage, or wait longer than my arrangements admitted. I would gladly have visited Wilkesbarre, a few miles distant, a town on the Susquehanna, but the season was too far advanced. I therefore shaped my course to Reading, and had to retrace my steps back nearly to Bethlehem. The stages did not start till in the afternoon, and in the mean time I had the pleasure of a visit from Miss White and several other ladies of the place.

This, with other marks of respect paid to me by the citizens, I saw gave infinite pain to the Philadelphia par-

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ty; but it was amusing to see their last shift to entrap a beau. They took their departure some hours before I did, and "ma must get in the carriage," (which happened to be a hack,) and they would walk—"oh, we could not think of riding in a carriage upon such a dangerous road; oh, never! it is out of the question—we will walk." All this did not take; every young man stuck close to his room.

There was a Dr. *Somebody*, who resided there; he ran over to see, and shook hands with me, and when he found what was going on, he made his escape. But such pitying long look-backs I never saw—they walked slow, and every now and then would look back. Thus silly women disgust men of sense, and live and die old maids.

The landlord did go with them, but for nothing else, I firmly believe, but to keep out of my way. He took care, however, to make arrangements for my bill before his departure, and charged me the highest bill I ever paid in the United States—$3 62½ for two days—shameful! he ought, if for nothing else, to be displaced for this barbarous act.

At some distance from Mauch Chunk, we met the gentleman trudging back on foot, as he set out—I paid no more attention to him than if I had met a mastiff, and *he* looked as mean as he was. Now this would have been an amiable man, had it not been for his wife, who is at the head of the Tract Society at Mauch Chunk; for, if these missionaries could find people on the top of the Rocky Mountains, they would go there to hunt for money. They have a considerable society at this place, of which Madam Tavernkeeper is at the head, and, of course, she rules her husband. I stopped for the night at the Gap tavern, being pleased with the place.

I ought to have mentioned a little town on this side of Mauch Chunk, called Lehighton. It is quite a small place, but has a flourishing new appearance, and distinguished for Jackson poles, the tallest of the forest.

I found the landlord of the Gap tavern at home, a most interesting German, of mild, pleasant, and enticing manners, his fare good, and charges low. The German girls

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(his wife being dead) who performed the work of the tavern, were certainly the most innocent, modest, and obliging girls, to be found in any of the states—they are the most silent of all women! Though all these spoke English well, such was their bashfulness, it was difficult to draw them into conversation; and, in neatness, they equal, but in industry, they leave the Yankees a long way behind. I admire these German girls for their silence, (though they find tongues, a gentleman informed me, when they marry,) and, above all, for their pure and primitive manners, in which they greatly excel.

After resting myself by the kitchen fire, admiring the neatness and ingenuity of the cooking establishment,* I walked into a large stove-room, and took a silent cup of tea, after which, wanting some time of being sunset, I took a stroll about the premises. Stepping into the store, (mentioned as I went up,) I found a comical amusing clerk, and, upon asking him "of what his wares consisted," he replied, "a little of every thing," and so it appeared.

The next day, after breakfast, I parted with my kind landlord, whose charge was fifty cents! and pursued my way to Reading, by Allentown. There was but one Teague (a very clever man by the way) in the stage, and an old soldier of the late war, a pensioner; he had served in Canada, and had suffered much hardship in the war from marching in the cold; he had had both his feet frost-bitten off, and had to be helped in and out of the stage, and, to add to his misfortune, he was a confirmed drunkard.

For the sake of passing off the time, as he grew a little sober, I endeavored to convince him of the fatal consequence of drinking, which he readily admitted, and cried like a child. He was a man of good feeling, became much attached to me during our ride, and, turning off toward New York, parted with me with much seeming regret. "I find no such friends as you are, madam," said the unfortunate man, as he took leave.

The Irishman was quite a genteel, decent, and sensible

*The hearths of a German kitchen are raised above the floor some feet, so that the cooks may not have to stoop over the fire.

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man, whom, it appears, was one of the contractors for the canal; but he never spoke but when I spoke to him, and knew but little of the country.

Upon leaving the Blue Ridge, the face of the country is still uneven, but not so rough and sterile as that on the Bethlehem road. Our way hung upon the Lehigh, which, and the smooth rounding hills, fertile meadows, and neat farms, gave a pleasing variety to the landscape—one place, particularly, was a great curiosity, being a lofty conical mountain in miniature.

The valleys were rich, and abounded with Indian corn, meadows, clover fields, fallow land, and some buck-wheat and potatoes—now and then a string of Irishmen, on foot, with handkerchiefs full of clothes, slung to a shillelah, from their shoulders.

The land becomes richer and less uneven as we approach Allentown; the heights are covered with chesnut, and the valleys with large black walnut, large farms, and fine orchards; the largest apple trees I ever saw; fine barns and houses, large sleek cattle, few sheep, and few horses in sight, but a number of fine hogs running at large in the woods.

I was delighted as I drew near Allentown, or rather recalled to mind former days, which some call "pleasing melancholy." I am no stickler for names, but whatever reminds us of by-gone days, always brings with it delight. The source of my delight was the rustling sound of the dry leaves, which lay in great profusion on the road, the trees being divested of them by the frost. The feet of the horses made the same noise I used to do with mine when a child. We arrived in Allentown about dinner time, which is only seventeen miles from Easton! and six from Bethlehem! so that Pennsylvania cannot charge me with neglect, or favoring myself, encountering, as I have, rocks and rivers, by night and by day, to say nothing of high hills and high bills.

ALLENTOWN.

The stage-house is kept by a widow *Stock*, if I recollect; a bad house, disobliging, dishonest, smoky, dirty,

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stingy, and I might, with propriety, add more, but this is enough to warn travellers to avoid it. I found dinner on the table when I went in, which was set for an elderly, fine looking, tall, slender man, a Lutheran priest, and his young, beautiful, and accomplished wife—I would (so would any one) have taken her for his daughter. I should have blamed him much for marrying so far below his years, but for the temptation which I cannot see how he could resist, as it appears that all these priests, of whatsoever age or sect, are mere flesh and blood like other people. I obtained their consent to dine at the table with them, and ordering a cup of tea, made a tolerable dinner, though there was not enough on the table for one person.

In the mean time, I sent a note to Major Hutter, the son of Col. Hutter, of Easton, and regretted to find he was absent, as I wished him to procure me a better house. This being the case, I submitted, and went to my chamber, in which I had ordered a fire, as the coldness of the day required one.

My landlady, walking before me to show me the room, upon opening the door, we found it filled with smoke—she pothered about, stirred the wood, and could not tell what made it smoke—"never knew it to smoke before." This was nothing more than common, as falsehood can be had every where for nothing, as well as tracts and bibles; but the truth of the story was, that it always did smoke, and to such a degree, that I had to extinguish the fire. But the cream of the story is, that they made a separate charge for FIRE. Her son, who lived with her as barkeeper, I suspect, made out the account—as great a rogue as the world ever produced—charged me as high as the fellow of Mauch Chunk, and being the agent who collects the fare from the Gap to Allentown, charged me 25 cents more than the fare, it being one dollar only—his charge was $1 25, which I paid, not knowing any better at the time.

I refused, however, to pay the extravagant bill, particularly the fire—I only paid a dollar for doing penance, by suffering cold and hunger.

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Allentown is a very handsome town in Northampton county, near the Lehigh. It stands upon an elevated site, surrounded on all sides by a vale—this, again, is surrounded by mountains and hills, forming a romantic and picturesque appearance. It appears to be a flourishing town, and does much business—it contains between 2 and 3000 inhabitants. The houses on the principal streets are handsome showy buildings, but I learned little of the town, in consequence of the absence of Major Hutter.

I walked a little ways over the town, and stepped into a bookstore, the proprietor of which was an editor of a paper, but he was an ignorant, vulgar, unsociable man. He, and the people of the tavern where I stopped, were the first and the only mean Germans I met with so far. I stepped into another editor's house, whose family were polite and hospitable, but the gentleman was not in. I sat some time waiting for him, but as it was growing late, I left my card, and desired the family to request the gentleman to call on me, as I wished to learn something of the place. He did not, however, call—I do not recollect either of their names; they lived next door to each other.

After candlelight, two very genteel young men called on me, which redeemed the credit of the place. These were Mr. *McFarlin*, a lawyer, and Mr. *Hecox*, the principal of an academy. Hecox, for the honor of the Yankees, and the State which supports him, was a native of New England. They both came in as well to pay their respects as to subscribe for my book. Unfortunately I brought no books from Philadelphia, except two or three, which I left at Easton, but I promised to send each a copy from Reading, to which place I had ordered some. They offered the price, which I refused until they should receive the books. These were very amiable young men. Mr. McFarlin was of middle size, oval face, good features, and very fair. Mr. Hecox was a tall well turned figure, his face oval and handsome, with a countenance and eye of great expression.

I walked into a store next morning, which was directly opposite my room. In conversing with the proprietor, it

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appeared he had heard of me, but though he wished me success, and abjured the grey coats, he did not offer to patronize me; but in justice to him, he presented me with a small paper box, which I was about to purchase for the safe keeping of my caps and other finery. I still have the box safe and sound, which always reminds me of Allentown.

Being told Hon. *King* Senator of the Pennsylvania Legislature lived in Allentown, (but was absent also,) I called a few minutes before my departure, and, much to my gratification, found him at home. Mr. King is an Attorney, and said to be a man of talents and extensive wealth. He is, however, very plain and simple in his manners and equipage. He is a tall slender made man, with a thin oval face, and keen black eye and black hair. His manners are, as I said, perfectly divested of pride or ostentation, and very familiar.

Whilst I was waiting for Mr. King, Major Hutter, who had returned home the previous night, and having called at the tavern to see me, followed me to Mr. King's, and, without ceremony, introduced himself. This is what I like—plain honesty seeking to unite with its kindred feeling. The Major was a plain but warm-hearted man, who would go all lengths for his friend. He had been taking a frolic, he said, the night before, upon the success of his efforts to elect General Jackson, he also being an editor. I had merely time to exchange a few words with these gentlemen, when the Easton stage arrived, in which I was to take my seat to Reading.

The Irishman, who put up at another and a better house, (it is hoped,) was again my fellow passenger; also a very genteel stout man, of much information and very easy manners, who lived between Allentown and Reading; likewise, a great middle aged rough man, who proved to be a constable, from Easton. The Irishman, as usual, said but little, but was sober and very civil. The Easton man was bold and brazen, and having taken a dram, had a great deal to say about some matter of secret importance, upon which he was then on a visit to the Governor. But of all the pleasant travelling companions

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I ever travelled with, the gentleman who lived in the neighborhood was the most so. He at first addressed a few words to the Easton man, whom he slightly knew, and, by degrees, he and I fell into conversation about the country, which passed in general and common placed remarks, but his talent lay in wit, pleasant stories, and anecdotes, in which he indulged merely for the sake of rendering himself agreeable. He was a well bred warm hearted German, though he pronounced the English language with purity and ease. He related more humorous Irish bulls than I ever heard or read in my life; but finding, at length, that the silent man was an Irishman, he turned in upon the Germans, and gave them no quarters. He was the best mimic I ever heard, and kept us in convulsions during his ride. But at length he arrived at his dwelling, and a scene succeeded of no very pleasant nature.

The Easton man called the gentleman squire something, which name I am sorry I do not recollect.

After the gentleman left us, there was a dead silence in the stage; and the Easton man, whose manners and looks I disliked at first, had called at all the taverns to drink, doubtless. He kept within bounds, however, till we stopped at Koutztown to dine and change horses; but, in the meantime, he eyed me with much malignity and evident design—in short, with looks of a thorough bred assassin. He was pale from rage, but never spoke a word. He doubtless took offence at a sharp reproof I gave him shortly after we left Allentown, upon his addressing me in a marked speech of obscene insolence, at least what I should call such. He was further provoked that I treated him with contempt, while I conversed freely with the other gentlemen. Koutztown is about half way between Easton and Reading—18 miles from each. Here I dined; but the Easton man, who had been boasting of his wealth, had not money enough to buy whiskey, but went upon credit. We had had an excellent driver to this place, but the driver from Koutztown to Reading being sick, a trifling drunken tailor took charge of the stage, to drive us to Reading. He was a good match for the other at the

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bottle, and stopped at every tavern to drink on the road—he, of course, had to treat the Easton ruffian, as he had no money.

They would spend so much time drinking in the taverns, that he had to drive unmercifully to make up the time—I was sorry for the horses.

A very genteel colored man joined us at Koutztown, and it is well he did, as he was a sober well behaved man, and took care of the horses.

We had proceeded but a short distance, however, from the dining house, when the Easton ruffian could contain his rage no longer, and vented his rancor in a volley of oaths and personal abuse—the liquor had worked him into a perfect phrenzy—"you pretend to go about the country writing books—you are an impostor—I am in the *Peace*—I will send you to jail—I'll see what you have in these trunks." Every now and then he would lay hold of one or other of my trunks, (which were in the stage,) and kick them about with his feet. "I'll let you know you shall not travel over the country—I am in the commission of the Peace—(he had this over an hundred times)—I'll fix you when we get to Reading." Thus he continued the whole way, foaming at the mouth with rage. He appeared often upon the point of striking me—had his fist raised over my head several times, and had it not been for his cowardice, and the presence of the Irish gentleman, he certainly would have committed some outrage. The Irishman (I shall always love the *Pats* after this) spoke to him very sharply upon the impropriety of treating passengers in that manner—said he had travelled with me two days, and found me a civil decent woman. This would silence him a while, but the whiskey had the final command of his senses. I appealed to the driver, a palavering drunken fellow, but he was a bird of the same feather. I think Easton must blush to find they put such a ruffian in the Peace, as he called it; and nothing saved him from being put where he ought to have been long since, but want of time on my part.

It appeared he was going to the Governor of the State with a petition for a reprieve for some woman at Easton whom the court condemned for some crime.

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The road from Allentown to Reading passes over some of the finest farming land in Pennsylvania. It must be understood that from the care and skill of the Pennsylvania farmers, the land is never suffered to lose in point of fertility. They have made farming a perfect science and pursue a regular routine in changing their crops from one thing to another, by which means land originally rich is still the same and produces as much as at first, and land originally poor (of which there appears to have been very little) has become fertilized. I have seen nothing in any of the Atlantic States, in the farming line, that has any resemblance to the farming in Pennsylvania. Father and son, grandfather and so on, have become rich on the same tract of land. I see nothing like poverty in the country, whatever there may be in the towns. The great massy barns with elegant sash and glass windows, their overgrown horses and cattle, their smooth ploughed furrows, their haystacks and snug warm houses, with coffers full of specie, their thick servicable cloths, the ease and contentment, and above all that noble independence which mark their steady looks and movements, prove them to be a wealthy and happy people, not a priest, or grey coat I mean, ever gets footing amongst them.

But to return, the land at first is uneven yet rich, and increases in fertility and beauty till we arrive at Reading, on the Schuylkill. Here again I must observe the fine roads and strong stone bridges, the great mills, &c.

This state differs in another respect both from New-York and New-England. Almost every mile you see a road branching off and as sure to see a sign-board neatly painted with the name of the place to which the road leads, the index and number of miles. I have seen five of these indexes on one sign-post.

I had an extensive and variegated view of those great German farms (no wonder Dr. Ely wanted to get hold of them) from the nature of the country itself—continually descending and ascending these eminences, I had a view of every alternate valley.

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From the delay of our drunkards it was after sunset when we arrived at Reading. I ought to have remarked the Jackson poles every where to be seen on the road, with a green bough growing, as it were, out of the top, and the star spangled banner flying with "Jackson and Liberty." But a little distance on this side of Koutztown we were fairly blocked up by a great hickory tree with every limb upon it as it grew, and a great party of men, women and children, some in carriages, some in chaises, some in single chairs, some in dearborns, and many on horseback.

They happened to turn out to a tavern to invite their neighbors to join them doubtless and drink the health of the General, or it would have been impossible to have passed them, as the bushy top of the hickory completely filled up the road. Several hundreds assemble at the raising of these trees and dance and frolick several days. The whole of these Germans appear to be for Jackson. If you happen to ask the smallest child its name, the word is not allowed to be finished before the little thing sings out "Jackson."

READING

Is one of the large towns of Pennsylvania. It is situated on the banks of the Schuylkill, in a rich alluvial soil. It is the capital of Berks county, is regularly laid off, and occupies a fine situation, both for beauty and trade.

It contains a court-house, a townn-house, a jail, a market house, four churches, an alms-house, and about 5000 inhabitants. It has, also, one of the finest bridges in the United States. It appears, that whatever these people lay their hand to, or undertake, is better done than things of the same nature are done in other places. There certainly is more taste, talent, and enterprise displayed in this bridge, than I have witnessed in whole towns in some other States—it unites beauty and strength in an uncommon proportion—it is built on piers of great strength, handsomely cornered, and cost $30,000. But the ornamental figures on the pediments, at each end, might con-

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mental figures on the pediments, at each end, might convince any one these Pennsylvania Germans are not that *ignorant* dull people they are represented. The *figures (I presume) are designed to represent commerce and agriculture—a female is represented, reclining upon a wagon laden with yellow wheat just reaped; the wagon, or cart, is drawn by oxen, and the wheat is hanging down upon the heads of the oxen; the heads of wheat are dangling among the horns of the oxen, and the whole displays the hand of a master.

The alms-house is also a grand establishment, superior to any thing of the kind, excepting the Philadelphia hospital, and it equals that in neatness and comfort, and exceeds it in convenience. It is built upon an entire new and improved plan; the store-rooms and offices, particularly, are a model for imitation. Instead of a single room, or dark passage, a circular passage runs quite round the building, by which means the windows on one side of the passage give light to every room or division on the other, the whole mass forming one circular figure closely united, and yet each apartment is as private, airy, and distinct, as though it formed a separate building. The rooms of the paupers are less crowded, and the whole exhibits an air of neatness and elegance unrivalled. The main building is cut into four quarters, by two deep transverse entries, which affords a free circulation of air, and ready access to any part you wish to visit. There is also an hospital attached to the same institution, where I was sorry to find a number confined, it having been sickly on the Schuylkill for some months preceding my visit. This poor-house owns a great fund, and one of the handsomest farms in Pennsylvania! It is a treat to see the pure spring water spouting up in the air, and then falling into a cistern about three feet from the door.

But the junction of the Pennsylvania and Schuylkill canal is the most interesting object we meet at Reading.

* It is said the figures were executed by some person in Philadelphia. Let the man be whom he may, he immortalized his name. This is the first carving I ever had patience to look at, for never having seen carving till I was advanced in years, I considered it a childish piece of nonsense.

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The Schuylkill canal unites with the Pennsylvania canal at this town; it then proceeds to Middletown, and takes the name of the *Union* canal. The Schuylkill canal has been completed some time to Mount Carbon, the extensive coal mines, and from this place to Philadelphia, 110 miles in all. The Pennsylvania canal, when finished, is to extend to Pittsburg—a great part of this last is finished, and the State is now actively engaged in the enterprize. The object of the Union canal is to unite the navigation of the Schuylkill and Susquehanna at Middletown, (in Dauphin county,) by the Swatara river.

Besides these, a canal of eighteen miles is to open a navigation between the city of *Lancaster* and the Susquehanna; and again, a rail-road is to unite the Susquehanna and Philadelphia, by Lancaster, at Columbia—so say the people of Reading. But this is not all—a canal is to extend from Pittsburg to the Lakes, and Heaven knows where; and another, called the Susquehanna canal, is to unite the State of New York with the Pennsylvania canal, so that the whole State will be canalled. All these canals are in progress, and some completed.

The Union canal is eight feet wide, consequently the boats are small, and the locks or chambers, as they are called, are very long and narrow. It has 90 locks, and is opened from Reading to Harrisburg, and from the outlet in the Schuylkill to Middletown, 80 miles. The length of the Schuylkill I have mentioned is 220 miles in length, and has 144 chambers—a boat brings from 26 to 50 ton of coal, or about 500 bushels, to Philadelphia. This they sell in Philadelphia at 25 cents per bushel, which, if true, is very high. Being unknown, and my time not admitting the roundabout and tedious manner of introductions, &c. &c. I found it very difficult to find any person qualified to give me an accurate statement of the canals—one sends me to another, and he to a third, as if I were able to traverse the world over.

I walked to the Schuylkill canal early on the morning after my arrival, and saw several boats pass the locks, and entering the river. While I stood there, the toll-man came but he could not tell me the amount of toll. The

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most of the information I obtained was from the boatmen, who were smart sensible men.

I walked over the bridge to see the toll-gatherer of the Union Canal. He was not at home, and his wife made his excuse, by saying not many boats ran now, on account of the low stage of the water. [See amount of coal, &c. at the end of the volume.]

Reading is principally settled by Germans—of course I was delighted with them. The sole and all-weighing cause of my partiality for the Germans, is their aversion to the grey coats, or, as they are called in Pennsylvania, *blue stockings.** They have, however, many qualities which I admire, besides this—they are lively, charitable, hospitable, kind, and unaffected. The Pennsylvania ladies, generally, have none of the *deep flounced, big bonnet, long-feathered* pride, found in other States, much less that mock modesty and abominable affectation. They are nature without art, beauty without paint, and religion without hypocrisy; but mind ye, I do not include Philadelphia—too many Tract and Sunday School people there for virtue and humility to find room—too many old Father *Smiths* and his *sons*.

These Germans, as I observed before, are Lutherans, and the only sect that have nothing to do with tracts. With this exception, they resemble the Unitarians and Universalists—I mean in their deportment, for I know nothing of any of their tenets. The two latter sects do have counteracting tracts. The Lutheran's tracts are his charity, *independence*, and good sense, ignorant and *dull* as he is represented—like his great leader, let the priests deceive him if they can. There are, however, a few blue-skins here, but their number is small. I was much gratified with the manners of the people of Reading, and particularly the descendants of the *French* Hugunots, with one of whom I put up, Mr. Levan, a most amiable man. The Messrs. Keimes, an extensive and wealthy family, are also amongst the descendants of the Hugunots. All these families consisted of the nobility of

*They have a number of names here, as in other States, "Greybacks, Round-heads, &c."

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France, and flew, for their liberty and lives, to this country. The ancestor of Mr. Levan settled the place where Reading now stands. From those I have met of those people, they appear to be the flower of our country.

Mr. Levan, who keeps the stage-house, is married to a German lady, and speaks French, English, and German. He is a middle aged man, with strong features, open countenance, and nearly as heavy as Auditor Lee, of Washington, but unlike him—his soul is larger than his body. He is as generous as a prince, and a man of princely manners—refused any compensation for my board, (nearly a week,) and drove me in his carriage wherever I wished to go. He is very popular, and no man is more deserving. His wife (he has no children, cruel death deprived him of his only child) and domestics were also kind and accommodating.

Of the Keims's, there are Messrs. G. Keim and son, and V. Keim, President of the Bank, a sister, and the mother, are all I saw. To attempt to draw a picture of these people would be as vain as to attempt to paint the sun, nor would it be at all pleasing to them—modest as they are amiable, they shrink from applause. Bound as I am to hold up virtue and excellence as examples in any event, they would command my admiration and respect; revered and beloved by all who has the pleasure of their acquaintance; conscious of their own worth, they seek no praise but that of an approving conscience. The gentlemen have an ingenuousness of feeling and a manliness of deportment unrivalled, and the females possess, at once, every virtue that adorn the sex! There is a heavenly benignity of countenance in them, which would unlock the heart of a Shylock. I never saw a similitude of Mrs. Keim, the mother—she is quite an aged female, but so kind, so pleasant, and so lovely, it is no wonder her children excel—such a face is not in being. These remarks, however, in some measure, may be applied to many of the citizens, a most amiable people.

Reading is the residence of some of the first men in Pennsylvania—Hon. Judge Smith, of the Supreme Court, (and now) Hon. Muhlenberg, the Ex-Governor, Gen. Jos.

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Heister, Hon. Judge Porter, and many others. Judge Smith was absent upon his duties, which I lament, as he was highly spoken of. I called at his house without knowing he was absent, which, had I known, I certainly would not have intruded. The occasion, however, led to an interview with a daughter of the Judge's, a very interesting and accomplished, though very young lady; also his son, the Recorder, a very gentlemanly plain man.

Rev. or Hon. (which you please) Muhlenberg, recently elected to Congress, will doubtless bring ability and talents with him. He is said to be a man of superior natural and acquired endowments, which his appearance and manners would confirm. He is under middle age, tall and slender, thin oval face, dark complexion, and blue eyes, and a countenance of uncommon expression. His manners are mild and natural; he has been a preacher of the Lutheran church some years, and some objected to him on the sole principle of his being a parson; but I would risk him with my slender judgment—no danger of a Lutheran—I wish we had a few more of them in Congress. Their genuine honesty and freedom from bigotry, and every thing of a despotic tendency, is the best and the only pledge we ask—as a sect, they are the best republicans we have. Mr. Muhlenberg preaches in the German and English language. I heard him deliver a sermon, but it was his turn to preach in the German language—of course I did not understand him; but from the action which accompanied the words, I would take him to be a fine orator. He was free from that aukward bobbing up and down, so common and so disgusting in most Atlantic preachers. Governor Heister is an elderly plain man, of very easy manners; but it was nearly dark when we met. He seemed to be a lusty man, of good appearance, and is highly esteemed in Reading. He pressed me to spend some time with him, but it was not possible. Judge Porter is no great things, and his son-in-law, a true blue, is a great deal less—they are alike despised in the place. The latter looked like death on the pale horse.

A Mr. Getz, my bookseller—must not forget him. He called on me in a few minutes after my arrival, and was

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not often out of my company. He is a warm-hearted intelligent man—the milk and honey of human kindness. He is a young looking man, of great size, good figure, fine features, and a countenance that breathes benevolence and charity. He is the editor and proprietor of a paper, and has a most amiable family. Mr. *Hyde*, another editor, is a small man, from the Yankee town—I did not understand him. There were, I think, one or two more editors in the town whom I did not see. Messrs. Charles *Bell*, Charles *Witmore*, and Nathaniel P. *Hoburg*, are likewise amongst the worthy, and of course entitled to notice. Mr. Walter, the Postmaster, also added to my list of acquaintances, a very amiable man. My parlor, however, was constantly full, and a piana forte being in the room, I was continually serenaded—one O'Brien and one Darlington were (the blue skin) the only mean men I found in the place.

THE FAIR.

The Germans in Pennsylvania have a custom amongst them, which they observe with religious care—this is called a *Fair*, which they hold twice a year. These are distinct from the fairs for selling wares and cattle, and are something like the Thanksgiving in New England, that is, a kind of merry-making. It differs, however, from the Thanksgiving in this—the people make pies, cake, &c. and remain at home, or go to church. The Germans all (that is the young people) repair from the country to the nearest town, and, instead of going to church, go to balls and dance, sometimes two or three days and nights. The wicked creatures—let Dr. Ely get his religion once fixed, and there is an end to dancing and fairs.

But to go on with the fairs. One of these took place at Reading while I was there. The first thing I heard in the morning was music in the bar-room; being informed of the occasion, I stepped to the bar-room door, and there sat two young men playing on violins, and two or three young men and women sitting on a long bench, and three or four others dancing to the music. Being partial to the violin, and fond of seeing young people happy, I stood some time in the door to indulge my feelings.

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While I remained there, the young men and women *poured* into the bar-room—the men threw off their cloaks, the ladies [yes, Mr. Bull, we have ladies in America too, virtuous, beautiful, and happy,] threw off their shawls and bonnets, and to dancing they went. This was continued till night set in—the bar-room! see what custom does! In some parts of the United States a lady would think herself disgraced forever, were she to sit down for a minute in a bar-room. This is all affectation, as virtue sanctifies every place it honors with its presence, as our Saviour did the manger; and very possibly these same finnicken ladies might do a worse thing in a better place. Nothing, however, could exceed the ease and grace of the females. The men did not dance so well, yet they danced well for people who worked, as doubtless they were all farmers' sons; but the females hopped as light as a feather; they were mostly fair, round faced, and rather low, and far from being squeezed to death in the waist. The day being unfavorable, they were mostly dressed in calico—the young men were better dressed and better shaped; and both were small to what I would have expected; nor did they possess that glow of health which I witnessed in many parts of the State; but the downcast modest blush and innocence of the young women was ravishing—such a picture of innocence never fell in my way. They danced two, three, and four couple; the women, as in olden times, would cut out and fairly dance the men down. The girls conversed little or none, and very few, I was told, could speak English—the young men were more gay and lively; but the room, at length, became so full, that they had scarcely room for more than one or two to dance at a time.

Meantime there is market at the market-house, and every thing that can be mentioned, either to eat or to drink, can be found there; and there the parties hie, and the sweetheart treats his fair one to the best. Here are the finest cut glass, wines, oranges, fruit, and confectionary of all sorts. Every young lady has the privilege (as in the Christmas and New Year presents) to ask the young man to give her a "Fairing," meaning a present—

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this is pronounced in the German language. The whole is a scene of throng, mirth, and gaiety, and the most appropriate for youth and innocence—shoals of these were coming and going all the day.

At night, after supper, the party adjourned to the dining room, which being very large, they were better accommodated. They danced nearly all night, and renewed it again next day and night. This was the case at all the taverns, and many parties were at private houses: meantime every thing in the streets and shops wears a face of gaiety—the children dressed up, and groups of boys, with cherry faces, all seem to bring happiness to the fair, instead of the fair bringing happiness to them.

Many, in fact, most of these, when they marry, receive from 10 to $30,000 (and in many instances more) from their parents—not in cash—the German, dull and ignorant as he is, takes care of that; he never trusts wife nor child with money—they might give it to the missionaries; but he purchases a good tract of land, generally limestone, as it is known to be good. He then builds a barn, which, in worth, is a handsome fortune of itself. If there be no house, a small one is erected next, and the son goes into it, and he and his wife go to work furnished with stock and every thing to his hand for farming or housekeeping; he lays up his money, too; as his father did, so does he, taking care of every cent, and lays it out for *his* children in like manner.

I passed several farms, (or principalities rather,) the owners of which were said to have then in the house large chests of specie, which nothing would induce them to lend at any interest, or trust inside of any bank, with the whole United States for security! I like them. If every one had as much sense, the missionaries would not be as they are, in possession of so large a revenue. A German, I find, is always on the safe side.

At Reading I met with a literary lady, by the name of Bassford. The moment I entered the parlor, I was struck with her appearance, and at once suspected her, and soon discovered she was a writer. She confines herself, however, to poetry, several specimens of which she showed

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me in the course of the evening, (as she put up at Levan's,) but not being a judge of poetry, I could not express an opinion of her talents. She was a handsome sprightly woman; teaches painting on velvet; is a great traveller, and was accompanied with a very handsome daughter.

After spending five days at Reading, I took my departure for Lancaster, making a fair circle, and turning almost back to Philadelphia.

Several routes were committed to paper by different people, in all of which Lancaster was left out, the reason of which I could not tell, unless it was that they considered it would take up too much time and expense. Let this be as it might, I was resolved, as I had undertook a tour through the State, not to be discouraged or diverted from my purpose.

One lady and two gentlemen took seats with me in the Lancaster stage, and though Moravians, were not very sociable—they belonged to another settlement of Moravians, called Litiz, near Lancaster, where it appears they have a very flourishing school, at which I did not stop.

The beauty of Pennsylvania appears just to burst upon the traveller as he proceeds to Lancaster from Reading, and becomes more beautiful every mile of the distance. Two things suggested themselves to me as I drove over this fertile State, viz. that neither the inhabitants themselves, nor the inhabitants of other States, have any idea of the superiority of Pennsylvania over other States, it being almost out of the common routine of fashionable tours; and no writer has, or perhaps can, do justice to Pennsylvania.

The country is visible to a great extent, the road sometimes rising upon gentle swells; the land then suddenly changes to a rich level soil, the whole chequered with fields, meadows, orchards, and adorned with alternate patches of lofty timber, surpassing any forest trees in height and symmetry on this side of the Ohio river.

As you draw near Lancaster, it still grows more beautiful—level as far as the eye can see, and as rich as any bottom land on the western waters, and in such beautiful order—the ploughing, the fences, (post and railing,) ex-

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act and regular to a mathematical niceity—not a particle to mar the beauty of the prospect. It reminded me of the rich western plains, and, of course, I once more forgot I was in a strange land. We breakfasted at a small town about half way between Reading and Lancaster; after I breakfasted, generally fifteen minutes sooner than the company, I walked into the bar-room, being attracted by an aged man, who did not seem to be well.

It will be seen, that, in all my travels, I never fail to pay respect to age, be they rich or poor—this was a poor man, and, as I guessed, a revolutionary soldier. I sat a chair near him, and entered into conversation, and learned that his name was Jacob *Stails*. He was born thirty miles from Reading; had served three years in the war; was in the battle of Brandywine, and was now 74 years of age, and for *eleven* years has been disabled by the palsy.

He said he could identify his services by one William Haswell, a house carpenter, who served with him, and also by General Mosier, of Lancaster. I felt much interested for the poor old man, and told him I would speak to Mr. Buchanan, of Lancaster, to get him placed on the pension list, as it appeared he had never made application for relief. He shook his head, as though he would not live long. He had a son present, who was poor also, upon whom he was dependent for support.

We passed Litiz, eight miles from Lancaster, a flourishing village, and here two of my fellow travellers got out of the stage. The Academy is a handsome building, and about the door I saw a number of handsome intelligent youths—the students, as I suspected. We also passed by Dunkardtown, all in ruins—the houses were unlike any thing in the shape of a house, though something like the old Dutch houses in Albany. There are but few living of the Society, and those few are very poor, not being able to work their land, which they cannot, from the nature of their charter, dispose of.

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LANCASTER CITY

Is the largest inland town in the United States, and is surrounded by a large unbroken body of the richest land in Pennsylvania, or in any other of the Atlantic States. It is handsomely laid off, all the streets crossing at right angles; but the houses are low, excepting a few in the centre of the city, and a few scattering ones here and there.

As I drove into the principal street, I was no little amused at a large body of men singing Jackson's march, and dragging a great hickory tree large enough for a mast for a 74 gun frigate. I waved my handkerchief to a uniform company, and was cheered down the street to the tavern. In the evening several called to see and learn who I was. We passed several of these trees on the way, with green boughs on the top, as though it were growing.

There are two principal streets in Lancaster which diverge from a large square in the centre of the city; at the extremity of these streets, all of which ascend from the centre square, were to be seen, at once, four of these lofty trees, decorated with flags and green boughs.

It would be very reasonable to suppose that I had seen enough of the world, by this time at least, to be cured of prejudice, that bane of human intelligence and philanthropy—no such thing. Notwithstanding my disappointment in every town, in every part of the Atlantic country, and in every inch of ground I had travelled, I entered Lancaster with the grossest prejudice.

I strove to gain some opinion of the actual character of the place as I came on—all I could obtain was, that "it was principally settled by Germans." Some few were clever; but, upon the whole, I had little encouragement to change an opinion I had imbibed many years since.

Most of our back-woods merchants, in my younger days, used to trade to Philadelphia, and used to travel through Lancaster. Amongst these, a gentleman by the name of Haynes, a near neighbor of ours, often called at our house, and having a talent for anecdote and wit, was always relating some adventure or other of his travels;

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and the following of Lancaster had so effectually fixed my opinion of the place, that nothing short of occular demonstration could change it.

Mr. Haynes was afflicted with the rheumatism, and making his journies to Philadelphia in the winter, usually wrapped himself up in clothing till he was as thick as he he was long, and being lame in both legs from the effects of the disorder, made a ludicrous figure, particularly when walking. Thus equipped, with some half dozen flannels, coats and over-coats, he waddled into a bar-room in Lancaster city, about 40 years since. The room was large and warmed by a huge ten-plate stove. A number of big Dutchmen* were sitting on benches round the stove, and seeing me (said Mr. H.) waddle into the room, every eye was immediately fastened upon me in great astonishment. I walked about the room some time without sitting down, while the astonished Dutchmen continued to eye me with increasing amazement. At length one of them plucked up courage enough to ask "Where you come from?" "From home," I replied very cross. "Vell, I know dat." "What did you ask for, then?" If they were amazed before, (said Mr. H.) they were now confounded. He had a coarse voice, and being fond of mirth, was always turning his misfortunes into a subject of amusement. To keep up the spell of the Germans, Mr. H. who pretended to be in a great rage with them, was forced to go out of doors to laugh. "What business," he observed to me, "had a great Conestoga Dutchman to ask me where I was from? From that day to this, Lancaster and big Dutchmen were always associated together in my noddle. This proves the fatal effects of prejudice. Is it not astonishing that prejudice, that curse of mankind, is allowed to hold the world in chains, and that opinion and not facts, has for ages governed alike the savage and the civilized? but the civilized most!!! And though to this fell monster we owe all our afflictions as men and as nations, still it holds its sway.

*The Germans are very erroneously called Dutch, from whom they are entirely distinct.

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This little anecdote, related at an evening fireside merely to pass off the time, had left such a deep-rooted impression on my mind that I carried it with me ever since, and though I did expect to see good land about Lancaster I expected to be run over or swallowed up by some great Conestoga Black Dutchman.

Had I reflected I might have supposed that Lancaster, like the rest of the United States, had improved, and that it must differ greatly from what it was 40 years since. No,—the Conestoga Dutchman, big stoves and sour crout bar-rooms were too firmly fixed to be removed. I might have supposed, from what I had seen of the size of the men at Reading and on the road that the men of Lancaster would not be giants, and I might, and certainly ought to have supposed that they had something like other people about them. No such thing. The anecdote settled the business. Now, so far from being Dutchmen, there is not a Dutchman in Lancaster, and so far from being as big as Goliah, they are hardly common size, and so far from being vulgar, ignorant, uncouth and inhospitable people, Lancaster is the garden spot of Pennsylvania, take it on every ground, and not only of Pennsylvania, but of the whole Atlantic country. There is not a more kind, generous and hospitable people in the Union, so far as I have travelled. There is certainly more learning in Boston, but more genuine hospitality no where, nor more good sense—nor did I hear one German word pronounced in the place. The stage stopped at an indifferent tavern only fit for wagoners. I found the big stove, but no big Dutchmen nor any one but the owner of the tavern, an awkward slooney, though he was not a German. I asked him to have me a room prepared and have my trunks taken up, and get me some dinner. He "had no room." "Can you get me any dinner then?" "Yes." They were, however, a long time about the dinner, but, as I expected to have found it much worse, I was not displeased, though I thought the hog might have prepared a room. I asked him to "go out in the town, and get me a room at some other tavern." "He did not know where to go and it was a busy day," and not a soul in the house but a wo-

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man and a little ragged boy, with some matches he had for sale. I asked the little ragged boy (who was standing by the stove with his hat slouched over his face) to go to the stable and tell the driver, who drove me in, to come to me, intending to hire him to go and hunt me a house, as the thief had deceived me in the tavern. He, as well as the people of Reading, said this was the best in the city. I think his name is Jake, and instead of the best it certainly was the worst, and the worst man in the town kept it. This may warn other travellers to keep clear of *Jake*, if that be the name. It stands not far from the court-house. This was certainly a bad set out, but I was not discouraged. The Little boy soon returned and said the driver was not at the stable, "he was gone home." "And where is his home?" "It was a great way off." I gave the boy a few cents, swallowed a cup of abominable tea, and returning to the bar room, (not a parlour in the house) I unlocked one of my trunks to take out some letter paper, saying as I did so, I must send for Mr. Buchanan, the member of Congress, and asked the little boy "if he knew where Mr. B. lived?" "Yes," replied the boy, much pleased at being employed again. I asked for pen and ink and began to write the note, but before I had finished the note, upon turning round, Mr. Buchanan was at my side! I was astonished, having never missed the boy, who thinking notes were superfluous, and that he was in a fair way to make his fortune by running errands for me—he flew in a trice for Mr. B. I apologized to Mr. B. and communicating my difficulty with the tavernkeeper, he withdrew, and in a few minutes returned with another gentleman, whom he introduced by the name of Parker. But imagine my surprise, when Mr. B. observed "this gentleman, Madam, will be happy to furnish you with a room!" Mr. Parker, late of Chester county, is doubtless, well known in Pa. But from the ease and elegance of his manners, the intelligence of his countenance, his mild aspect, his interesting figure, but above all, that alluring smile, which accompanied his soft voice. I was so completely taken captive, that I sat motionless for some time, and my prejudice fled like an

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airy vision! "We will attend you, madam, if you are ready," said Mr. Parker. I said something about my trunks—"give yourself no trouble about them, madam; I will send a servant for them." But it was equal to a comedy to see the tavern-keeper J. with his mouth and eyes wide open, and his hands across, staring after me as I walked up street, supported on each side by the gentlemen. He, too, was cured of his prejudice, no doubt.

When we arrived at Mr. P's tavern, he led me up stairs into an elegant parlor, where there was a good fire, and said, "this is your parlor, madam; consider yourself at home; your chamber is next door;" and turning round, when he reached the door, he bowed and withdrew, and never did I find myself more at home—ages would not have pounded this much into the head of Jake.

In a few minutes he brought Mrs. Parker up and introduced her. But how different from the Mauch Chunk lady, Mrs. Philadelphia—plainly dresssd, lovely in her person, kind and affable as her husband. The benignity of her countenance, and the lustre of her soft blue eye, effectually won my affection, and never did I spend my time half so pleasant as the few minutes I spent in her company. Mrs. P. and her husband surfeited me with kindness.

As she attended to her kitchen, (as every good housekeeper does,) she sat with me but a few minutes, apologised, and withdrew. But there was another bewitching female, Miss *Byrne*, a perfect lady, unaffected and unadorned by ought but virtues; she lived with the family as a friend,* was well informed, gay, and lively, and, much to her credit, aided her friend Mrs. P. in performing the duties of her household; and, to come to the point at once, it is the most *convenient* and *pleasant* house I ever put up at; attentive servants, good table—but the obliging manners of the host, his countenance, and his efforts to please, must forever insure him success.

In the course of the evening a number of gentlemen called; in short, my parlor was seldom empty of noble hearts during my visit, and the society equal, in many in-

*Neither of these ladies wore ruffles, curls, or flounces.

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stances superior, to any I met with of all the cities and towns I have visited. When I speak of society, I mean refinement and the common courtesies of gentlemen; but these people do not stop here—they take you to their bosoms. Thus much for the Conestogas.

The next day was the Presidential election* in Lancaster: meantime I took a walk to see my bookseller, Mrs. Dickson, another amiable female, as mild as a May morning—she is a *widow!!* I hope she may meet a liberal patronage from the citizens of Lancaster, for two reasons, 1st, because she is a widow, and is without the means of support; and 2d, because she is a worthy, plain, sensible, and kind honest woman, and has a large family. It is a pity those missionary ladies do not help their own sex—how laudable, then, would be their efforts to obtain money; they would appear so lovely that the men could not resist them, and no such thing as an old maid would be seen; and those hard-hearted unfeeling old and young men, who screw the vitals from poverty, how much better would it be to relieve them; and, if they were christians, instead of vile sharpers, they would do so. Mrs. Dickson having lost her husband, who was an editor, carries on the paper much to her credit. To assist her in her labors, she has called in the aid of a very amiable young man, Mr. T. Feran. But showing me her children, she told me, with a sigh, her patronage was small; that she scarcely sold books enough to clear cost; "that literature had few supporters in Lancaster; and feel for her I did—a widow always interests me, as I know, from experience, their struggles and their heart-rending wrongs. I adverted to the missionaries, and the able support they received; and who should step in but a great old red-faced red hot missionary; the brimstone was smoking out of his mouth; he was an elder of the Blue-stockings; I knew him by his sleek fine broad cloth coat, and challenged him at once. But never—never was a man or missionary more astonished—he, one of the main pillars, a great man in Israel, to be assailed by an old woman, and put to flight, as you are sure he was.

* I was mistaken in supposing the election was uniform.

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I was much hurt to find, from Mrs. Dickson, there was but one small library in Lancaster, and that kept by a *lady*. Well done my sex! But my *Conestogas* must do better than this. If they leave literature to women, and them unsupported, I am afraid they will lose it altogether.

They were going on here very well until the missionaries slipped in; the sly traitors, all good is sure to fly before them; their name is terror and destruction. When Mrs. Dickson heard me speak so sharp to that old black coat, she turned pale from fright, so tyrannical do they rule—more shame to the people. I am astonished the Germans did not keep a better look out. These missionaries have a strong fortification here too, and not far from the state-house.

I walked from Mrs. Dickson's to the library, and found two very pleasant ladies there also. I asked them if they did not want the 2d volume of the Black Book? presuming they had the 1st. "Yes, madam, and glad to get it—no books are so much called for as the Black Book." They were quite liberal, joined me in laughing at the long faces, and made a similar declaration to Mrs. D., that is, a right down shameful complaint of want of patronage. I comforted the ladies, by telling them I should touch up the Conestogas.

This is the very reason the grey-backs have got amongst them; they ought to have more Moravian schools; more well conducted schools of any sort. After chatting and resting a few minutes, I happened to look across the street, and saw a tall officer-like elderly looking man; and though he was dressed in red flannel, it could not disguise his noble mien. He was a fine figure for his age, six feet three inches it is said, and as straight as an Indian. The ladies seeing I admired him, said, "that is General *Mosier!* a soldier of the revolution; fought at the battle of Bunker's Hill; was born and reared in Boston, though long a resident of Pennsylvania." I stepped over to speak to him, and found him quite a Chesterfield in his manners, and (stare not reader) a blacksmith—his face one of the finest in nature, and as active as a boy.

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I saw him, shortly afterwards, attending the election elegantly dressed in uniform, adorned with splendid shoulder knots—the finest looking man on the ground.

As the hour for opening the polls was drawing near, and the court-house (formerly the state-house) was near my window, I hastened to Mr. Parker's to witness the scene.

A little after I seated myself at the window, the Sheriff made proclamation that the polls were open. There was but very few round the court-house, which surprised me. They do not go into the court-house to vote; none but the judges go in, and the door is kept shut. The voters walk up to a window, and slip in the ticket through a pane. But never, of all the elections I have witnessed, did I see one conducted with less eclat! The voters walked up one by one, slow and solemn; not a word escaped them; each man put in his ticket, and then walked off; no crowding; no taking aside, as they do in the western States; no whispering; no drinking; no swearing; all was silence and deliberate decorum; and this, I was told, is the manner in which elections are always conducted throughout the State. It would be difficult to enslave Pennsylvania—they are too determined, and value their safety too high. Every thing was as still as a funeral till the election was over, which was about sundown. But then the city rang with acclamations and huzzas for Jackson, the hero of Orleans, &c. The band struck up, (a very full one) and a large party marched through the streets, preceded by the music.

At length, as I sat listening, through the window, with the sash up, I saw several large lights approaching, of a deep red. The sight startled me no little—several moving fiery machines, high in the air! At first I took it to be a supernatural appearance: in short, I could not tell what to think of it—there were six moving figures in all, of different size. The music kept with it, and they kept drawing near me—they were transparencies! the first I ever saw, excepting a small one at a theatre. At length they came under my window—I was about to run, when I was told the name and nature of the phenomenon—they

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began to turn round, as it were by magic—I could see no person, as they were stuck on the end of long poles—the machines shaded the persons who carried them. They had several sentences, in large letters, printed; and the light within was so bright, the figures and lines could be distinguished with ease.

General Jackson was visible, arrayed in a rich suit—his sword, epaulets, &c. shone like the sun; Binn's coffin handbills, &c. &c.

They paraded through the streets for some hours, and then dispersed. Next day I was told the drawing and whole project was executed by a youth about fifteen years of age.

I was introduced to him in the course of the day, and he furnished me with the size of the transparencies, as follows: a large transparency 3 feet 6 inches square, with a large pyramid on the top—Pennsylvania, and 48,000 majority. The second transparency was nearly three feet square; the other two were something less. Besides these, there were two or three small ones, merely as ornaments. General Jackson was represented in various attitudes, sometimes drawn in a triumphant car, in a splendid dress; on another side, in a cloud of glory; and again, at the head of his army, and then eating acorns, and as a stripling in the American army; Binns and his coffin handbills, &c. &c. The drawing was admirably done—the name of the young artist was Julius A. *Keffer*—he designed and conjured up the whole of it. This was the greatest display of beauty and ingenuity I ever expect to see.* Thus ended the election of Lancaster—I do not recollect the majority, but it must have been considerable.

Lancaster contains a court-house, a jail, an alms-house, a market-house, a college, an academy, a public school, a museum, three banks, two insurance offices, and eleven churches, viz:

Lutherans,	-	2
Episcopalians,	-	1
Presbyterians,	-	1

* The fire-works of Castle Garden in New York is a very feint similitude.

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Catholics,	1	Friends,	1
Moravians,	1	Independents,	1
Reformed,	1	Africans,	1
Methodists,	1	And about 7000 inhabitants.	

The court-house is a very handsome building, and stands in the centre of the city—the market is near to it. The banks and most of the churches are costly elegant buildings, (particularly the churches have, by far, too much show and expense,) also the academy. The poor house is near the Conestoga, a very improper place by the bye, as the paupers have been very sickly since the canal was cut. The poor-house, one mile from the city, is very large, but not so neatly kept, or so convenient as that at Reading. It owns a fine farm, and gardens, and the whole revenue is between 6 and 7000 dollars, and generally about 300 paupers, many of whom were in the hospital attached to the poor-house when I called.

On the banks of the beautiful Conestoga, [if I were them I would alter the name,] on a rich alluvial soil, surrounded with *weeping* willows, gardens of the richest flowers, neat white gravel walks, trimmed with green edging, delightful hedges, smooth neat fields, orchards, squares, and meadows, stands the *alms-house* of Lancaster, with dams and bridges, canals and manufactures, in full view!!! The college I did not visit.

ACADEMY.

The academy is styled the "Lancaster County Academy;" it has 17 trustees—Rev. Joseph Clarkson, President, and Mr. James P. Wilson, principal. The State granted to it $3000. It has just been established, and had but 25 students when I called—these were fine looking modest youths, and promise favorably. Mr. Wilson, the principal, is the son of Mr. Wilson the Presbyterian preacher, of Philadelphia, who, like his father, abjures tracts and missionaries, which alone is a sufficient recommendation.* He is a very young man, of amiable manners and disposition, and a man of high literary attainments for his years

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I do not know when I was more struck with the modesty and pleasing manners of so young a man. The perfect order and silence which reigned in the school rooms, and the decorum which marked the conduct of the youths upon my entrance, is the best encomium I could bestow upon the principal—may he go on and prosper. I warned him against the missionaries, and he has only to steer clear of them to succeed.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL

Is also very well conducted. The number of pupils were about 200 quite small boys, very modest, and handsomely featured, though many of them had a sickly aspect, it having been very unhealthy in Lancaster the past season. I heard them examined in geography and grammar, though being very small, few of them were advanced so far. Those who were examined answered correctly; and the school is under the same order and regularity of the free schools of New York. The teacher, a Yankee of course, seemed to be, and *was*, well qualified, and took a lively interest in the management of the school. His wages, however, are not equivalent to his labors, being only $600; $800, and from that to $1000, is generally allowed for teaching upon these plans. The name of the teacher is Fuller.

The female department is also well managed, in the same building, under a very amiable and intelligent female. The little girls make surprising progress in drawing and needlework, and though only from six to twelve years of age, are further advanced in those studies, than any I have seen in most of the public schools.

But it is rare to see children so much delighted with learning as the German children. I perceived that the Germans, who were just commencing the English language, were by far the most attentive, and quite transport-

* Much to the honor of the Rev. Wilson, of Philadelphia, though he loans his church to the Presbyterians, he has nothing to do with their measures.

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ed at the facility with which they acquired a knowledge of the language. The girls were very pretty, modest, and attentive.

There is a private academy for young ladies, kept by Mr. Clark, where the higher branches of female education are taught. This school is taught upon an improved plan, and has proved very successful. I attended the recital of the young ladies, and found them perfect in their studies, and a great display of capacity and genius in drawing, painting, and needle work. Mrs. Clark, who teaches the female department, (it being also a school for boys,) is a most accomplished female, whose industry and talents deserve a liberal patronage. There are several other schools in the city. Thus Lancaster is in a fair way to rival the first towns in the United States.

THE MUSEUM

Of Lancaster, recently established, contains a handsome collection for the time. The proprietor, Mr. John A. Landis, is a very amiable and ingenious man. He manufactures most of the artificial specimens himself, and arranges the whole collection with great taste and elegance. In this museum I saw, for the first time, a representation of the Bastile of France.

THE MARKET

Of Lancaster is, so far as it goes, in every respect equal to that of Philadelphia. Every article for the table abounds in the Lancaster market, and brought in neat order.

While standing in the market, I saw a great curiosity, called Dutch cheese. I did not like, however, either the appearance or smell—it is made from curds of skimmed milk, and is not very tempting. There is a dish, common amongst the Germans, of which I am very fond—this is curds and cream. It is very palatable, and called by the Germans *smearcase*—it is superior to the best butter. Here I saw, too, for the first time, what I should call

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mammoth umbrellas, about ten feet in diameter—six or seven, perhaps twelve persons, may stand under them—doubtless they are designed to keep the rain from carts and small wagons.

Besides the public improvements mentioned, there is an extensive cotton factory near Lancaster, owned by Mr. Humes, a very amiable man.

Conestoga river has been made navigable by a few enterprising men. This work cost about $80,000. Distance from the city of Lancaster tot he Susquehanna river, 17 miles, fall 63 feet, and locks and dams; locks 80 feet long, 22 wide. There are from six to eight stages arrive at, and leave, Lancaster daily, principally owned by S. Slaymaker & Co.

The company have a very extensive manufactory of stages, &c. attached to their establishment.

Four different courts hold their sessions in Lancaster, each four times in the year.

For the length of time I spent in the city, five days, I formed a very extensive acquaintance. No people in the United States are more disposed to friendship and hospitality than the people of Lancaster. They vie with each other in paying respect to, and lavishing kindness upon, strangers. Hon. James Buchanan I have mentioned in the 3d vol. of the Black-book; his honor, the Mayor of the city, was almost the first man who paid his respects—his name is Nathaniel Lightner, a very gentlemanly man, of middle age, and stout robust make, good height, fair complexion, round face, and open benign countenance, and no man more bountiful or liberal to the poor. George Louis Mayer, Esq. also paid me unremitting attention. Mr. M. is an alderman of the city, rather small, and lame, from being afflicted with the rheumatism many years, though still in the prime of life. He is a merchant of considerable wealth, and a man of princely virtues—his hand is ever spread in distributing relief to the needy widow, the sick, and the friendless orphan. While I was in Lancaster, he found a poor invalid somewhere in the city, and had him removed to his own house, and nursed him with his own hands! Mrs. M. is also a pattern of kind-

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ness and humanity. Their whole business seems to be that of hunting up the friendless and distressed, and relieving their wants. Few relieve distress, in these days, when it comes to their doors, much less do they seek after it. But this is the true Catholic spirit. I being a stranger, Mr. M. never missed a day, often two or three times in the same day, but he called to see if he could render me any service. Dr. Ely ought to take pattern by him before he attempts to regulate the government; but he, nor his whole tribe, never performed as much goodness. Though I am bound to acknowledge my obligations to Mr. Mayer, I stood in no need of a friend in Lancaster. Mr. Parker himself devoted his whole time to me while I remained at his house, which reflects eternal honor upon the State of Pennsylvania. Mr. P. was constantly bringing up some gentleman to my parlor. But we will go on. Messrs. Norris, H. Rogers, Reynolds, the editor, E. Wright, and E. R. Evans, are amongst the distinguished men of Lancaster. Mr. *Norris*, a very amiable and interesting man, boarded at the same house with myself. Mr. *Rogers* is also much esteemed, and a very friendly engaging man. Mr. *Reynolds*, the editor, of course, was at once a brother and a friend. I am much indebted to him—he is an able editor, and a man of taste and learning; he is of young appearance, and rather stout. Mr. E. *Wright*, a kind, intelligent, and genteel man, is of good size, middle age, and fair complexion, with an eye of azure blue; in his manners he is easy and affable, and a man of general and particular information. He is an attorney, and, by the way, a Yankee, and to him I am particularly indebted for the most important information relative to Lancaster.

The Moravian gentlemen, if possible, outwent all the rest, in kindness and hospitality; they certainly, as a sect and as gentlemen, stand unrivalled, wherever they are found. There are a number of them in Lancaster, who are largely engaged in the mercantile business. I find them all men of learning and unbounded benevolence, and an honor to human nature on every account. There never was a breach of faith or fair dealing, or a stain of

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dishonor, I am told, alleged against one of the sect. Of these, I became acquainted with Messrs. John F. *Steinman*, and *three* of the Reigarts. Mr. S. is a young man, a tall noble figure, dark complexion, and dark eyes, and as amiable as virtue can make him. Mr. E. C. *Reigart* is likewise a tall fine figure, full face, fair complexion, and mild blue eye, and one of the most polished gentlemen in his manners; and alike amiable is P. W. *Reigart*—humane, affable, kindness, and benignity itself. The third gentleman of that name I regret to find deficient of the first name, in my notes; he is described as a young man, fair complexion, with a deep black eye, open bright countenance, and genteel manners.

I had the address of several other Moravians, and lament the want of time to call on them, which alone deprived me of that pleasure.

I had like to have overlooked Mr. E. R. *Evans*, but he *well* knows I hold him in too high estimation ever to forget him. Mr. E. is a young man, with a tall slender person, fair face, benevolent open countenance, and of easy plain manners. Mr. Jos. *Oglesby*, of the bank, is also a charming man; he is middle aged, with a pleasing countenance, and very interesting manners. Messrs. D. Fuller, M. A. Musser, Hugh Maxwell, and Mr. Getz,* were likewise introduced by their friends, and equally pleasing agreeable men; particularly Mr. Maxwell, the editor of a paper, is a man of superior manners and intelligence.

One Long, as there are mean people and missionaries every where, happens to be one; he is a lawyer, and a great gawk. One Lane is another; and a clown in his store merely showed his teeth and three cornered face—I left him with his mouth and eyes wide open. One Hopkins, a Morgan mason, as it appeared, ought to keep the others company; and all four ought to be banished from Lancaster, for its own sake. Let them learn from their neighbors, henceforth, how to treat strangers.

I had a complaint to make against the Post-mistress, but, as she is removed, I let her pass. General G. R.

*Brother of G. Getz, Esq. of Reading.

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Porter, one of the first men in the State, resides in Lancaster, but unfortunately he was confined with sore eyes. Mrs. Porter, his lady, I met often—one of the most agreeable and accomplished women in the city. She is a handsome, but large woman.

Of three judges who reside in Lancaster, I saw but one—Judge *Rogers*, one of the finest men in the place. The celebrated Langdon *Cheves* lives on the borders of the city—I was truly sorry to forego the pleasure of seeing him. Mr. L. M. I had almost forgot, is a very amiable pleasing young man.

The great Ross family live near Lancaster, and, from all accounts, are worth millions. The great iron-works near this place are principally owned by them. I called on George *Ross*, Esq. who lives in Lancaster. This gentleman is quite a phenomenon. Being deprived of the use of his limbs, he, or somebody for him, has invented a chair, which rests on wheels, and these are so constructed, that, by the slightest application of his cane on the floor, he moves himself, with surprising facility, in any direction. He can run in a straight line, wheel to the right or left, turn round, and goes as quick as any person on foot. He is quite an elderly man, and worth the attention of all who travel for pleasure or amusement.

A funeral took place while I was in Lancaster, in honor of an aged respectable citizen—if I am not mistaken, an alderman. This was also to me an incident of deep interest, and would have been more so, but for the inclemency of the day, being cold and rainy. The hearse was preceded by the mayor and two aldermen abreast, on foot—the citizens, men and women, followed two abreast, also on foot, with umbrellas, all neatly dressed, the bell tolling all the while—there were 100 persons in all.

Wishing to see the blue-skins, I went to their church, and after standing some time in the aisle, who should approach me but the big red-faced elder [takes a drop of the comfortable, doubtless, with all his Indigo] whom I put in terror at Mrs. Dickson's book-store—"will you have a seat, madam?" said he, and led me to a pew in front of the pulpit. This was kind. It was raining hard,

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and I got very wet, being on foot. It was communion day, and the church was crowded. I liked their looks, however, better than most of the sect,—they were neatly dressed good looking people, and had an air of easy gentility about them. They tried to draw out their faces to blue-stocking length, but failed in their aim. The priest, a sickly looking man, spoke very well, and had a very fine countenance; but, like the whole of them, his prayers were abominably long. Do they learn this in the bible? the vile impostors, are we not commanded to make short prayers? This is merely done to detain the people in their presence.

This preacher would have been an amiable man, had he not joined those tract people.

I was much displeased during the long sermon, &c. &c. by two Philadelphia *bonnets*, worn, of course, by two Philadelphia ladies—I detested the bonnets themselves, the persons who made them, and the persons who wore them—they were most hatefully affected—proud and ignorant of course. To show the bonnets off, they were continually shaking them, without reflecting that I could not see through them.

Neither priest nor people had that long black sour look which distinguish the sect in other places. I liked all the proceedings but the Philadelphia bonnets, long prayers, and the money part. Is it not surprising that these fools who follow these Presbyterians, (or any sect) who turn the house of God into a vile swindling office, cannot, nor will not, withdraw from such a den of thieves?* A little reflection, which they could get for nothing, would teach them that they are led by wicked knaves.

I ought to have noticed a long faced missionary and his wife, whom I had seen sometime back at Manchester, Virginia, where they live. They had been on a visit to the hot-bed, New York, of which his long-faceship was a native, and put up at Mr. Parker's to spend the *Sabbath*. The vile hypocrite refused to relieve me in Manchester, and yet he stopped to spend the Sabbath. His wife, how-

* Ten thousand times worse than a professed gambling house, as it is gambling under a cloak.

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ever, had some goodness left, and took me up in her carriage.

HISTORY.

Lancaster county was organized by an act of Assembly, passed May 19, 1729, one hundred years since, and embraced the whole province of Pennsylvania lying north of the Octorara creek, and west of a line of marked trees extending north from Octorara creek to Schuylkill river. All the counties in Pennsylvania, except Chester, Philadelphia, Bucks, and Delaware, were originally embraced in the limits of Lancaster county, and were taken from it.

The first permanent settlements in Lancaster county were made at Lancaster, then called Hickory-town,* at a place called Conestoga, on the banks of Conestoga creek, six miles west of the city of Lancaster, in Conestoga township, and at Wright's Ferry, on the Susquehanna, now called Columbia. This last place was settled in 1720, by a family from England by the name of *Wright*. Many of the descendants of that family now live in and near Columbia.

The first court was held in a large barn in Conestoga, and the first jail was situate in Conestoga township, six miles west of the city of Lancaster. This prison is rendered famous in history, by having once been the place of confinement of the Marquis of Anglesea, the grandfather of the present nobleman of that title. In 1735, a young lad was brought into the Delaware, and landed at New Castle, and sold as a servant for his passage. Disliking his master, he ran away, and bent his course to the English settlement at Wright's Ferry. Here he was apprehended and placed in the jail at Conestoga, and detained a prisoner for five days. His master then took him back to New Castle, where he served his term out, and returned to England. By the death of other relatives, he became entitled to the title and estates of the Marquisate of Anglesea. This station he filled with honor and dignity

*It may still be called Hickory-town, from the number of hickory poles.

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until his death, leaving his title and estates to his son, and the same remain in the family to this day—the present Marquis of Anglesea being the grandson of him who was imprisoned in Conestoga jail.

Lancaster was so named from Lancaster in England, and was laid out by James Hamilton, once Lieutenant Governor of the province of Pennsylvania.

Lancaster was erected into a borough before the revolution, and continued as a borough until the 20th of March, 1818, when it was incorporated a city, and is governed by a select or common council, a mayor, recorder, and aldermen. Lancaster was settled by Germans, who are still the most numerous.

On the evening of the fifth day the trying time arrived, when I, with much pain, tore myself from these incomparable people. Mrs. Parker had purchased me a dress, made it, and packed it away in my trunk. The dear *Mag*, as Miss Byrne was familiarly called, had presented me with a neat white pocket handkerchief, with her name in full, as a keepsake. Mr. Parker had shown me his beautiful celebrated horse John Stanley.* He had devoted most all his time to me, and the whole, including my bill and fare to Columbia, cost me—how much? not one CENT! But do not imagine Mr. Parker bestowed these marks of kindness upon me without struggling with a strong opposition. A number of gentlemen contested the point with him, and insisted upon paying my bill; but it was in vain! too much nobility there! Finding themselves over-reached, they came in for a share, and paid my fare to Columbia. The stage was to call for me

* This is the same Mr. Parker who received the premium of a silver cup sometime since, in Chester county, for the best horse at the show. The name of the horse is John Stanley, the most beautiful animal I ever set eyes on. His color is a dark brown, and his form without fault, is symmetry itself. He was brought out by the groom on the square facing the door, where he gamboled round the groom with inimitable grace; his steps, which were as light as those of a cat, were not more than three or four inches in length. It is stated he excels on the turf, and always victorious.

I saw the prize cup, which was valued at $50. It was handsomely adorned with suitable engravings, and presented to Mr. P. by a foreign ambassador, whose name and titles it bears.

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about 4 o'clock. My trunks were brought down, and set in the passage. I had kissed the bedewed cheek of Mrs. P. and Miss Byrne—my friends had flocked in to take leave—they were waiting in the front parlor—I hastened thither and took a seat, with my back to the window, which looked into the street, and my face to the company. Hon. J. Buchanan seated himself on my right; alderman Mayer took a seat on my left*—the rest in succession, forming a circle round the room—amongst them were several of the Moravians. Thus honored and surrounded, I counted the stealing moments with an aching heart! I was unable to converse, and knew nothing but that those dear people clung to me to the last. Mr. Parker paced the passage, watching for the stage! I often heard his light step enter the parlor, but I dared not raise my eyes to look at him! I had expected some one to come in and announce the arrival of the stage, but a signal was agreed upon by my friends—this was a loud rap at my window. At length the rap was given! my heart, already full, sickened at the sound! every man arose from his chair—I was carried to the stage, and helped in! The stage soon separated me from my friends. "Farewell, dear Lancaster—I never shall look upon thy like again," I repeated inwardly. In many places I have met with people who *understood* politeness, but (as the man of antiquity said of the Spartans) the people of Lancaster practise it.

I merely recollected some person saying this is Mrs. R. and this is Judge something, as I took my seat in the stage; but I was little concerned about the company in the stage.

COLUMBIA.

It soon grew dark, and I was conveyed to Columbia through a beautiful country, which I partially discerned as we drove on. I found an elderly man in the stage, to whom I addressed a few remarks; but though he conversed in the language of a gentleman, he appeared rather

*The Mayor was absent.

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unsociable, and seemed little acquainted with the country.

Columbia lies west from Lancaster, about 10 miles, on the Susquehanna river. It was sometime in the night before we arrived, and though I found a good fire, a warm parlor, and had a letter of introduction to the tavern keeper, I was far from being pleased with appearances. The landlord (a missionary) looked as grum as the thickening storm, and his wife as black as the Lehigh coal mines; and I had to wait a long time for my supper and chamber. The landlord did condescend to tell me that my fellow passenger was Judge *Bradford*—"and where does he put up?" I inquired, supposing him to be on a journey. "Put up," said the landlord—"he is gone to his own house; he lives here." I was thunder-struck, but soon unravelled the mystery—the judge, and the whole clan of them, it appeared, were missionaries. It is much to be lamented that these Pennsylvanians are not more particular in their choice of rulers. Having so much good sense and honesty amongst themselves, it is surprising they pick up those Yankee out-laws, whom they exalt from selling tin buckets and horn flints to the bench. I find this is frequently the case throughout the State.

Now a thousand men, at least, I will say, at a venture, might be found in Lancaster, to go no further, who would make a better judge than this tin pedler. But such is the fate and folly of man!! And that these honest Lutherans, such sound republicans, would elect a blue-stocking judge, who would want no better sport than to hang the whole of them, fills me with astonishment!

I was going on next morning, and of course had but a few minutes to spend in the place, and one would have supposed he would, from motives of policy, without a particle of the gentleman, have said "I live in Columbia, Madam—can you not spend some time with us;" or "I would be glad to see you at my house;" or "I will wait on you in the morning: as you are a stranger, perhaps I can be of service to you."—No such thing. The Pennsylvanians must blush to find themselves scandalized by such a poltroon. A barber, a tinker, the lowest menial

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would have had more politeness. It is evident he is deficient in some sense. A fine subject for a judge, or he would not have dared my pen, which [if he did not know he is more ignorant still] he well knew spared neither friend nor foe. Doubtless he is in for life, but if I were in the place of those who have the appointment, for the honor of my country, for the honor of justice, I would pay him to sit on his chair at Columbia, and place another judge over his head. The whole of these dangerous Sunday School fellows cannot be too soon discontinued from every thing like power.

On the high hills of the bright rolling Susquehanna stands

COLUMBIA.

It begins on a lofty eminence and suddenly descends to the river's edge. The Susquehanna makes a grand appearance, from its size, islands and rocks, and from its murmuring sound, lost in thickly shaded groves—it must present a scene of surpassing beauty in the spring and summer months.

It burst suddenly upon me next morning, within a few steps of my feet, the tavern being on the brink of the river. I was at once surprised with a great river dashing over huge black rocks, tremendously roaring, and a handsome neat covered bridge, one mile and a quarter in length. I was transfixed in amazement, being unaware till morning of the proximity of the river. It is studded with frightful black rocks, which rear themselves up in all parts of the channel, jut out from the shores and seem to set navigation at defiance.

This river, at the annual freshets, must present a sublime spectacle. It must, from its fall, rough shaped rocks and great weight of water, shake the shores like an earthquake. I would suppose it would hurl every vessel upon its bosom to instant destruction—and yet it appears that lumber, wheat, and every thing else, is floated down to the bay, in immense quantities. I saw several arks lying to at the shore, which were something like our flat bottoms in the Western country. They were,

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however, longer, narrower, and I should think, deeper, and pointed at the bow and stern, and many of them have rafters and are covered like a house. These last are trading boats, and families live in them.

The bridge is considerably larger and better built than any I have yet met with; but those blue stockings, though they were ready to job a tract in my face, knew nothing of the cost. These were all *English* people and all missionaries, and the most ignorant of all the towns I passed through in Pennsylvania. No wonder it was selected by the blue skin judge. The Postmaster, Beatty, was the only one I called on—he was tolerable. But I would doubtless have been served as I was at Burlington had I attempted to call on the citizens; having since learned it is another den of these religious thieves.

The town rises from the river upon a considerable hill which I did not ascend for want of time, but it must contain a prospect of the richest and most extensive scenery. No one present could tell me the number of inhabitants, though, from the looks of the town, I should think it was near or about 2,000. The principal street lies on the river, and many of the houses were handsome buildings.

This town is certainly unrivalled in situation when beauty and richness of scenery are considered. A magnificent river rolling in front covered with arks and teeming with wild fowl, the rising grounds, wild hills and craggy rocks, some looking up and some looking down the mountain, piles of plank and hills of coal, scantling, &c. To all this add farms and a majestic bridge. It unquestionably combines much of the sublime with the wild and the beautiful, and cannot fail to please the man of taste and travels.

HISTORY.

The history of Columbia is mentioned under the head of Lancaster.

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SUSQUEHANNA.

It was designed by my friends I should visit Columbia and proceed to *York*. But I had now crossed the state to please them, and resolved for once to please myself. I could take York in my return to Washington, and being attracted by the rich scenery of the Susquehanna, and learning that a stage ran upon the river bank the whole way to Harrisburg, I would not have given up the pleasure for any temptation, and accordingly took the stage up the river.

The Susquehanna is one of the most extraordinary and whimsical rivers we have, and though navigable 300 miles from its mouth for these arks and rafts, it is so much obstructed by rocks and shoals and falls that sloops can only ascend 5 miles, and the navigation will always be dangerous. The main branch rises in the State of New-York and crosses the boundary line of Pennsylvania and New-York 3 times. After amusing itself in this manner with our two greatest States it meets another branch which has also been over the line two or three times—it then very gravely marches across Pennsylvania into Maryland, and pours its waters into the Chesapeake bay at Havre de Grace.

It would be impossible to describe its course, as it runs to every point in the compass—like the missionaries. Towards the last, however, its course is nearly south, while the Juniata, one of its principal branches, for a long distance runs due north.

Thus winding and foaming over rocks and through mountains, the Susquehanna lacks nothing but sloops and steamboats to be greatly superior to the Hudson of New-York, in point of beauty, and not any thing in point of scenery.

The mountains with craggy rocks soon presented themselves in bold front to our right and to our left. On the opposite shore were also seen rising rocks and curling smoke, thick bending trees mingled with black rocks and fields of green luxuriant wheat.

We were now hemmed in close to the water's edge, whilst an uneven ledge of rocks hung over our heads—

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the river dashing furiously over the rocks and shoals, echoing from shore to shore.

At length the hills seem to exchange sides, and this side seemed to slip imperceptibly to that. Meantime the bridge at Columbia is still in view below.

"And Susquehanna's glittering stream is seen,
"Winding in stately pomp through valleys green,
"Or thundering through broken rocks in whirling foam,
"Or pleased o'er beds of glittering sands to roam."

Anon the piny clift "and deep romantic vale."

Thus beguiling and beguiled, I was much amused by two female travellers in the stage. They had arrived at Colombia from Baltimore on the same evening I did, and took seats in the same stage to Marietta, a small town on the Susquehanna. One was an old woman, of whom I had an humble opinion from her manners and gaiety of dress. The other was a young girl, who had never been in that part of the country before. But to hear their remarks on the scenery was laughable. "Oh! look what ugly rocks, oh! what a bad road. See there what an ugly river!" "Yes dear, if your uncle knew we were coming he would bring his carriage to meet us. I expect nothing else but to get our necks broke." The girl took the hint, and it was nothing but "I wish uncle would meet us with his carriage."

At length we espied the heads of horses meeting us in one of the short turns. "Oh! I expect that is uncle in his carriage." It turned out, however, to be an old wagon.

A little after this we came in sight of Marietta at about three miles distant. It was soon lost again by the winding of the river, and reappeared at intervals.

But nothing could rival the beauty of the scenery.—Wildness seemed to have taken up its eternal abode in these straggling steeps, and again a rich meadow and a neat farm, while the fish dams amused us and the ark wafted its treasure, with solemn pride, on the noble Susquehanna.

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After various windings we reached Marietta, and the females got out without meeting their uncle. Marietta sits on a plain of singular beauty, in one long street, but almost deserted. It was distinguished by nothing but a tall hickory tree with a large flag and a bear which was chained on the side of the main street. I saw an elegant building entirely vacant. It was very large and built, as I understood, in the late war for a tavern, but fell through after the peace.

As we drew near Middletown, on this side of Harrisburg, we met the Swatara river, a pretty little deep stream, which we cross in a ferry-boat. The Swatara was high, and the water concealing a stump about the middle of the stream—the ferry-boat passing directly over it, lodged; and here we were safe enough! No assistance could be had from the shore, as there was no other boat, nor could I see how they were to assist us, had they been present.

We had taken in a decent looking young man, with whom I was much amused; he was quite alarmed at the incident, and doubtless expected to go to the bottom every minute. I asked him "if he could swim." "No!" he could not, "Then you may make your will." Why, do you think there is any danger." "I certainly do." In which I said nothing but truth, as the smallest matter would have upset the boat.

Meantime the wind being high, and the water rolling in heavy waves, we had a perfect see-saw of it. The ferrymen, however, were doing all they could, by running the stage to the stern, and working hard with their poles to set the boat either back or forward. I persuaded the young man to put his shoulder, not to the wheel, but to the pole, and push for his life. He did so. I encouraged them all—told them "No danger—only keep her steady—we will soon be free—push hard my boys—that is right—a little more—it is coming. Their faces were red from exertion, and by persevering and the aid of the wind, we succeeded. A miraculous escape, indeed! Had our horses been wild we would doubtless have to sink or swim, like the witches of old.

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This seemed a day marked out for incidents. We were hardly escaped from peril by water till we fell into another by land.

The road running close by the edge of the Swatara, hemmed in by a steep bank, we were suddenly stopped by a wagon and team, which stood stock still in the road. Five or six men were standing on the bank, and were about to load the wagon with plank from a large pile, also on the bank. The driver requested them to drive the wagon out of the way; they refused; the driver swore; the men swore; the driver threatened them with his whip. I liked him for his courage, being six to one. "We had the mail." "They did not care." The driver jumped from the seat and said he "would soon let them see they should not stop the mail, and was about to move the wagon himself. They would "whip him if he touched a horse." "He would whip the whole of them." I admired the man's courage, and said well done my driver. He was a great stout German, they were English and Irish. They told him there was another road—why did he not take that? I now spoke to the men myself, and endeavored to sooth them into compliance, as it was growing late, and very cold. I told them "the law did not say we should go round or through. It stated positively you shall not stop the mail; and if you do not let us pass, I will go myself for an officer." We were within a few hundred yards of Middletown, and I called the driver to help me out, and thus, between us both we succeeded, and they moved the wagon. They had a great stock of assurance indeed to set Uncle Sam and myself at defiance. But from that day, and henceforth, I shall admire the Germans. This man was as brave as a Tennessean.

Middletown is situated on a fertile spot, twenty miles from Columbia, and ten from Harrisburg. It is a very handsome growing town, on the great turnpike from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, and here we have a road strung with great teams for miles, the road being straight, and the country level, you can see a surprising distance, and

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it would seem as if the whole capital of the state were vested in wagons and teams.

We saw the mill which was burnt the previous night, smoking, as we drove on through the finest country in the world, to Harrisburg. Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, is seated on the banks of the Susquehanna, in one of the most charming spots on the globe. Nothing could add to its beauty, if we except ships and steamboats. The land here, and the whole distance from Middletown, equals any of the rich bottom land, on the western rivers. Large grape vines! black walnut, locust, and level as a die. But the straight fence! the green wheat, the green meadows, the great barns, the bursting apple trees, the profusion of gardens and summer houses, (I never saw gardens before) the neat white pailings, the net work round the doors, the smooth columns, the massy mansions, the droves of cattle, while

> "The groaning cider press is busy heard,
> The fowls loud cackling, swarm about the yard,
> The snowy geese harrangue their numerous brood,
> And flapping flails re-echoes through the wood."

and the broad smooth river astounds the ravished eye!!

The Susquehanna flows in a smooth but quick current at Harrisburg, and is about a mile in breadth. At this place it is very much like the Ohio, and to add to the beauty of the picture, it has a most superb bridge. The bridges I have already seen in Pa. without going further, surpass in number and beauty, those of the whole of my travels in the other states; their roads and bridges seem to attract all their pride, to say nothing of their farms and barns.

Intending to return from Pittsburg to Harrisburg, about the meeting of the legislature, I hurried on to Carlisle, a place where I was much wanted. Having made this arrangement, I merely rested one day at Harrisburg and resumed my tour.

It was quite late in the evening when I arrived, and leaving a card at my booksellers, Messrs. Wyeths, a very friendly pleasant young man, called on me in the

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course of the evening. He was the principal bookseller, and very politely tendered his services during my visit.

Being desirous of seeing his excellency governor Shulze, Mr. W. said he would attend me to his house next day. I had more than common curiosity to see governor Shulze, hearing, as I had, a thousand remarks and anecdotes of the man. My visit to Lancaster, to say nothing of the rest of Pa. had effectually cured me of prejudice, and I set off next day to see the governor, perfectly convinced that I had never heard a word of truth respecting him. Such as "great awkward Dutchman, biggoted priest—Federalist, Jew, a Gentile, did not know a spit box from a tea-pot; and again, a good natured fool, a tory, a whig, a gentleman, a clown; but tongues, like wheels, were made to run.

The governor lives in the town, on the river bank, in a very plain common brick house, and the door being opened by the governor himself, Mr. W. introduced me, and withdrew; I walked before the governor into his parlor. It was just the kind of parlor I like, and just in my favorite point, on the north of the building. I do not like a parlor or chamber on the south, east, or west, give me the north at all seasons. A small, simple furnished parlor, and a large chamber; I detest a pigeon box to sleep in. But you all want to hear about governor Shulze. Then you shall hear. I said I had discarded that fiend prejudice—not exactly as I expected to find G. S. a rough black faced old man at least. But to return, governor S. is about 45 or 50 years of age, though he might pass well for 40, and in a southern climate for 30. He is over six feet in height, remarkably straight and erect. He is athletic, with muscular handsome limbs, and rather of the two, inclined to corpulency. Now if you can imagine as much ease of manner and grace as not to spoil the thing—just as much as you would incorporate were you to mix the ingredients yourself, and one of the fairest faces in nature, with fine features, and a lively black eye, you have the exact portrait of G. S. His face could not be altered for the better, if any thing it is too fair and smooth for a man—rather too effeminate.

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otherwise it is without a fault. His countenance is open and gay; and though he does not ware a barbarous brogue, you might perceive by a certain lisp, that he was a German—so much for his person and manners. Nor is G. S. at all that ignorant man he is represented by some; he is a man not only of a good mind, but well informed on the common affairs of life, and gave me some very judicious instruction on the subject of my tour; and pointed out the objects most worthy of notice. He was very affable and conversed freely on various topics, and laughed at the description I had received of him. He was a Lutheran preacher it is said, but this ought rather to enhance his character, as it will be seen they are the most honest upright men we have. Such is governor Shulze, a good honest German, who doubtless, like all public men, has his friends and his enemies.

I understood there were a den of blueskins in the place, but I had not time to look after them; they may prepare for battle against I return, as they wish to retain their acquired glory, and so do I. Having received several marks of politeness from Mr. Peacock, the Post Master, through the Post Office, and a letter of introduction to Mr. Stambaugh, the Editor of the Reporter—I called to pay my respects to them. Mr. Peacock is amongst the best men in our country, and Stambaugh excels him. To say more of these gentlemen would only mar their fame, but I shall see them again, when I shall have more leisure to notice Harrisburg, a very beautiful, flourishing place. Dr. Keagy, Mr. Buehler, and several other gentlemen will also receive particular notice. But I must proceed, as "my purse is light and I have far to gang." About 2 o'clock in the morning I was called to get up, but the stage did not arrive for an hour, when with a stage full as it could stow, we left Mr. Wilson's tavern, a very good house.

Nothing can be more provoking for a tourist who makes pretentions at all of describing the country, than to travel in the dark. Day was about dawning when we arrived at Carlisle; the road, from all accounts, passing through the cream of the state. This distance, 18 miles,

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I travelled without light, save the stars. The stage travels from Harrisburg to M'Connelstown, over a considerable mountain, in a day, 84 miles.

Carlisle is one of the oldest towns in the state, and the head quarters of the blue skins, or stockings, as they are very improperly called in Pa. I had been solicited for two years back, to visit Carlisle and give them a dressing, as they had become formidable to the peace, safety and liberty of all who refused to receive the mark of the beast; and if they do not get their due now, it will not be the fault of the pain in my ancle; as it brings the sweet creatures to my mind.

It is useless to repeat a fact too well known, that these Presbyterians, glutted with women and money, have become not only beastly wicked, but are in every part of the U. S. aiming to overturn our government and establish the reign of terror.* The faculty of Dickenson, one D. "a mighty man before the Lord for corrupting the women, have gone no small length in the glorious enterprise. The time was before the reign of tracts, when Dickenson, as well as Princeton college, but particularly Carlisle, was distinguished for learning, virtue and talent. Some of our first men have been educated at Carlisle, and speak of the faculty at that time in the highest terms, and very justly, no doubt. But since the church and state scheme, which began with the host of missionary, bible, tract, education, and other societies, Carlisle being the rallying point, as it contained a number of "good sound Presbyterians," and headed by a large body of the clergy, has become a Sodom of wickedness. This I was told, and I found it ten times worse than any decent person would dare to repeat.

I was not long there before the only liberal or decent men in the place called on me, and amongst them Dr. Powell, of Kentucky. As I was from the western country, the doctor doubtless, felt not only partial but proud of me, and attended me to several of his friends, and walked

*I have had a little fore-taste of their government, and shall oppose them at the point of my pen, as I do not relish it at all.

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with me to the editors, bookstores, and generally over the town. But when I talked of going to the college, behold, the courage of the hunter of Kentucky failed, and I, being seasoned to the wars, went alone. Although a female, I should be very sorry to have it said I would flinch from an enemy, though the cowards did take the advantage once.

I did not call till the second day, and in the meantime several of the students had waited on me at the tavern. As I drew near the college I saw a man peeping at me from behind it, and immediately drew back his head; (suspect he was looking to see if I was one of his pious friends.) Two or three of the students were standing near the college, and though they had seen me the preceding evening, they stood in such awe of these tyrants that they dared not attend me in. As I stood to obtain some sort of information from them with respect to the President's room, whom I designed to call on in the first place, (as I am not governed by hearsay) a stout, portly, well-fed young looking man passed by and kept his face turned from me. I asked who that was. "That is Professor Vetic. Had he been a gentleman he would have saluted me at least. Is he fit to teach youths?—Finding the young men shrunk from all agency in procuring me an interview with any of the faculty, I went round to the rear of the college to go in, the doors being fast shut in front. I should like to know the meaning of this order of things. I found some of the students in the entrance, and asking which was Mr. Vetic's room, "There it is, behind you." I knocked at the door, but received no answer. I knew he must be in or in the college somewhere. I turned the bolt and found the door was locked, and bending forward I perceived the gentleman screwed up in a corner, and the key taken out—so I gave that matter up. I then inquired for the President's room, but no one would give me the necessary directions. As I walked on through the passage at a venture, one of the students who called on me at the tavern said "Come in our room Mrs. R. and see Mr. Spencer, Professor of Languages?" I followed the young man in andsaluting Mr.

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Spencer, apprised him of my name and business. The students whose business it was to introduce me doubtless were afraid. Mr. Spencer received me, however, very respectfully and invited me to take a seat, and bringing me a book showed me the lesson, and the students resumed their recital, which they had just commenced as I entered the room.

As may be supposed, the young men were much confused, blushed and stammered a good deal at first, but soon regained their self possession. I saw that Mr. Spencer (who was as serene as the unclouded sky the whole time) was aware of the cause and let them off on easy terms. I was much pleased with the incident, for their own sakes, as modesty and bashfulness in young men is the best evidence of intrinsic worth; and much to the credit of Mr. Spencer, a perfect gentleman; the students under his care are promising in study and manners.

When the recital was ended Mr. S. walked out with me, and upon expressing a wish to see the President, he sent to his room to know if he was in. He was not, as was supposed, the door being locked and no key. I would just as soon as not believe he, like V. locked himself in and took out the key to prevent suspicion. Of all men breathing priests are most fertile in mean resources. Both these are blueskin priests. Who under Heaven but a felon would have thought of such a thing? Well may they hide their wicked heads! I then expressed a wish to see the balance of the college, but Mr. S. who seemed afraid to speak above his breath, said he could not take the liberty. That he had no control or concern with any part of the college but his own room. This being the case I withdrew, and as I passed the door of V. I got a near view of the gentleman, as some one happened to step in at the moment. As I remarked before, he is a well-fed, friar looking man, with a large front and not unhandsome features.* But if you wished to draw the gallows, look at his down countenance. I could not forbear a word of sympathy to Mr. Spencer, an Episcopalian

*One Miss C---y who *keeps him* at her house, it is said, feeds him on dainty bits, and the choicest rarities.

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priest (and one of my favorite fraternity) on the degraded state of this once flourishing seminary. Mr. S. is all of the faculty I saw. He is a gentleman of young appearance, tall and slender, dark complexion, oval face, soft blue eye, and of mild engaging manners. I told him "I did not like to hear that his sect had fallen upon the plan of educating pious young men too." Never was a phrase so abused; thief, beggar, conspirator, swindler, debauchee, is their true name. He replied that he had no agency in the business, nor did he approve of the plan.

The next morning I called at the Rev. President Neale's, when a wild beast (what abominable servants all these blueskins have) in the shape of a woman opened the door about six inches wide. I asked if the President was in? "No, he was gone to the college." I asked if he had breakfasted. "No." "Have you had your orders not to open the door? Do you take me for a robber?" She was silent. As I was determined to do the business I came upon well, I called again in about half an hour. The same she monster opened the door and flung it wide open, "Is Mr. N. in?" "Yes, but he is engaged—you cannot see him." I quit the house, not at all disappointed, as I expected he wanted both the courage and politeness to face me. As I walked across the street to visit the prison, I saw his daughters, as I was told, with their heads out of the windows of the upper story, peeping at me, and his neat polished domestics had all flocked from the kitchen, and stood at the gate to satisfy their curiosity. A fine President of a college, truly. Now if these people had not been fools as well as knaves, they would have treated me politely and have furnished me with the information I wished to obtain respecting the college; and had they read my books instead of tracts they would have seen that all the colleges throughout the country were proud to give me the necessary information. As it is I can only say, from a catalogue furnished me through the politeness of Mr. Van Bibber, a student from Frederick county, Md. that Dickinson college has a President, (or rather the name of one,) 6 professors, one a female, a teacher of modern languages, and

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a teacher of grammar. It is governed by a Board of 33 Trustees, 12 of whom are priests or clergymen. There lies the root from whence all the evil and wickedness have sprung. As these trustees rule Dickinson and approve of no faculty but such as pay obedience to their will—mere tools, they draw up the rules and see them complied with. There are at this time, it appears, 126 students, and the charge for each annually $164, 25 cents, besides 5 dollars entrance money. But, with regard to the funds, library, and every thing else relative to the college, I obtained no information. I was truly sorry to see the son of Mr. Muhlenberg of Reading, at Dickinson, when he had a much better Seminary at Nazareth; and if he had not, he had a thousand times better keep him at home, and set him to farming or some trade—for from all accounts, and from what I witnessed myself, a Joseph could scarcely resist temptations at this sink of iniquity. The priests, or what you please, have established the reign of terror at Carlisle. This appears to have been the hive, from whence all the swarms have been hatched. Remote from notice, they have manufactured their pious young men at leisure, and are able to furnish them by wholesale. Thirteen natural children were about to be sworn the week I was there, court being in session; ten, it was said, the court before; and some gentleman informed me subsequently there were ten to be sworn the ensuing court. In two years, it appears from the records which I have, there has been 30 in all.* This is a hopeful place to send youths. Well might they want me to call. I have been told that from 40 to 50 students have been seen in the yards behind the churches, waiting for the *godly* women, doubtless, as there are no other sort in Carlisle, and the churches prostituted to the vilest purposes! It was further stated to me while there (what I could not believe) that their reverences even keep at their houses women to draw boarders. But from a letter I received at Bedford, from one of these she monsters, I would believe any thing said of them. This letter was mailed in Carlisle, and was returned there

*They drown them in the canal, in Washington; suppose they have no canal at C.

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with a view of finding out the writer. It was the most obscene piece ever penned. I showed it to a number of gentlemen at Bedford, and they pronounced it the most beastly and shocking piece of obscenity they ever saw, and said that it must be a woman's production, as no man could be found vile enough to pen such a piece. Thus our sex is scandalized by their shameful partiality for priests. I mention this letter in this place as corroborating testimony of the foregoing information and facts. The people of Carlisle well know I received the letter and its contents, as it was sent there to be identified by the Postmaster, after which it was forwarded to the School Committee of the Legislature at Harrisburg, in whose possession, with other papers, it now is. Let the letter be penned by man or woman, by priest or layman, it proves the effect of missionaries and tracts and priest-craft upon society. Now there is not a night in the week but there is a meeting in Carlisle upon some pious purpose.

I went to church one night merely to look at their pious doings. The great Pope D. as he is rightly named, was to preach. My friends had procured me a seat, and the hour arrived. As we walked along I observed to my friend that D. would *not* preach. "Oh, he is sure to preach." "Well, you will see." I was pretty well convinced he would not face me. "But he will not know you are to be there." What is it they do not know connected with their black scheme? My attendant had just pronounced the last word, when we approached a lamp post, and by it stood a stout boy, perhaps 15 years old. The moment I saw him I guessed his business—he was bending forward with his eye to catch my appearance, and seeming to ascertain my person, ran off before us at full speed. "That boy is gone to give them notice," said I—but still my friend appeared not to believe it. When we took our seat I observed a shabby dressed man, whom I took to be the sexton sitting where it was evident he did not belong, viz. upon an elevated seat at an angle with the pulpit. The priest had not arrived, and I kept my eye on the man. He, in his turn eyed me steadily.

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Meanwhile the people were pouring in, mostly women; but at length I saw a man making for the pulpit, and my friend gave me the signal that that was Pope D.; and the moment he stepped into the pulpit, the watchman went up and whispered to him, stepped down, picked up his hat, and went out of the church with a hasty step, and, in a few minutes, another man came in, and delivered the sermon! and I never saw D's face, as he stuck his head close down behind the cushion-board. Now, if every one had the same independence I have, priest-craft would soon be banished from our shores. This fellow, though he hid from me, can step into the street, at any time, and say, "this or that *shall* be done," and no one has the courage to contradict him; and to such a pitch of high-handed tyranny and lawless villainy have they arrived, that people's lives are threatened, and they are now, even this moment, (I am noting it) selling off as fast as they can, and leaving the place, as those religious ruffians (tyrant is too mild a name for them) will suffer none to stay in the place who will not join them. But to the sermon. When the preacher was done—"the female tract society will meet on Monday night, the female bible society will meet on Tuesday night, the female education society will meet on Wednesday night, and then he ran on with the female foreign and female domestic missionary societies." Now, that any set of men would tamely sit and listen to such abominations, is not only degrading themselves to a poor pitiful herd of slaves, but to suffer the whole female sex, their wives, sisters, daughters, and future wives, to be so completely under the dominion of these wicked priests, argues them lost to all sense of shame, principle, honor, and virtue. I would say that such men ought to be chained to the oar for life. I should rejoice to see the priest take every man's wife from him who is so besotted as to think this money business is any thing but right down villainy. But the priests have them both altogether, as the Dutchman said, and may they forever hold them in vasselage!!!

I find these priest-ridden towns abound, however, in old maids, and it seems there are a goodly number of

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these in Carlisle, at the head of which stands Miss C. called, by way of eminence, the *colonel* of the corps of old maids; she is also at the head of the college, and called the 6th *professor;* and any one who wishes to obtain holy orders, or obtain information on secular matters; if any pious missionary calls to reveal to the pious sisterhood the mysteries of faith, and urge home the truths of the gospel, Miss C. is the gamut. Should any misunderstanding take place between Dr. Ely and the other good sound Presbyterians, Miss C. is the woman. If any flaw or crack happens to mar the reputation of any pious sister, Miss C. is the one that can mend it. If any student is deficient in the qualifications for a degree, only give Miss C. a piece of poundcake, and that matter is settled. Poundcake is said to have been sent all the way from Tennessee to Miss C. If any extraordinary demand for money is made by the pious young men, a fair is knocked up, and all the pious old and young maids under Colonel C's command are clapped to work, and fancy articles are immediately prepared at their expense, and a day for the holy fair (as it is called) is appointed, and to make the articles go off, plenty of wine, &c. is at hand. A gentleman who attended one of these fairs at Carlisle, furnished me with the following account of it: "On the morning the *fair* commenced, I was informed that its object was to raise funds for *pious purposes;* but from professional vocations, I was not permitted to visit it till night.

Upon going to the door I found a door-keeper, who took from me six and a fourth cents for admission. Upon reaching the room, I found about three hundred persons convened, consisting of white and black, old and young, handsome and homely, married and single, male and female, drunk and sober, and virtuous and unvirtuous. The room was fantastically decorated with pine brush and white paper; had a counter on three sides, covered with watch ribbons, watch papers, dolls, pin cushions, paintings of the most ridiculous and laughable character, various kinds of cakes, wine, wine sling, beer, &c. and about thirty of the handsomest young ladies that could be had to vend the articles, (to attract the gentlemen) with an

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exception, which was an old maid to sell the wine, &c. She was very active, and discharged her duties well—her name is Miss C.

On the walls were inscribed the following bible quotations:

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

"Thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

"Give alms of such things as ye have."

Every thing sold remarkably high, when, in truth, they had nothing that was worth any thing, except the bread and wine.

To the above statement of facts, it seems mete to mention one little incident that occurred in the evening:

At one of the taverns was a jeweller in a fit of intoxication, selling his articles at very low prices. These young ladies learning the fact, sent a committee to wait on him at the tavern, to request him to make them a present of the articles he was selling, for "*pious purposes.*" They, without reserve, did as they were directed, but he proved too drunk to aid them in their "*pious* purposes."

Do they learn these things from the *holy* bible? You never hear them say a word about the gospel, nothing but the *holy* bible. Have we not arrived at a fine pass? I would rather be a Turk, or any thing under Heaven, than such beastly hypocrites, such barefaced swindlers. Instead of converting the heathen, we are ourselves converted, as respects religion, into a nation, not of heathens, (the heathen is a respectable character compared to ours; he does not turn his religion into vile swindling, and cloak the blackest actions under it,) but into sacriligious knaves. What sort of a gospel is it that requires these fairs to support it? Was ever such a thing heard of St. Paul and the other apostles? Lazy hypocritical priests, who wish to enslave mankind and debauch our females, may want money to effect it; but if the favor of God is to be bought by selling wine and wares, cheating drunken peddlers, the back of my hand to such a God; he may be the

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God of Dr. Ely and "sound Presbyterians," but he is not mine. Hottentots would detect the cheat.

But let us dispose of these old maids and missionary madams with a word to parents who send their sons to Dickenson—they are little aware of the dance of iniquity these young men are led by these she monsters. The moment a fresh man comes, these old maids beset him, and fairly run him down as a hound does a hare, and torment him while he stays; when he is gone, they seize upon another youth, and torment him in like manner. It is impossible, several of the students informed me, to escape them. These ladies, on the wrong side of 30, do all they can in the way of advances, and first enroll their names in all the missionary societies, which brings them in contact with the pious young men on one side; they then gad over hill and dale with these students, which they secure on the other side. Their reputation being out of danger, they gad about with these boys to the mountains, the springs, and churches, at any hour of the night. Col. C. (or professor) is at the head of this, and has regular drilling days to instruct the women under her command how to beguile the poor simple youth of his last penny. Oh shame, where is thy blush? It cannot be expected mere boys could escape the snares of these she wild cats, when the greatest of men have left us a lamentable proof of the wiles of women. It is

"A fate *no* lover can divert
With all his caution, wit, and art;
For 'tis in vain to think to guess
At women by appearances,
That paint and patch their imperfections
Of intellectual complexions,
And daub their tempers o'er with washes
As artificial as their faces—
Tries all her arts to take upon her
The government of the easy owner,
Until the wretch is glad to wave
His lawful rights, and turn her slave."

It is supposed by some that Col. C. the old maid, wrote the letter I received, now before the legislature of Pennsylvania; and many even of her enemies have written to

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me to banish the idea—"oh pray, Mrs. R. do not believe that Miss C. would be guilty of writing such an obscene letter; let me beg you not to think she wrote it." I never did ascribe the letter to Miss C.; it is her own neighbors that accused her. The letter is a matter which lies amongst the citizens of Carlisle, and concerns them, and them only—it gives me no concern who was or who was not the writer—it is just the same thing to my purpose—it proves the degraded state of society in Carlisle, and sets tracts and missionaries and priestcraft in the clearest light, and proves their effect on society. It proves that, instead of spreading the gospel, they sink mankind into a set of wicked swindlers and debauchees. Every one in Carlisle knows the contents of the letter—let them say whether they ever saw so infamous a thing—it would disgrace the halter—well might the people wish me to visit Carlisle. I have travelled the whole Union over, and have never seen a parallel for the wickedness, tyranny, and hypocrisy of this den.

Doctor Powel took me in a chaise to the poor-house, it being too far to walk. As we drove through the streets, some of those godly dames made remarks which the inmate of a brothal would blush at. As I always have friends every where, it so happened I had one then in hearing, who communicated the following in a letter to me the next day:

"On seeing Dr. P. pass through Pomfret street yesterday with an elderly lady, a most infamous and demon like observation escaped the lips of some females belonging to old Mr. Cart's family, of Car. They observed to Mrs. B. that Dr. P. could, to use their own dirty language, "be after no good," or, in other words more plain, he galanted a harlot."

Any one may guess whether such females would be too good to do any thing. Did they learn this in the bible? this is the effect of tracts and priestcraft. Is this a proper place to send youths? The letter is too vulgar for human ear. Where do they intend to end?

Though not in the proper place, since I have mentioned the

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POOR-HOUSE,

We will see how that is kept—not like those of Reading and Lancaster, the poor house of Carlisle is a wretched *old* building, and the paupers are left to take care of themselves, having neither keeper nor matron! this is pious. We found a few ragged paupers in the bar-room, the building having formerly been a tavern. The room and the paupers were covered with filth! what they had to eat I cannot tell—I saw nothing. The doctor saying "he understood there was a sick woman there," one of the paupers shewed us to her room—there was a sight which would melt the heart of any thing but a missionary. We found an aged female stretched on an old bedstead covered with an old thin rag, which had once been a quilt, and an old man, who was scarcely able to move one foot before the other, sitting by her. I applauded him for *his* humanity, though it was all he had to bestow. The doctor asked the sick woman "how long she had been confined?" "six weeks;" and "how often has the doctor (there being one attached to the place) been to see you?" "only twice, sir," replied the woman; "but," said I, "does none of the ladies of the town come to see you?" "no, she had not seen one at the poor-house in two years!" No more need be said of Presbyterians after this, and these are the people whom Dr. Ely wants for our judges, presidents, and rulers—may such a curse be averted even from Turks. Now what can Pope Duffield say to this? If they believe in a God at all, as it is clear they do not, they must expect to be sunk by an earthquake.

Next morning, at breakfast, my landlady, a "good sound Presbyterian," being present, and a table full of company, I opened the flood-gates upon her—she had inquired something about my visit, and I told her the situation of the whole. "Now, madam, you went to church the other day, and turned up the white of your eyes there for two hours, and we had to go without our dinner because it was the *Sabbath*—if you are so godly, why do you not visit that poor, aged, friendless, sick woman, at the poor house? not one of you hypocrites have been to see her,

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nor have you sent her one cent, and, instead of giving money to great sturdy fellows who are able to work, why do you not give it to this poor woman? Do you not disgrace yourself by your partiality for men, and let your own sex suffer? You have a husband—what do you want with more men? let him, if he is fool enough to work for sturdy beggars, give money to these men, and do you give to your own sex—do you not think it would become you better? and go to see them instead of running to these night meetings." "Indeed she had not time to go to the poor-house," with a look of indignant scorn. I knocked her *down* with a text of scripture—"I was an hungered, sick, &c." She got up again, and said, "they hired people to take care of the paupers." "But you see, madam, they do not take care of them; and why do you not *see* that these people take care of them, vile hypocrite? Pope Duffield, I dare say, never preached sounder doctrine to her in his life. It had little effect upon her, doubtless, though it might have had some on the company. One family, I am told, H—'s, who roll in wealth, dress very gay, are members of all these falsely called *religious* societies in the place; yet, when a poor uncle and aunt were lying on their death beds, without a morsel to eat or drink, they disdained to go near their wretched hovel, or give or send them a morsel. Is this charity? is this piety?

Thus much for she missionaries and gangling old maids, whose looks have terrified every man from ever making proposals of matrimony to them. There are more churches, more old maids, and more wickedness in Carlisle, than any town of the same population in the United States. It leaves Pittsfield and Newburyport far behind.

Whilst the women are thus piously engaged, the men are terrifying and brow-beating all those out of Carlisle, who dares to think differently from them. A poor but worthy young man, as it is said, by the name of Dodson, having incurred the displeasure of Cardinal N., the worthy President of old mother Dickinson, as the college is called in derison, is now selling off under cost, and compelled to leave the place! The young man, it appears

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kept a small store, upon the profits of which he supported an aged mother, two or three sisters, and a younger brother. In exchanging houses, Cardinal N. became, by agreement, indebted to the young man, which, with all his piety, he denied on the day of payment—(well he might hide.) The young man, having no other alternative, sued him, and recovered the debt. This gave such offence to the blue-skins, that they all united in persecuting the young man—the matter was talked over in all the bible, missionary, tract societies, &c. and their dupes, and finally it was agreed that no one should purchase of him, or enter his house. The plan was completely carried into effect, the consequence of which was, that, at the time of my visit, he was sacrificing his goods at first cost, to enable him to quit the place, and was about to remove elsewhere, to escape the cruelties of clerical persecution.* This is a foretaste of what we are to expect from the whole of them, when they get a little more money—Carlisle and Burlington are merely breaking the ice, and getting in the wedge: and still those ruffians keep on the right side of our women. Shame on women, they are the mother of all evil, truly.

We will now unfold another black deed still more wicked, and quite alarming! if it were not for the enthralment of besotted fools! Every man in the United States is deeply concerned in the matter I am now going to spread before the world—let them judge whether these Presbyterians ought not to be strictly looked after, and guarded against as our deadliest enemies! as people dangerous in our country; and some efficient means ought immediately to be resorted to to check them. I have long sounded the alarm, and no one heeds till it be too late! Other people have sounded the alarm, and nothing but our having dwindled into a set of ignoramuses and cowards, governed by women, and women governed by priests, and priests governed by money, which they draw from our purses through women, can account for our supineness. We will now see, from a record of the Pennsylvania legisla-

* I have understood he is now in Washington--he has not mended himself much.

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ture, (the only State that has had the manliness to act against those conspirators,) what we may all expect: this relates to Dickinson college, which goes hand in hand with Dr. Ely's plan of church and state, and doubtless the plan of church and state was hatched at Carlisle.

A steward, who was employed by the trustees to act for the college, was found to differ, in his religious opinions, from these sound Presbyterians, and the result was, that his life being threatened, the affair was brought before the legislature. The record is as follows:*

"During the vacation, after the summer session of 1826, the Rev. G. D. called on the then steward of the college, (in company with Mr. Joseph Knox, deceased,) who was at the time engaged in white-washing and cleaning the college rooms. After some common-place conversation, Mr. Knox left the room; the Rev. G. D. then observed to the steward, that he had called on him, as a friend, to communicate with him on the subject of his religious opinions. The steward inquired of the Rev. G. D. what he had to do with his religious opinions? He answered, that he had been induced to ask him the question, in consequence of being informed by a *very pious student* of Dickinson college, that he, the steward, held or maintained *infidel principles*. The steward observed, that he was pleased to learn that there were some pious ones among the students; but at the same time observed, that he did not think that he had any thing to do with his religious "opinions;" that they were matters that rested with *him* and his *God*. True, said D., but continued, that he had merely called upon him (the steward) as a friend, to advise with him on the subject. Well, said the steward, will you please to inform me what my offence is, and give me the name of that "pious student" who gave you the information. The Rev. G. D. refused complying with the solicitation, and departed.

"After he was gone some moments, the steward followed, and overtook him, before he had got out of the *campus*, and said, Mr. D. you have charged me with a

*Being in haste to return to Washington, I could not wait for the whole transcript.

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crime in a *lump;* you have not told me what my *crime* is, nor the name of my accuser; now I insist on your telling me what I may have said, and the name of your informant; but Mr. D. would not give the desired information, and they parted.

"Some evenings after the above interview, the steward saw Mr. D. on Mr. Hamilton's pavement, in conversation with him and Mr. F. Watts, at which time and place the steward said—Mr. D. the more I reflect on what took place between you and myself a few days since, the more I am concerned about it; now I insist upon you, in the presence of these gentlemen, to tell me the name of the "pious student" who informed you of my misconduct, and also the particulars of that "misconduct." Mr. Duffield then, in a faltering tone, observed, that "a Mr. *So-lo-mon Pa-ter-son*, in Chambersburg, told him that he (the steward) was an *infidel.*"

A pretty long step from a pious student in Dickinson to Chambersburg A fine priest this; he would make a good judge and President for the Spanish inquisition! Now this fellow runs off with all the women—the woman who has the black children, in my cellar, is preferable to such women.

It appears, however, from the records of the college, that the *faculty* sent Mr. D.; but why need he lie?

The steward, meantime, narrowly escaped being murdered by those pious young men. It seems there is a part of the students of Dickinson that have become hopefully converted, that is, uncommonly *pious.* These keep by themselves, and do not pollute themselves by mixing with the ungodly students.

A number of these entered into a combination, and bound themselves, by an oath, under the name of the "invisible club," to do the wicked deed! Let the people of the United States take warning by this—the teachers of those dens of vipers have nothing to do but give the word, and every soul of us would be instantly massacred. These godly young men, however, failed, and the steward escaped. They wrote to him, in the first place, a letter that would curdle the blood of an assassin:

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but why has this letter not been published before? I answer, I never heard of it before, and can give no other reason than that the people are afraid of their lives—they stand in such awe of these traitors, that those who came to me with complaints trembled like aspens! afraid to speak above their breath! We have boasted ourselves into a fine pass, indeed—"the most *enlightened* nation on earth"—well might foreigners laugh us to scorn! That we should become the derision of enlightened foreigners was to be expected of course, as none but fools or knaves ever praised themselves;* but we are the derision of small Indian boys,† "half Indian, half missionary." The child who made the honest confession deserves to have his name enrolled amongst our greatest men! There are a great many *halves* in the Indian country, and, from the records of Carlisle court, it would appear there are a great many *wholes* in this country; doubtless the manufactory will be encouraged by an act of Congress, so as to have whole missionaries amongst the Indians—they have only to extend the tariff. Here follows the letter:

"Sworn to by all—a warning voice from the Invisibles. Beware, beware, unfortunate man—thy doom is fixed, and death, harrowing death, awaits thee. It is decreed by the Invisibles that you shall be secretly, horribly, and cruelly slain! Your body is doomed to be exposed to the fowls of the air, and devoured by the beasts of the field, and your soul doomed to everlasting perdition, if, within one week, and no more, you do not leave the college, and no longer pollute the sight of gentlemen with your hated physiognomy. If you dare to divulge this letter, you shall be strangled instantly; therefore, take the warning voice, death-devoted man! depart and live! A warning voice."

This is worse than the Bastile, and a great deal worse than the Spanish inquisition, allowing for the difference between the two governments. Did I not always say these people thirsted for blood? it is their god. This

*I suspect it was a good sound Heecock, or Dr. Ely man, who made the remark.

†See the Indian boy's letter.

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daring outrage, which defies comment, ought to settle the business of chartering and funding colleges forever! a most dangerous procedure! and, in short, the business of this dangerous practice of encouraging priests, by giving them money—stop this, put laymen in your schools, and all is well again.

Having checked my hobby, it remains to say something on the geography of Carlisle. This borough is situated in a vale of fourteen miles width, as rich, level and beautiful as heart could wish. It lies between the Blue Ridge on the west and another small mountain on the east. This valley extends nearly to one hundred miles in length, and as to soil and cultivation is a perfect Eden—all limestone land. Fine water and every species of grain and grass abound in greater perfection than in any part of the state; and excepting the Blue Mountains, which run through the county, this fertility extends to the Tuscarora Mountain, beyond Chambersburg.

Carlisle is the capital of Cumberland county it is already said, eighteen miles from the metropolis of the state, and 120 west from Philadelphia. It is regularly laid off, the streets are wide, and the town is close and compactly built. It has a court-house, a jail, a market-house, a *very poor* house indeed, Dickinson College, an academy, and a theological school, 7 churches,* and about 2,500 inhabitants.

Most of the old buildings are stone, but those recently built are of brick, and very neatly executed. The public buildings, excepting the poor house, are large fine buildings, particularly the churches. It exceeds any place for extravagance in the size and cost of churches in the United States. If one priest happens to have a finer church than his neighbors, all these are immediately torn down and rebuilt at incalculable cost, so as to outdo their rival. He, on the other hand, a spirited man, is not to be browbeaten, and retouches his church off, and so it appears they go on. This is the use to which they

*As I drove into Carlisle, I was astonished at the great number of massy churches, all in a cluster, and observed there was no religion there.

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put the superabundant blessings of their fertile country. Do they learn this out of the Bible? One would think they were so pious they would lay up this treasure in Heaven, and lay a little of it out on the poor-house, in imitation of the Lutherans. The size, workmanship, furniture and unconscionable *number* of churches in Carlisle, all jumbled up into such a small compass, if we had no other evidence of the ignorance of the people on one side, and the knavery of the clergy on the other, would alone be sufficient. Rely upon it, there is danger in these great buildings. Besides the vile practice of turning them into brothels, I would not be surprised if all these great fortifications (which they resemble more than churches) were not filled with arms. If they are so pious as they would make you believe, why do they lay up so much treasure upon earth? Do they learn this out of the Bible? How many of these splendid gold fringed cushions had St. Paul to lean upon? These abominable priests always lead me (like they do other women) astray.

There are several beautiful squares in Carlisle. Old mother Dickinson, as the college is called, sits on one of these; otherwise it is a poor apology for a college, being a small old fashioned stone house. Thus much for the once learned, flourishing, wealthy and fashionable Carlisle. It has more the appearance of a besieged city than any thing else at this time. No cheerful voice—all sour and sad. Those in power have a fierce, savage look. Those who opposed them till resistance is vain are pale and dejected, and I would not be surprised, if the Legislature does not interfere, (as doubtless it can withdraw the funds of the college,) to hear of a massacre at Carlisle. There is not the smallest doubt on my mind, and I will be allowed to have a little experience on the subject, (having nearly fallen a victim to their ferocity,) but those gloomy, fanatical, savage-looking women, whom I saw at Pope Duffield's church, if they were so ordered by their priests, would plunge a dagger in every one's heart who differed from them in opinion. Such another collection of women, doubtless, could not be raked from the earth.

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Some looking fire and faggots, and some loaded with frippery, outlooking impudence itself.

The poor-house and college I have noticed.

THE PRISON.

It always gives me pain to enter those abodes of human misery; but the public, for whom I write, exacts it, and I must go through them, cost what it may. The prison was large and secured with a high wall.* They have a keeper here, though there is none at the poor house. The keeper, however, was a mild humane man, and the prison and prison yard were neat and clean. But my heart bled, when upon asking, as I always do, upon what they were fed, I was told bread and water; and one of them, a negro, said, while the tears dried in streaks upon his cheeks, "not enough of that." This is shameful, and is the law of the state, and relates to criminals, as there is no one imprisoned for debt in Pennsylvania who gives up their property. But one would think these pious females would give those poor creatures a mouthful of cold victuals. There were several men in the yard, and two females in close prison, for some trifling crime, doubtless. I was much pleased with the keeper. There were but 21 prisoners in all.

THE ACADEMY

Is the best institution in the place; and the only one that is not ten times worse than nothing. But the moment this is known to the Popes and Cardinals it will go down, as they dread nothing more than an enlightened society.

Messrs. Skinner and Day, both yankees, are the principals of the academy. They have about 100 scholars, quite small boys, and the school under the best regulation. No people, I find, excepting the Moravians, are better qualified, or have better regulated schools than the yan-

*This is to be the Bastile when the *great struggle* is over.

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kees. Keep away the blackcoats, and the theological dens.

You find very few instructors, excepting the yankees, who understand or teach grammar or geography. Though this could not be properly called any thing but a common school, yet I was pleased to see the progress of the children, their modesty and intelligent looks—also with the principals, Messrs. Skinner and Day, both very amiable, liberal minded men. This, upon the whole, is a flourishing seminary, and promises well. If the funds of Dickinson were applied to this academy it might benefit the community. Nor can I see any good purpose in chartering these colleges, and suffering them to be filled with swarms of priests until they have become the terror of the land. I did not visit the theological college, being told it was, as usual, a den of serpents. It was a large gloomy looking building, with the windows and doors shut up like a Spanish inquisition.

On my way to Carlisle I was accompanied by two very genteel, middle aged men; one of them proved to be the wealthy Dr. P. Shoenberger of Pittsburg, at once a man of intelligence, a gentleman and a man of business. He owns the iron works in Pennsylvania which go by his name in Huntingdon county, and a great many founderies, nail and other manufactories in Pittsburg. He was accompanied by his daughter, a most interesting female, though distant in her manners. I had merely seen them a few minutes in the parlour at Harrisburg, but had not exchanged a word with them. I saw they were people of distinction, though the dummy, Wilson, had not the presence of mind to introduce me, and very probably we should never have become acquainted but for an incident in the stage, of which, from meeting with a number of such, I remembered very little till Mr. S. mentioned it at the tavern. It was, however, a sharp reprimand I gave one of the passengers for some unlicensed liberties he took in conversation. In fact it was the business of the gentlemen to have reproved him, but if they failed in that respect which every one owes to himself, it was no reason I should. The fellow was much hurt, and was silent the

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balance of the way, and I should never have thought of it again but for the Doctor, who was quite delighed with my spirit, and during the few minutes we spent together (as he only stopped for breakfast) we struck up an acquaintance. I had one of my books (in which I lashed the missionaries) in my hand, and learning it was the Blackbook, of which he had heard so much, he would have it. I was sorry I had no more for the other gentlemen, of whom we met several at the tavern. All had heard of the Black book, and all were pleased with the subject but one long black missionary fellow, he slunk out of the room, like a thief, as he was, when he discovered my name. I was truly sorry to part with Dr. S. and particularly his daughter, whom he seemed to doat upon, as well he might.

The first people I enquired for at Carlisle was the great Calender family. They had become extinct, excepting one old widow, who, I understood, was a Presbyterian, of course the name was enough for me. My next inquiry was for the Ervine family. There was one of these, who immediately called on me. I was much pleased with Mr. *John Ervine*, who was clerk of the court, and quite a gentleman. Mr. E. is a young man, low of stature, with an open, smiling countenance, very friendly and affable—he does not belong to the black-coat party, and of course rendered me (as he ought) many offices of kindness during my visit.

Honorable William Ramsey, member of Congress, also called in a few minutes after my arrival, and, in short, the whole population, excepting the black coats. These, however, few in number, were the cream of Carlisle. Mr. R. is mentioned in the 3d vol. of the Black-book, but I did not do Mr. Ramsey justice—I find he is described as having little expression of countenance, whereas he has much expression, particularly of benevolence and benignity, and altogether an amiable man.

I snatched an interval to call on my bookseller, Mr. Hoyt, and learning there was another bookstore in the place, kept by Mr. Shryock, I stepped across the street to see him; meantime the gentlemen of the town (not one

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of the ladies) generally hearing I had arrived, were searching and inquiring for me in all directions. Amongst these, Dr. W. B. Powell, M. D. followed me to Mr. Shryock's, and introduced himself. The doctor, with all the liberal gentlemen of Carlisle, had read my Black-book, and was delighted with my visit, as they were all in terror for their liberty and lives, from the unwarrantable strides of the blue-stockings. The doctor being a Kentuckian, had all the warm-hearted sympathy which we western people feel for each other when we meet in a strange place, and our pleasure was mutual as it was unexpected. He attended me through the town, and attached himself to me during my visit, and gained no little upon my esteem from his courtly manners and respectful attention. I fancy the Atlantic people, with all their advantages of schools, colleges, and missionary societies, gain no great deal by the comparison. Let this be as it may, I felt proud of the hunter of Kentucky, who proved to be a perfect gentleman, with all the high sense of honor and independence common to the western people. The doctor is a dentist by profession, and also ranks high as a physician. He is a young man, rather above common height, a fine figure, with a thin oval face, fair complexion, and soft black eyes.* Never did any one feel more at home than I did, in company with Dr. Powell.

He brought in a number of his friends—I believe every liberal man in the place, except Captain Elliot, of the Navy, who, though "he would be pleased to see me, said he was afraid of giving offence to the religious people;" for it appears they were very hostile behind my back, though they dared not face me. This conduct in Capt. E. compared with that of several others, of which I have for some time been a close observer, induces me to think that our army and navy have dwindled down into a pitiful band of poltroons, without honor or courage. It would seem they, like the missionaries, have been scraped from

* Dr. P. is a great chemist, and has made considerable discoveries in the science, several specimens of which he showed me—the most extraordinary, perhaps, ever discovered.

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the streets,* and it would take very little to induce me to believe, from what I have seen of these navy chickens latterly, that they are in league with these black-coats, or something as bad. I shall get through Carlisle after a while.

Besides the gentlemen mentioned, Messrs. H. *Gallagher*, M. W. *Biddle*, S. *McCrosky*, G. D. *Foulk*, G. *Smith*, Rev. *Ebaugh*, Hon. Judge *Lyne*, Col. *McFeely*, J. *Taylor*, Esq. and Doctors *Bedford* and *Sanderson*. The latter lived some miles out of town, and being an author himself, paid (as he ought) much deference to my Royal highness. Mr. G. is a very accomplished *young* man, with a tall fine turned figure, a fair oval face, and a soft mild blue eye.

Mr. Biddle is a relation of Mr. Biddle, President of the United States' Bank, and resembles him very much. He is young and a stout good figure, round full fair face, and very expressive countenance; he is a very amiable man, of pleasing manners, and an attorney. I was much hurt that he misunderstood me as saying something disrespectful of Mr. B. of Philadelphia, which it was impossible I could do; and how he construed it as such I am yet ignorant. In consequence of this (as I understood) he never called afterwards.

Colonel McFeely is one of the finest men in the world; he is a middle aged man, and middling height, with a full round face, pock-marked, and his countenance and manners are benevolence itself.

Judge Lyne is one of the first men in Carlisle, and though rather silent, is a man of genteel easy manners, and, from all accounts, of sterling worth. He is a middle aged man, and stoutly made, with an open manly countenance; he is also an attorney. Mr. McCroskey, likewise a lawyer, is a tall good figure, fair oval face, and bright blue eye—(Pennsylvania is remarkable for blue eyes, as

* I met Capt. E. since at Harrisburg—he is just another Falstaff. He has been living idle at Carlisle so long, and fed and pampered till he resembles a stall-fed ox, while many a poor man has been working hard to maintain him. I cannot see the use of all this. If there be no employment for those lazy hulks, why do we feed, clothe, and pay them for doing nothing? What do the people want with these stall-fed oxen? Would they fight? Afraid of a few black coats—no.

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New York is for black.) He is a young man of elegant manners, and very manly open countenance. G. D. Foulke, M. D. and Mr. G. Smith, are also very amiable and pleasant men. Rev. J. Ebaugh is pastor of the German Reformed church. I went to hear him preach while at Carlisle, and was much pleased with his delivery. He is a German, and very much like the Lutherans in his preaching and manners. He was free from those long prayers and long faces of his neighbors, easy and jocular in his manners and conversation. Nor did I hear him say a word about tract and other societies. He must be an infidel according to them—wonder they do not convert him. He has a good round honest German face, and gay open countenance. He preaches in the English language one week, and in the German the next. It was his turn to preach in English when I called—he spoke very well, had none of that hypocritical cant of the blue-skins, and, upon the whole, Mr. Ebaugh became a great favorite with me, and I would say he was an honest parson. Mr. Taylor is an Irishman gentleman of very gentlemanlike manners, a handsome person, and quite a young man; his complexion is fair, his face round and full, with a fine large full blue eye; his countenance is honest, striking, and manly.* Dr. G. Saunderson, of Mulberry farm, is an aged pleasant gentleman, and a great friend to the Greeks. He expresses his good will towards them in poetry, and brought me a specimen of his talents. I am quite sorry I have not room for the piece; and though I have neither taste nor talent for poetry, I suspect it is very fine. I was much hurt at one of the students, a little trifling fop, who endeavored to ridicule Dr. S. who is doubtless a very fine man. I ordered the student out of my room, as I make it a point never to suffer age to be treated with disrespect in my presence. This is a specimen of Dickinson.

Doctor Bedford, who kept an evening school, and Mr. Bayley, a teacher of music, also a Mr. Storton, were likewise amongst the number of those who called to pay their respects, and very agreable and pleasant; and lastly,

* This gentl eman, if I am not mistaken, is now in this city.

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my greatest favorite, Mr. Wightman, an editor—I do not remember the name of his paper, although I saw it often enough, he having published a letter of mine in it, called the Carlisle letter, which flew over the State like wild fire. I admire Mr. W. for his independence, the only man in Carlisle who dare say his life is his own;* but he and I, between us, gave old mother Dickinson a foretaste of what she was shortly to sup on to the full—she, too, will doubtless have recourse to a little London particular, or perhaps Champaign. While conversing with Mr. W. one evening, I observed, "it was by the cowardice and bad management of the press, that these black-coats had become so rank and formidable in Carlisle: now, if I were to draw the attention of the public by an exposition of its vices in the papers, not one of you would dare publish it." "You are much mistaken," said Mr. W. "I dare publish any thing you dare write," and so it appeared, as he published a letter I addressed to him shortly afterwards, for which he gained great applause. I saw the letter in several papers afterwards, traversing the State in all directions. The Rev. Mr. Dwen, the Catholic priest, I had not the pleasure of seeing. I am told, however, he is quite a gentleman, of a humane benevolent disposition, free and easy in his manners, and much esteemed in Carlisle.

After leaving Carlisle, I received information that "Rev. McClelland, professor of belles lettres, &c. &c. was very sorry he did not know I was in Carlisle, (or rather that I left it sooner than he had expected,) as he intended to have called on me, and that he was much displeased with the conduct of President Niel and Professor Vetake." All this was not my fault—I was there four days; and why a *gentleman*, particularly a professor of *belles lettres*, should put that off to the last which he ought to have done first, remains for the world to judge

*There is another editor in Carlisle, a Mr. Underwood, a very independent man by the way. I admired his paper much, and though he did tell a few fibs upon me, (which my friends resented,) I like his editorial part very well; he does not appear to fear old mother Dickinson at all, though I suspect she pulled his ears for the liberty he took with her about me.

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of the refinement of Carlisle. The "hunters of Kentucky," and even the Mohawk *squaw* herself, could teach them better on that subject.* I should have expected he would have sent the Colonel, at the head of her troops, to welcome me to his borough.

In justice to Mr. McClelland, he is well spoken of by all classes in Carlisle, and I regret not having seen him. I am surprised a man of his reputation would associate with such men as are now attached to Dickinson.

I saw a number of the liberal portion of the students, who, though they did not evince that improvement generally found in other colleges, were promising in their appearance, genteel in their manners, sprightly and entertaining, and bestowed upon me all the honor a going at Dickinson. These were, however, principally of the junior and sophomore class, who appeared to be gentlemen's sons, from the politeness and etiquette of their proceedings. They, in the first place, sent a committee to wait on me "to know when it would be agreeable for me to receive the salutations and welcome of the students of Dickinson college." I replied that evening, and they accordingly called, to the amount of about thirty very fine modest youths. The committee, to their honor, were Messrs. J. and T. T. Van Bibber, (brothers) of Frederick

* There appears no longer any doubt of Mr. Watterston, the Librarian of Congress, having gone over to the Black-coats! Going into the library the other day to search for some information on the subject of this volume, Watterston was very insolent, and even hostile in his language; ordered me out of the library, called me a squaw, alluding to my having been reared amongst the Indians—the *Scotch* TORY, no squaw ever sold her king for a GROAT. I have since found (as I am always upon the watch) suspicious persons—to be plain, Presbyterians—in the library, whispering to Watterston, with all the appearance of traitors and spies. Upon challenging one of these *break-leg* fellows, Mr. W. said, "*hold your jaw.*" He has not improved much latterly—a squaw would not have used a more vulgar phrase. "But, Mrs. R. Mr. Watterston was once your hobby—you liked W. once." True, but he has since turned a traitor to his country.

And, by the way, I find these traitors thickening in the city since the new President has taken his seat, and not only in the city, but round his person. The Lutherans of Pennsylvania, who promoted his election, will not like to hear this. I have great confidence in the integrity of the President, but it is a duty I owe to the public to put them upon their guard against this dangerous sect. It is no harm to watch them.

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county, Maryland, T. K. Bull, of Chester county, Pennsylvania, William H. Davis, Hagerstown, Maryland, S. Allen, —— Blackburn, place not in the catalogue, and S. Traquire, of Philadelphia. These were promising modest youths, and quite gentleman-like, and respectful in deportment. But what I admired in them was a disposition to kindness and friendship—I never saw an evidence of more—they are perfect enthusiasts in friendship. This trait, however, is peculiar to Pennsylvania. Poor things, kind looks and words were all they had to bestow, as the old maids pick them like geese to spread the gospel. Besides the committee, Messrs. James L. Fisher, Philadelphia, E. C. Humes, Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, E. J. Lowry, do., P. N. Meade, Frederick county, Maryland; J. C. Spayd, Reading, H. H. Muhlenberg, do., James Noble, M.D. Carlisle, A. and W. Ramsey, do., W. White, of Philadelphia, and Augustus Shulze, rather excelled. This, however, may be mere fancy, and I would be the last to forestal genius, of which there appears, in the countenance of the whole of them, a superabundance, much more than is found north of Pennsylvania. They seemed to lack nothing but cultivation and example to render them useful members of society. I was much pleased with Mr. James L. Fisher, of Philadelphia, who proved to be a nephew of Robert Vaux, Esq. of that city; he was about sixteen years of age, and an artist, it appears, by nature; his countenance displays uncommon genius and fire, and doubtless, if he lives, will do honor to the American pencil, he being a limner. The saucy rogue took my likeness before I knew it, and I should not have cared at all about it, had he not have hit off my old flop bordered cap so exactly. I wondered at his assurance, but the little rogue saw I loved him for the sake of his uncle, and rolled his black eye at me as unconcerned as though he had done nothing at all.

An octavo would not contain the complaints, anecdotes, and letters, I received for the last two years, inclusive, relative to this modern Sodom. But I have already extended the article on Carlisle to a length comparatively

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long, and shall notice but a few of them, principally of the wicked oppression and hypocrisy of Pope D.

The Sunday I spent at Carlisle was communion day, and he (as I was informed, for I did not go till night) refused to administer the sacrament but upon certain conditions, which are contained in the following extract:

"On the Sunday you were here, was communion in the Presbyterian church. Captain Elliott informs me that, on that day, and upon that occasion, no one was permitted to partake, without first taking a vow, or oath, that they would discountenance, take no part in, and use their influence to put down, and keep down, balls, parties, &c. also, that they would give of their substance, while they lived, to support the missionary cause."

Going a little further than the Pope. As this den of thieves gives law to Pennsylvania, (except the Germans,) and are in a fair way to give laws (with a vengeance) to the whole United States, we will exhibit a few more pious doings of Pope D. that the people at large may learn the character of their new masters:

In 1822, a Mr. Bullock, and wife, (both very old,) were in the habit of going to the Presbyterian church; finally they were called upon to pay their pew rent, which their indigence would not enable them to do. The account was put in the hands of a constable, who was a Methodist, to collect. Upon discovering their extreme poverty, he would not take what little they had in the house, but went to the Rev. G. D. and stated their indigent situation, and further stated, that he thought they had better *drop that*, as it would distress the man to collect it. Geo. Duffield replied, that he should collect every cent, or pay it himself; that he would not *drop* it. The old man's things were sold; they came upon the borough for support, and both were in the poor-house when I was there. If this be not religion with a "vengeance to it," I know not what is.

Another instance of the same kind took place not long since, within a few miles of this place, in which instance the collector was a member of the same church; but rather than distress the poor, he paid the debt and with-

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drew from the church, and said that "he wanted no such religion." This man was a christian.

Many of the Presbyterians here have said that they would consider themselves disgraced to have me speak well of them. The Rev. D. told a gentleman of Carlisle, a few days since, that I was doing more mischief than any other person in the United States.

He had better serve me as Hecock of Burlington intended to do, or as his pious students were about to serve the steward.* More anecdote:

A few days since, the Rev. D. called upon Mr. U., editor, to subscribe to the bible society. Mr. U. in reply, asked him if there was any family in town without a bible; and, if so, to send the person or persons to him, and he would supply them. The Rev. G. D. then observed, that such a practice would prove a heavy tax upon him. Well, then, said Mr. U. send me half a dozen, and I will furnish them, and let every other family do the same that is as able to do it as I am, and there will soon be no family in town without a bible.

Such charity did not answer the reverend gentleman's purpose, and he soon departed.

The poor children go barefooted here in winter. I saw several at this early time, November 11th, with the blood running out of their feet! and, to vary the scene, I had the pleasure of seeing the dwarf Miss *Clark* at Carlisle.

It is generally known she has a brother also a dwarf, about her size, and both support themselves by singing and exhibiting their persons. The brother, I was told, was very dissipated, was then sick from intemperance, and in the hospital at Philadelphia. She was a pretty little light figured, neat formed old maid, about 30 years of age, 28, or something like that. She was about the height of a child of five years old, and elegantly shaped, conversed very intelligent, and sung delightfully.

My tavern-keeper, Heaven knows his heart, but I should take him to be a sly Holy Willy sort of a man,

* I have this moment heard of them stopping the mail by force of arms, in New Jersey. Good, give them more rope.

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though, in justice to him, he keeps a good house, very fine servants, and I spent my time very comfortably at his tavern, though there were three beds in my parlor!!! told it was the fashion in Carlisle.

It was amusing to hear him tell the people at his tavern, who were standing before the door chatting, (on the holy sabbath) "to come in the house till the people would go by to church." Think he believes in a God? I should think he did not. *Postmaster* Mr. Lamberton was a clever good looking man—no blue-skin about him; also my bookseller, Mr. *Hoyt*—he was free from the blues too, and sold a few lottery tickets, but the greatest coward in the world; he trembled and turned pale from fright when he heard me address any one in his store. See what priestcraft has been able to do in one little spot in about twenty years—every one afraid to speak above their breath, and so melancholly and dejected. Shocking! what a mistaken notion it is for people to bend to these tyrants for fear of loosing custom. If you wish to be respected, assert your rights, defend *them*, and let every thing else go; for what is wealth without liberty? The tyrant himself is awed into respect by independence; see how they run and hide from me! Apropos, I must not forget Honorable Judges Reed and Gibson, who both reside in Carlisle. I met Judge Reed on my way to his house; he saluted me very friendly, and as my business was merely to see him, he walked on with me towards the tavern, but having some business at my bookseller's, I stepped in there; after attending me to a chair, Judge Reed went out, and brought in Judge Gibson, to whom he introduced me. It is needless, after this specimen of their politeness, it would be useless, to say more of them as gentlemen. I had understood, or at least I had heard before, and since, that both these gentlemen were rigid blue-skins, but I saw nothing like it in their looks or conversation—they were both stout young lookmg men, particularly Judge G. and had all the appearance of gentlemen, free and easy in their carriage, and friendly in conversation. They did not call on me, as court was in session, and every one knows the duties of a judge both

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in and out of court. Had mother Dickinson behaved herself with half the politeness of these judges, her and I would not have gone to loggerheads, as we did, for I never take any thing upon hearsay.

HISTORY.

Carlisle is one of the oldest towns in the State, and was originally laid out under the proprietary government of the Penn family, and ornamented, formerly, with extensive commons, which have, within *thirty* years, been sold.

Carlisle is the only town I have seen in the State without a Jackson pole.

About the same time in the morning I arrived at Carlisle from Harrisburg, I took my departure for Chambersburg. Some of my kind friends (I suspect the hunter of Kentucky) paid my bill, or some of the masons, brothers every where; and, from that day to this, I never knew what it was. I should call this *piety*, charity, &c.

Now for another treat of beauty and wealth. All these wealthy towns and the thickly settled part of Pa. lies on the southern edge of the state. This is owing entirely to the circumstance of the western road having been run by the armies prior to 1762 through the towns of Lancaster, Carlisle and Bedford, and thence to Pittsburg.

For the purpose of turning the tide of settlers from this old channel into the unsettled parts of the state, (also fertile in lands,) another road has been made, called the Northern rout, which I design to travel back from Pittsburg. It runs through Huntingdon, Lewistown, &c.

Shortly after leaving Carlisle we cross the Blue Mountain, which is quite low, but affords a grand view of the rich valley behind us, Carlisle, and the mountains beyond it. This is the most extensive view of rich farms I have met with in the State. To say the country is rich and the improvements beautiful would scarcely convey any idea of it—the appearance cannot be conveyed by language. It has all the fertility and wealth of Lancaster

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county in addition to the mountain scenery, than which it is impossible for any thing to exceed it in beauty. We arrived at

CHAMBERSBURG

About dinner-time, 31 miles from Carlisle. There were several men in the stage; (women do not travel much in Pennsylvania,) one was a Mr. Underwood, to whom I was introduced by my friends of Carlisle as we entered the stage.

What my friends told him previously I do not know; they merely said to me at the moment, "Mr. Underwood will take care of you madam." "Yes madam," said the gentleman, "I will attend to you with pleasure," and never did a man fulfil a promise more faithfully, nor do I ever recollect to have received such marked respect and studied attention from a stranger. He lived in Greensburg, where I had the pleasure of again meeting him. But this day we were doomed to part to my great regret. There was another man from Ohio, whom I took for a missionary, and the poor fellow had to suffer my whole artillery, just from one silly word which escaped him. It was something about the election: He happened to say it was a good thing to have a religious President. From the boasting of the blueskins about President Jackson's piety, I took it he was a blackcoat, and I laid it on to him till the poor fellow shed tears, and told me he had nothing to do with tracts. I gave him my hand, and we were good friends the balance of the way—Underwood never interfered. Chambersburg is the ancient *Conocoheague*, which name I remembered well from a child. At that time I lived in Westmoreland county, Pa. and never knew what became of Conocoheague till this day. I found it in Chambersburg—both long names. When they did alter the name I wish they had given it a shorter one, for it tires my pen—my hand I mean—to get to the end of either. But we of old cut it very short, we pronounced it *Conogogig*! It appears there used to be a fort of that name at this place, which took its name

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from a stream upon which Chambersburg now stands, which took its last name from a gentleman by the name of Chambers, and why they could not call it Chambers without the burg, or Burg without the Chambers, I should like to know. But to resume, as soon as I heard the old names, Bedford, Sideling Hill, Laurel Hill, Chesnut Ridge, Alleghany, Juniatta, (Greensburg was not then in being,) Legonier, Conemaugh, Loyalhanna, &c. &c. suddenly popped into my head. I remembered too, when the packhorses used to travel by our residence to Pittsburg by hundreds, with their bells gingling, and scores of us little ones used to elope from the forts and sit by the road side to await the arrival of the packhorses, being fond of the music of the bells, and the men would occasionally stop and relate the wonders of the way.

The presant generation have scarcely any idea of the privations and trouble of settling the country—no such thing as salt had we for three months at one time, and as for sugar we could make enough of that from the trees, but for tea we drank the johnsworth, and pinned our clothes (when we had any) with thorns, and I have had a great love for thorns ever since. I do not recollect of seeing a *pin* to know what is was till I was nearly as large as I am now, and as I did not know the use, I did not know the want of them.

Chambersburg is the capital of Franklin county 157 miles west from Philadelphia upon the Conocoheague (a most romantic stream) at the junction of another stseam equally a curiosity. It contains a court-house, a jail, a poor-house, a market-house, three churches, a bank, three printing offices and about 4000 inhabitants. It is situated in a different valley from Carlisle, being about midway between the North and South or Blue Mountains. It is however, if possible, in a richer soil, is a very flourishing business town, and promises to rival the first towns in the state. It has great resources in water privilegs, and is one of the loveliest and most romantic spots on the globe. There is a spring about two miles from Chambersburg, of which I was apprised by Governor Shulze. This spring is a great natural curiosity.

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It uniformly keeps the same thing and puts various machinery into operation. It never freezes, overflows, or goes dry, it approaches the Conococheague nearly in the centre of the town and precipitates its waters into it down a perpendicular steep in a broad sheet of about 12 or 14 feet fall; and to add to the novelty, there are several mills just above the junction, and the ingenious proprietors stop this sheet or let it flow when they please. When the mills are not going the stream flows, and when they go it is turned another course to the wheels. But when flowing over the precipice, which it does on Sundays, it forms a most beautiful cascade, and roars very loud.

This stream furnishes water for a woollen manufactory, a cotton manufactory, a paper mill, an oil mill, a brewery, and two grist mills, all within a few steps of each other, and near the main street. Besides these, Chambersburg owns a foundry, a cutlery manufactory, and tilting mill.

The cutlery was quite a curiosity to me, having never seen it manufactured before. The articles consist mostly of edged tools, which are finished in superior style, and are said to be in great demand. I saw them making adzes, drawing-knives, hatchets, hammers, &c. They are made by first heating the iron in a furnace, and shaping them, while hot, on an anvil; they are then taken to another shop, and ground to a sharp edge, which is done by water; they are then conveyed to another shop, where they are polished, also done by water; this finishes the piece. All is done in the same building; it has six furnaces and 20 hands, at $20 per month, has a capital of $10,000, and is calculated to employ 60 hands when properly in operation, it having but just commenced. It is the property of Messrs. Medway, Dunlop, and Shugel, very enterprising men.

It appears all these manufactories have just burst into being. The people seem just to have awakened from a long dream, and the beauty of it is, the raw materials for all these articles, excepting cotton, abounds in the neighborhood, and why they never thought of it before is sur-

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prising. I suspect some Yankee pointed out these bounties of nature, for Jonathan travels sometimes, and is very discerning as respects water-power.

Thus Chambersburg seems to be upon the high road to wealth and opulence, as well as on the great road to Pittsburg. But I am quite provoked at them for changing the name—I was partial to *Conogogig*.

I could obtain no information respecting the woollen factory; it is hardly in operation, only a few looms being finished. They have, however, finished several pieces of cloth, but the proprietor, a Mr. Chambers, does not seem to possess either mind or enterprise enough to carry on the business—I only found one boy at the spinning, and that was done by the hand. The looms were not going at all; nor did I see any thing like business about the building, which is very well adapted to the purpose. The cloth is fulled in the same building, the only part of the business that was in operation, and the spinning. I sat down a while to look at the boy, and asked him "why the looms were not in operation?" he said "they did not care much about it till they had all the looms ready." The cloth was firm and good, though not very fine. They do not manufacture the cotton into cloth at all, that is, they only spin the cotton, and sell it to the people much faster than they can spin it. The cotton factory is conducted by an English gentleman, whose son it was I saw spinning at the other factory. He was a singular man, with a rough exterior, but a man of superior genius, taste, and reading. He was covered all over with cotton, but the moment he saw me, he snatched a book which I had in my hand, and began to devour it. His name is Thomas Wharton, Esq. a most useful and excellent man.

STRAW PAPER.

But the greatest wonder of this fertile town is the manufacturing of paper out of common straw. The mill where it is made belongs to Mr. G. A. Shryock, whose father I had seen at Carlisle. Mr. Shryock purchased the patent-right of the inventer for a certain district of

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country, and had but recently commenced the manufactory. The paper is of a yellowish color, and very strong in texture, more so than the common brown paper. It is made in large sheets, is very thin and smooth, and has a great advantage over the common brown wrapping paper, inasmuch as the ink does not spread on it as it does on brown paper. The writing on the former is as fair and legible as though it were written on the best letter paper. This paper will doubtless be in great demand when its properties are known as wrapping paper, for which it answers a better purpose than any paper made from rags.

Being curious to know how so singular a discovery was made, Mr. Shryock informed me that the inventer, whose name I do not recollect, followed the pursuit of making salt-petre. It is generally understood that the earth, from which salt-petre is made, is put into a hopper similar to those used in mills, or running ley, for soap. In the bottom of these hoppers, as in the case of running ley, from ashes, straw is used, to cause the water poured on the earth to run clear. This man was in the habit of chewing the straw after it had been used in this manner, merely to pass off the time, or without thinking, perhaps, of what he was doing at the time. But at length, from a certain acid it contained, he grew fond of it. Finding the straw, by long chewing, became gluey in his mouth, he had the curiosity to inspect it, and spreading it on his hand, found it to adhere in a close solid mass, by a slimy or glutinous substance, and found it to adhere in an unbroken sheet, howsoever thin it might be spread; and from this he conceived the idea of making paper, which will doubtless save him, in future, from the drudgery of making salt-petre. Mr. Schryock also manufactures other and very fine paper at his mill, which being some distance, and I being very lame, I did not visit.

Chambersburg is quite a museum. Another curiosity is a bridge over the Conococheague, just finished. It is built on a single inlined arch of 75 feet cord! the greatest in the United States! and quite an ornament to the town. The masonry of the work is executed in a superior style,

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both for beauty and strength. It is a short way above another bridge, on the main street; from this last, the new bridge, from its symmetry and great height from the water, exhibits a most astonishing display of beauty and ingenuity. The name of the gentleman who planned and built it is Silas *Harry*, Esq. a man of fine appearance, and much esteemed in the place.

It has already been observed, that Conococheague is a romantic stream. It is a deep small river, or rather creek, confined to its channel by steep rocky shores, studded with cedar and willows of uncommon wildness, particularly above the main street, and below it assumes a perfect contrast. Amidst these rocks and wild groves of cedar the new bridge is seen, and thence, down its shores, stand a row of high manufacturing buildings; at an angle with these, on the *spring* stream, stand another row of mills, &c. You may therefore stand in the same spot and see the Conococheague bursting in sight, through the wildest rocks and thickly tufted evergreens, bridges, mills, dams, manufactories, stores, streets, churches, &c. on one side; on the other side, the spring stream, deep and silent, stealing along through a flat rich grove of locusts, crab-apple, bowers, rose-trees, and shrubberies, grass plats and gardens! added to the roaring and thundering of the machinery, it is hardly possible to conceive a scene more variegated—it affords matter of delight alike to the man of taste and the man of business.

Chambersburg is principally settled by Germans, of course there is not much priestcraft there, and yet there is too much, and is increasing—all, or mostly all, who are called English, go the whole length of tracts and other swindling societies, and night is their time. I find, too, that, upon drawing near the south, (as Chambersburg is near the line of Maryland,) there is a visible change in society, one part rising higher, and the other sinking lower, than in other parts of the State. The females are proud, lazy, affected, and dressy, and old maids, by the gross or dozen, as you like, and every one of these counts a missionary. I find old maids are mostly missionary ladies—the servants and kitchens are not so neat, nor have

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the females the same modesty and innocence of countenance on this road as further north. There is, however, a great deal of hospitality, taste, and learning, in Chambersburg—the bar, particularly, stands high, I should think the ablest in the state. The females are very handsome, fair, well shaped, and sprightly; the children of Chambersburg are exemplary, intelligent, modest, and respectful in their manners. I was particularly struck with the children; they were entirely free from that brass and impudence too common in towns. This is the first town in the Atlantic country that deserves the remark, or that you are not stared at and gawked out of countenance by rude children.

I put up, as I was recommended, at H. Snyder's tavern, a good portly black looking German. I was partial to Germans, and gave them the preference. Mrs. Snyder, and three or four daughters, were clever enough; I had a comfortable room, and was well attended.

It was court week, and the old man was trigged up in his best coat and hat, which last had some two or three yards of black crape swinging to it—he was all bows and palavering, but I soon discovered he lived too near the south to be an honest ingenious German. He went to Carlisle before I left his house, and boasted there (to please the black-coats, doubtless,) that "he had left orders at home to have me well charged." He little thought I had friends listening to him at the time, who very soon apprized me of his knavish design. His wife, however, took the wisest course, and charged me quite a moderate bill, and but for her sake, I would advise every traveller to avoid his house—such men do not deserve patronage. Were he not a fool, had he known his interest, he would have charged me nothing.

The stage-house was kept by a *black-coat*, but I liked appearances there very well, and they have a great run, while the Snyders', (there are two adjoining) get no custom worth naming.

Shortly after getting out of the stage dinner was announced, and, upon going into the dining room, I found about half a dozen rather indifferent looking men, though some were country lawyers. Snyder had the politeness

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to name them to me one by one, and was particular in introducing one of them, a genteel looking man, whom he called *Dunlap*. Mr. Dunlap proved to be the great lawyer of that name, already mentioned as one of the proprietors of the cutlery manufactory. He had a family, lived hard by, and, beyond doubt, had no other business there but to see my ladyship. He is a very eccentric man, which soon proved visible; he took his seat opposite to me, and eyed me very attentively, without seeming to eat; and after a long pause, raising his eyes, and dropping them again, he observed, "you are a very small woman Mrs. R., I expected to have found you a very large woman." I made some reply, which I do not recollect, and he said no more for some time, but kept his eye on me. After another long pause, he asked, "which way are you travelling now, Mrs. R.?" I told him "I was making the tour of the State, which doubtless he must know from the papers;" he never said another word, and I treated him with very little ceremony, and I am afraid rudely; but imagine my surprise, upon going to see the great wealthy Dunlap next day, to find the same man! He and I both laughed it off—I suspect he had seen the hoax in the papers of my being Morgan in disguise.

Mr. Dunlap is a young, tall, good looking man, with reddish hair, rather a small face, not remarkably handsome, or the contrary; his eye is a pale blue, his countenance open and ingenuous, and his manners, as the fit takes him, sometimes familiar and frank, and sometimes diffident and distant. He is, upon the whole, a very fine man, distinguished as a lawyer and for goodness of heart, and owns large possessions.

I had a letter of introduction to Mr. *Crawford*, member of Congress elect, but, as he was engaged in court, I did not send for him till court adjourned. It was, however, late before Mr. C. called, from his pressure of business, but I found him a very amiable friendly man; he gave me a cordial welcome, and every assurance I could ask of his friendship and regard. Mr. C. is also a member of the bar, and was in deep affliction when he called on me, on account of his mother-in-law, who was then dying.

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She died, and was buried, while I was there. I therefore feel under great obligations to Mr. C. for his polite attention; it was a mark of respect I ought not to have expected at such a time. Mr. Crawford is quite a young looking man, tall and slender, with a thin fair face and a piercing black eye; his countenance is placid and humane, and his manners those of a perfect gentleman. He is said to be a man of taste and talents, and will doubtless discharge the trust reposed in him by the people with honor and fidelity.

Mr. *Washington*, likewise of the bar, is amongst our best looking men, and is doubtless a man of abilities. I should think Pennsylvania need not go abroad to seek for her judges, or at any time for talent. Here in this little spot is a constellation of talent. Mr. Washington* is a tall, spare, keen made, young looking man, very handsome, though delicate features, and a black eye of eagle keenness; his manners are lofty, dignified, and chaste, and his countenance serene and steady. I should make a wide distinction between him and any *horn-flint* Yankee; and forsooth, instead of appointing one of these liberal intelligent men judge of the court, whom should we find head judge again, but another double forged blue-skin. I am sorry I do not know whence those judges derive office; *there* lies the fault.

I addressed a note to his honor Judge *Thomas*, (as he lived some distance from town,) stating I wished to see him at the tavern, if perfectly convenient. The judge was on the bench: the note was handed to him—no answer! nor did he call. Now, for his own sake, for that respect which every man, who lays claim to the character of a gentleman, owes to himself, he ought at least to have replied to the note, as he might even, at a rough guess, suppose I knew something of civility, if not etiquette—common sense (if he had any) ought to have dictated that, as a judge, I would expect him to be upon a par with common gentlemen. This man, a few days since, came out with a long piece in fa-

* Sorry I do not happen to know the christian name of any of the gentlemen.

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vor of tracts, and in support of Sunday schools.† Mark that, ye Germans, who are making such a pother about Jackson and liberty! Better watch nearer home: what is the use of singing a long song about Jackson and liberty, when ye suffer these black-coats to beguile it in the face of the world?

Mr. G. *Chambers*, another member of the bar, if any thing, exceeds those who have gone before. He certainly does possess the manners of the highest class of gentlemen. I received a complimentary note from Mr. G. C. which none but the most finished courtier could have written. He is a grandson of the Chambers who first settled Chambersburg, and will doubtless hand down the name unsullied to posterity. He is likewise a man of young appearance, plain, but very dignified manners, and his countenance displays unquestionable evidence of superior genius and talent.

Of Mr. J. *Chambers* I cannot speak so favorably.

Mr. *Denny*, another of the corps, appears to have descended from another distinguished family, also a young and very handsome man. His person and features are quite interesting, and his countenance and conversation prove him in no way inferior to his brethren of the bar, and in his manners still more affable and prepossessing. Seeing him the morning after my introduction, which was simply by leaving a book on his table, he observed, with much astonishment, "until I saw your book, Mrs. R. I thought Dr. Ely an angel, a perfect angel." Had Mr. D. been an ignorant man, my book would have been lost upon him; but it is impossible to impose on people of information—I am only sorry it has not the same effect on every one who reads it. They must be blind, indeed, who cannot see that Dr. E. is a traitor of the blackest die, thus to cloak his treason under the mask of the christian religion. He thought to get immediate possession of the great wealth of those honest industrious Germans, and make them slaves; but Pennsylvania was not to be taken

† We met, after this, at Bedford, and some one saying he was one of my favorite fraternity, I gave him my hand, and conceited if I did not, I saw repentance in his soft black eye; but I told him to give up the tracts and Sunday schools.

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by surprise, and doubtless he has done his business (I mean for the General Assembly) forever.

Mr. Frederick *Smith*, another gentleman of the bar, is of common size and good figure, and likewise a young man. He is rather diffident, but a perfect gentleman in his manners, and ranks equally high with his brethren. His complexion is rather dark, but his features are proportionable, and his mild blue eye and open countenance beam with good nature and good sense.

Mr. *Findlay*, another lawyer, and the son of Governor Findlay, is also eminent as a gentleman and an attorney, and distinguished for politeness and friendly manners; he is likewise young, of stout make, and handsome appearance; his face is round and fair, and his features good, with a mild full eye.

Messrs. Jasper *Brady* and *McCullough*, also of the bar, I had not the pleasure to see.

There is a bar for you!! Remote from noise, fashion, schools, and colleges, at the base of the mountains, on the skirt of the State, greatly superior to that of Philadelphia, allowing for the difference of population, and yet it is scarcely known! I should think it one of the first law schools!

The physicians of Chambersburg are no less distinguished for learning and talents, and rank equally high as gentlemen! Of these I had but a moment's interview, nor did I see them all for want of time.

Doctors Culbertson, Lane, and Fahnestock, were all I had the pleasure to see. To say one excelled another would be doing them injustice, being alike amiable and gentleman-like men.

I regret much that my means and pursuits deprive me of all the pleasure derived from society, and but for which my tours would be as pleasing as they are perfect drudgeries. It was a mere accident I saw Dr. Lane, and never was a more pleasant rencounter. Dr. Lane is a brother-in-law of my *friend* and favorite Mr. *Hansen*, of Georgetown, D. C. and much such another man—many expressions of kindness, therefore, passed between me

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and Dr. L. The Doctor is a young man, with a fair face and friendly open countenance, and a mild soft blue eye.

But I could fill a volume and not go out of Chambersburg. There are Messrs. *Heyser*, *Ruby*, *Hetick*, J. *Brown*, *Wray*, half a score of *Fahnestocks*, and George A. *Madera*—the latter of the cutlery firm; also *Calhoon*, of the bank. To describe these as they really are, admitting it possible, would extend, as I said, to a volume; nor would it be pleasing to them, as "conscious virtue is its own reward." I must say of the gentlemen, at least, (I saw, but did not become acquainted with many females,) that Chambersburg, to the population, is behind *no* town, if it does not exceed any in the United States, in talent and polished manners, so far as respects the gentlemen.

The females, I am sorry to say, are here, as elsewhere, excepting, always, the Germans, too much under the dominion of missionaries, which is paying a poor compliment to their understanding—of course they are *ignorant*, *proud*, *haughty*, uncharitable, and scornful. Mrs. *Dunlop* is a very fine woman, very affable, and quite a beauty, but she did not like the masons, the worst thing about her; and I will venture to say her dislike did not arise from her personal knowledge of any misconduct on their part.

The Miss Dennys called on me once, sisters of the gentleman mentioned a few pages back. They were handsome and intelligent, but were rather partial to the missionaries. Those rogues, I find, are fond of beauties—what taste they have! A gentleman, one of the first in the place, informed that all his authority over his wife had been exerted in vain to prevent her from herding with them, and giving money; and that he was certain, if she found my book, she would burn it. We have arrived at a lamentable state, indeed—that our women should have such a paramount *taste* for such a set of insolent, ignorant, lazy, monkish, bold, impudent, sturdy beggars, it is preposterous and degrading to the last degree, and every *sober* woman ought to be ashamed of it—no wonder there are so many old maids. Whenever I see these missionary ladies, I think of the "half papoose, half missionary."

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Since I find my sex so lost to shame, I will show them no mercy—"I am an enemy to religion"—I do not know who would not (that had three grains of sense) be an enemy to such a religion as that. I have just heard of another scheme, called *anxious meetings*—this bungs all the rest, but of this further on.*

My booksellers and my editors, in which last there appears to be a mutual claim: I claim them—they claim me. My bookseller is the same who manufactures the straw paper, *Mr. Shryock*; and though one of the best of men, he had sold but a few of my books. This was, doubtless, not his fault. No reading here but missionary books. Mr. Shryock walked with me to Mr. Harper's, a good natured, half German half Englishman, and a relative to R. G. Harper of famous memory. Mr. H. gave me the right hand of fellowship, and we were as intimate in a second as though we had been acquainted for years. Mr. H. *is* a small, light figure, of middle age, and one of the best disposed men in the world—easy, mild and good natured. He says, "Now you will expect a puff—I shall not puff you. What makes the editors puff you so much?—it just spoils you. What could I say!—nothing left for me to say—get along." His soft blue eye was moistened all the while, and his face displayed the most striking evidence of ingenuous benevolence. My reply to him may easily be guessed, as I never sought praise. Before I left the place, however, I saw a very neat and a very chaste notice in his paper. He took rather a middle ground in politics. There was a warm Jackson editor in the place, a very young but genteel friendly man. He committed a great mistake in his notice, which he had the politeness to correct. He said I was unfriendly to the masons. I am sorry I do not recollect his name.

I called twice on the other editor, who publishes a German and English paper, but never had the fortune to find him in.

I suspect it was merely for their amusement they sent me to Judge *Riddle*, one of the most abominable wild

* I saw a paper stating the amount paid by these Chambersburg ladies in one year—it amounted to some thousands.

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beasts imaginable in human shape. I met him at his own door, which he shut in my face and made his exit down the steps, growling like a bear. He is a hopeful convert for a judge. He is not a judge now, but I would as soon think of making a judge of a horse as such an uncouth illiterate animal as he was.

The Post-office seemed to be badly conducted. I never found the Postmaster in, though it is a distributing office.

Mr. Findlay, the former member of congress, keeps a tavern in Chambersburg, and being partial to the name from having seen the much admired Mr. Findlay of Westmoreland, (who I believe was a relation,) I called to pay my respects to him. I met him at his door, and after saluting, mentioned my motives in calling to see him, and being much fatigued I sat down upon a bench I found on one side of his door. He sat down also and chatted dryly, but never asked me to walk in his house, or any thing of the sort. He is quite a grum-looking man, and I should think he was well superseded. His barkeeper was more vulgar than himself, and both are of the true brimstone race.* Such I found my old Conococheague, a most delightful spot.

HISTORY.

The settlement of this town was begun about the year 1745, and as late as 1758 was known as Conococheague Fort, which stood on the west bank of the Conococheague. The proprietor of this town was the grandfather of the present family of Chambers, who still reside there, and continue to receive annual ground rents from every holder of a lot.

At this place a well was lately discovered several feet below the surface of the ground, neatly walled and in

*I have just heard he is appointed Postmaster in Chambersburg---a very injudicious one indeed. I should, with all deference to our new Postmaster General, have preferred an *honest* German. Our people do not seem to be aware of the worth of those incorruptible Germans.

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good order. No one can give any account of it, nor can it be traced to any of the present inhabitants, and is doubtless one of those many vestiges of former inhabitants.

On a cold raw afternoon I left this pleasant town to encounter the Tuscarora or North Mountain—three good farmer-looking men in the stage. This is always pleasant, as nothing relieves the hardships of travelling so much as pleasant company.

We passed through several handsome farms, however, and had delightful views, but the stage was so closed in by thick cloth that it obstructed the view.

It began to rain by the time we reached the mountain, and the front of the stage being open, it proved unpleasant.

Two of the farmers were from Ohio, whence they had moved, some years back, from the neighborhood, and both were Germans—one an old and the other a young man, son-in-law to the former. The old man was very pleasant and sensible, and pointed out the difference in the land in Pennsylvania and Ohio with rather more than partiality to the latter. He was thickly clad, but still suffered from the keen air of the mountain, as well as myself. He said "dem missionaries did come out dere aready, and make a great prain' 'mong de vimens, but da never got much from him—he did not like dem lazy fellers."

The road does not proceed direct over the mountain, but winds in zigzag, like our back-woods fences. But the scenery as you approach the top, which we happened to do before it grew dark, affords a view of mountain scenery of which I had no conception. The Tuscarora being the highest moutain I ever was on, we had a splendid view of the Blue Mountain behind us. Chambersburg and the fertile valley in which it lies, all are seen to great advantage. The Blue Mountain particularly is seen stretching in a bold line to a great distance each way, and then the rich valley. The eye of taste is gratified to the full.

Upon looking in front you have frightful crags and precipices, covered with stunted pine, and the cold was ex-

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tremo. We passed a solitary stone house on the side of the mountain, situated in a pile of rocks. It was inhabited, and the people who lived there (doubtless live by the road) looked comfortable. We passed another large tavern, on the top of the mountain, where we saw a great number of wagons.

M'CONNELSTOWN,

Or McConnelsburg, is at the foot of the mountain, which is 8 miles across, 4 miles up and 4 miles down. I was so pierced with the cold that I would gladly have stopped at the tavern on the mountain had I been sure of a conveyance in the morning.* We were but a short time, however, running down, and the comforts that awaited me were such that I soon forgot my cares—for a better house or a better man than Col. Lindsey, who kept it, could not be found—unmatched in kindness and unequalled in generosity. I found a blazing fire, a warm heart, a warm supper and a comfortable fire in my chamber. Col. L. is one of the proprietors of the line, a native of Pennsylvania, but spent most of his life at sea amongst the yankees, and was, like myself, partial to the yankees. Col. Lindsey is a stout man, rather under middle age, with a noble, fine figure and dark complexion, but the finest eye ever placed in human head. After this description of the man it is needless to add that had I remained with him forever it would have cost me nothing. His family were alike amiable, and his sweet little daughter often beguiled me of my heavy toils and cares with her piano.

M'Connelstown is quite a small town, consisting principally of one long street, and lies between the Tuscarora and *Sideling Hill*, 35 miles from Chambersburg. It is a perfect thoroughfare of wagons, which are seen for miles in length. These wagons are very strong, large, and covered, and carry 30 hundred weight. They are

*We were enveloped in a thick cloud the whole way over the mountain.

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drawn by from five to six large horses, and travel about 16 miles per day.

Here I found a wonder—not one lawyer in M'Connelstown!—but the whole town except Col. L. were missionaries. There was one only very trifling Doctor. But there is little business for Doctors in the mountains, the people being the picture of health; and being an ignorant place from its limited population, Sunday schools are here in all their glory. Here, too, we have the tinkling cowbell and cutting wood with the axe. It is sawed in all the towns, generally with a small saw. The wood is laid upon what is called a horse, in the great towns, and sawed with much facility—this is done to save wood. Also the bark of the dog. These, being my earliest associations, filled me with the most delicious feelings. Happy now, and at no time miserable, I strove to solve an admitted truth: Why are we pleased in age with the recollection of things which in childhood passed as the idle wind?

But I have no time to philosophize. M'Connelsburg sits in a little neat cove of the mountain, hemmed in on all sides, and watered by a nimble flowing creek which runs under the corner of Col. Lindsey's tavern, with a pleasant murmuring sound.

I remained several days at M'Connelsburg awaiting my baggage, which I expected by way of Hagerstown. In the meantime a number of strangers called at Col. Lindsey's, and no few of the Blackcoats. I challenged them every one, and accused them to their teeth, but ever since the Burlington affair their lips are sealed. They are uncommonly long and black in this part of the country, and their over coat pockets stick out on each side with tracts till they look like the ladies' old fashioned hoops, so they may take them out with the more facility and scatter them along the road. It is very clear that many of these are perfect simpletons, mere tools. I was upon the point of being displeased with a poor innocent traveller for bringing me a large bundle of these tracts accompanied with a most sickening letter, which I did not read. He said the tracts (a large packet) were handed to him by

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a gentleman whom he met on the road, but had he been aware the thing was unpleasant he would not have taken them from the man. But the man who wrote the note and knew my name perfectly, deserved pity instead of censure, it being the silliest scrawl in the world. "I hope we'll meet in Heaven." The fool—Heaven is here if we are virtuous; and while I am on the subject, a heavy fine ought to be exacted from these plunderers for their impositions on the Post Office Department. They are constantly sending those bundles to people who do not want them, and franking them to Postmasters free of postage, and thus loading the mail, and, with useless trash, defrauding the government. The thieves—they break in every where and steal! Is this gospel? Fine Presidents and Judges truly, Mr. Ely. I find bundles of these tracts and religious trash in many of the post offices, sent for distribution to people, perhaps, who never read nor never ought to read one of those tracts in their lives. Now let me ask these men why they waste the money of the poor in sending *me* these tracts? They well know I never read them; on the contrary I tear every one of them to pieces, and have often to petition the Postmaster General to release me from the unjust postage of these letters and trash. Is this swindling to be tolerated?—I trust not. Every postmaster ought to be heavily mulct who receives those papers. If people want the tracts, let them pay for them.

Finding my baggage did not arrive, I took leave of my friend, who promised he would write on, through the line, and bring it up in his own chaise to Bedford, where I intended to stop several days. Such was Colonel Lindsey, of McConnelsburg! and he was as good as his word.

It happened to be a *Sabbath* morning,* I mean Sunday, and a most beautiful warm still morning it was, when Col. L. handed me into the coach, from his high porch, and, with seven other passengers, I bore away for Sideling Hill. I should have been much pained but for the

* It is astonishing that people will be so gulled as to take Sunday for the Sabbath. What fool would not know better?

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pleasing hope of meeting my friend again; and as for his amiable wife, we parted forever, doubtless.

"Yet the sweet seraph peace is here,
Lost to the world, she dwells with thee,
And brings from Heaven an angel's tear,
To shed its pitying dew on me."

Amongst the passengers was a stout young gentleman, from Ohio, to whom I was introduced at Lancaster. He knew me at sight, and saluted in the soft voice of kindness; his name was Burket; he was a man of handsome manners and agreeable person, and paid me much attention on the road.

Another thin faced small man, wore a cap, and had a countenance of iron hardness.

Another was a dark visaged black-eyed German, of little weight, except to the horses; he was rather silent, and had an insupportable breath. He lived either in or near Pittsburg.

The fourth was a young tall good figure, quite genteel, and agreeable company, though he was sorely afraid the old coach (which had one of the boots broke) would break down. It was proposed by some of the company to stop and have the coach repaired, but the driver seemed to object. I threatened him with a black-booking, which set them all a laughing, and having one of the books in the stage, they read and laughed by turns, with the exception of a tall gaunt missionary, who took the stage a short distance on this side of McConnelsburg.

The sixth was a chunky good natured man, fine company, and entertained us with pleasant stories. He proved to be the sheriff of Pittsburg, where I saw him afterwards.

The seventh was a giant, who took a seat with the driver. He made several attempts to get in the stage, but whenever he came to the stage door there was a general murmur, on account of his size.

Upon leaving McConnelstown, by way of introduction, we first ascend the Cove mountain, and, without descending much, we come to *Sideling Hill*, the steepest of

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the Alleghany range! But why it deserves the name of *Sideling* more than the other mountains, I am at a loss to tell, as they are all not only sid*eling*, but side*long* and *head*long.

These are by far the *steepest* mountains I have ever been on in the United States; and nature has placed them in such attitudes and relation to each other, as though she aimed to refine upon her own plan. From the first of these mountains, viz. the Blue mountain, near Carlisle, to the last, the Chesnut Ridge, near Greensbury, it must be at least 150 miles, allowing for valleys and streams between them, the whole of which might be seen from the summit of Sideling Hill, were the organs of sight adequate. The view is more extensive, and much more grand, than the Cumberland mountains, the Cumberland being a jumbled mass, in points, rocks, and ridges, and spread out like the ocean. These are in straight, distinct, parallel, unbroken lines, and pursue their course in pompous pride, stretching north-east, forming regular steps in so many tiers, while the valleys between are distinctly seen, presenting the grandest display of mountain scenery, next to the White mountains in New Hampshire, doubtless in the United States; and though not more sublime, are more beautiful and extensive. The day was fine: not a breeze disturbed the tick-tack of the winter bird, nor were we frightened by terrific rocks.

I found a mountain not named in the geography, called *Ray's* mountain, and from this we have the Blue, the North, the Cove, and Alleghany mountains, with rich fields and valleys, all in one view, than which nothing can be more beautiful. Pennsylvania lacks nothing but lakes to be far superior to New York in point of scenery, and, in point of wealth, it greatly surpasses it. No one can form an idea of its wealth who has not travelled through it—every farm is a perfect principality.

But we will try to get safe down Sideling Hill, which doubtless took its name from the west side, which presents a yawning gulf at the base of a frightful precipice; to our right, one false step would have dashed us all to atoms! the sight of it fairly turned one's head. How they

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could think of making a road over such headlong steeps is astonishing: had the horses taken the least fright, we must have been plunged to a distance of untold feet. The driver, however, the best of his corps, took us safe to the bottom, to a large tavern, where we took breath, and expected to get dinner; but the tavern-keeper, rather a pleasant German, said, "people not often eating, he did not prepare dinner." I pitied the passengers, as I knew some of them were very much in want of their dinner; and pretending I wanted a snack of something myself, any sort of pies or cold victuals, bread and cheese, &c. he brought out one thing after another, till the table was pretty full, nice pickles, cheese, and cold beef. I then stepped to the bar-room door, and invited the passengers in, and we had a fair feast of it—every one dined heartily, and the tavern-keeper was no less astonished than the gentlemen (the first) that I should give that up to others which I had so anxiously provided for myself, and the latter, that I had been able to procure it at all—they never would have thought of such a thing, but I had traveled more than they, and always take those matters on myself.

Some of the gentlemen, for their amusement, asked the tavern-keeper "if he had never heard of Mrs. R. and the Black-book?" "No, he had not"—a little surprising! Shortly after leaving the tavern, we come to a branch of the Juniata, which we cross over a bridge. It is a pretty, smooth, narrow, but deep stream, and we pursue our way on its banks to Bedford. It breaks through a considerable mountain, called *Tussey's* mountain, and through clifts of wild rocks, defiles, and vast steeps, we arrived at

BEDFORD,

Twenty-eight miles from McConnelstown, as rough a country as I ever travelled. We crossed the celebrated *Bloody Run*, near the tavern, where we dined. This run took its name from the circumstance of Gen. Forbes, leaving his cattle at this run, which he was driving to

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Pittsburg, in Braddock's war, for the army. He left the cattle, with a guard, to follow him, and the Indians, who were lying in ambush, fell on the guard suddenly, and shot several, three of whom were killed, fell in the run, and stained it with their blood, which name it has borne ever since. I had the history of the run from the tavern keeper of Bloody Run, who called at Bedford while I was there—his name is Talt, and we will doubtless remember each other again.

Here is another garden spot, completely surrounded with mountains, a perfect amphitheatre of hills, and, as if nature was sporting with experiments and trials of her skill, we have young and old mountains,* great and small hills, one circle after another in regular succession, each lower than the other, precisely like the seats of a theatre, until we come to the last, for which nature seems to have reserved all her dexterity. The last circle is broken into conical mounds of imposing smoothness, and as variegated in size as fancy could form them, and of the most accurate symmetry—not one of these rounding elevations interferes with the other—each stands on its own base, and looks more like statuary than the work of nature; and as the dame was a little moodish, she has, for the sake of variety, made some great and some small, and thus Bedford is adorned with circles, and studded round with cones and pyramids. It certainly is the most luxuriant and over-flowing scenery that ever environed a town—the Juniata running over a gravel bed on one side, and another stream on the other, accompanied with a little of the wild. Some of those cones are covered with lofty slender trees, and some are smoothly grown over with grass. Every traveller must have noticed the singular beauty of the site of Bedford.

I had been recommended to Mr. Dillion's tavern by my friend Col. Lindsey. The other travellers got out at the stage-house, and the driver drove me to Mr. Dillion's,

* A little girl hearing great talk of mountains one evening, and having never seen one, asked a gentleman present "to bring her a *young* mountain when he came that way again"—he lived in the mountains of course.

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only a few steps. In fact, Mr. Dillion's house is as much the stage-house as the other, the stages stopping at the one in the evening, and at the other in the morning. When the stage stopped at his door, Mr. D. was soon out, and by the friendly pressure of the hand, as he assisted me out of the stage, I conceived a good opinion of the society of the place, but this opinion increased when the gentlemen flocked into the parlor to see me.

But this was not all—the ladies, though they had retired, it being late, also came forth, and never was joy more mutual—I found myself in a perfect paradise. Amongst the gentlemen, I was no little gratified to find a nephew of my old acquaintance and relation Capt. *Jack*, whom I understood was still living.* I was sorry, however, to find Mr. William Jack in delicate health, though he was sprightly and gay, and one of the best men living; he was six feet three inches in height, and his figure is symmetry itself. Being much fatigued, I tore myself from my friends, and retired highly pleased with Bedford.

Next day was spent in receiving calls and walking over the town, which, for scenery, situation, pure air, neatness, convenience, and society, exceeds all that has gone before, of Pennsylvania. The situation is no comparison handsomer than Chambersburg, sitting upon the bosom, as it does, of the Alleghany mountain, upon a rich level spot, compassed with circles and rings, wreaths, cones, and pyramids, like so many fairy mountains. Here, like a queen adorned with jewels, remote from the toil, and strife, and noise, and vice, and smoke of towns, steamboats, and cities, abounding in every blessing, and free from every evil, beautiful and happy, it is the most delightful and romantic village I have met with in my life.

* Nearly fifty years since I knew Captain Jack, one of the finest men in the world, though very wild. About the time Hannahstown was burnt by the Indians, giving chace to a woman who had a young child, Captain J. took it from her, and told her to run for her life. He ran with the child till he found the Indian would overtake him, and being nearly spent, he threw the child into a hemp-field, and made his escape. The child lay in the hemp all day without crying, and is now, I am told, a stout man.

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Here are the celebrated Bedford Springs, which attract all the taste and fashion from every part of the country, which accounts for the highly polished manners of the inhabitants, which is much superior to any part of Pennsylvania.

I never knew where these Bedford Springs were before, though I had often heard of them.

Bedford borough is the capital of Bedford county, and regularly laid out, and contains a court-house, a jail, four churches, and 1000 inhabitants. It has two academies, one for boys and one for young ladies, and two printing offices, and free from the curse of tracts and missionaries, there being but one missionary woman in the place, an old maid of course, whom I shall introduce by and bye. Bedford is about equally divided between the Germans and English, perhaps the latter have a majority. There are, however, French, Irish, and Yankees; and all are highly improved, kind, generous, and hospitable, and live in the utmost harmony. The citizens of Bedford, as respects society, with the exception of the Moravians, is the cream of the country, doubtless to be attributed to the society who resort to the springs. Besides, Mr. Jack, Esquire, one of the best of his species, so kind, so thoughtful, he watched me every step, though in bad health. If I stepped across the street, he stood on the pavement till I returned, and, from the window, his eye was always upon me. But I was devoured: Col. Lindsey came up next day—the court commenced on Monday, and the lawyers poured in from the neighborhood, alike kind and sociable. All the boarders, Mr. Dillion, each vieing which should show me the most kindness—I never was more happy.

Besides Mr. Jack, Mr. N. P. *Fetterman*, a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, also a boarder, was equally kind. Mr. F. is an attorney, and was shortly after this married to Miss Dillion. He is a young and small man, though a keen good figure, with an oval fair face, blue eyes, and open ingenuous countenance; in his manners he is diffident, modest, and affable.

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General Smith, of the bar, lived in the neighborhood. The General has been some time at the bar, and reckoned one of the first men in the State, both as respects his legal and general knowledge. He is a tall spare man, of sprightly intelligent manners, in the prime of life, and remarkable for wit and shrewdness; his features are very delicate and sallow, and his countenance open, humane, and good natured.* He has the finest eye in the world, and his manners what we might suppose, candid, frank, and genteel. Now why do they not make this man a judge? perhaps he would be too keen. I often met with General Smith, after this, on my tour, he being upon his circuit, and always received from him those marks of attention which none but gentlemen know how to bestow.

Mr. Jos. *Williams*, my favorite name, was from Somerset, in the adjoining county, likewise of the bar. Mr. W. was little behind his friend Gen. S. He is a small and very young man, the very sole of philanthropy, with the manners of a courtier. Mr. W. also combines talent, taste, and judgment, unmixed with pride and untainted with affectation; his appearance is manly and handsome, with fair features, and a noble blue eye—he is said to be a bold, independent, and animated pleader. Hon. Chauncey Forward lives in the same town with Mr. Williams; also Gen. Ogle, the patriarch of the mountains! an old soldier of '76. He also called at Bedford, and Hon. Chauncey F. was expected; so, with the citizens of the place, and the

*It is generally supposed this gentleman wrote a book (or was the principal writer) called *Harry Hemlock*, one of the greatest satires, I am told, ever produced in the country. The very name indicates humor, and the subject was one of the best for his talent—it originated from some trial in court, (so goes the story.) It must be understood that the common courts of Pennsylvania have three judges, one of these was a *Scotch*, the other an *Irish*, and the third a *Welsh* judge, (was there ever such fools as the Pennsylvanians?) none of them overdone with sense. But let this be as it may, they deported themselves, on some trial, so as to draw down the satire of Gen. S. said to abound with wit and talent. The scene was as well laid as possible, in a Welsh town, on the top of the Alleghany mountain, which sits in a thick grove of the tallest hemlocks of the American forest. I have seen the town since, and the hemlocks, but never could get hold of one of the books. I am told the work is quite a treat.

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members of Congress passing on to Washington in stage fulls, it was a fair jubilee at Bedford during my visit.

Mr. W. *Boon*, a distant relation of the celebrated Daniel Boon, of back-woods memory, also of the bar, is a tall slender well made man, and quite a gentleman in his manners, which were plain and composed, but elegant and sincere. Mr. B. is of a fair complexion, good features, and round face, with a full blue eye, and young in appearance.

Mr. George *Burd*, another member of the bar, is likewise a young man, of good size, round face, and very humane benevolent countenance; his manners are easy, familiar, and affable. Mr. J. A. *Blodget*, also a member of the bar, is alike amiable and genteel; he is a spare figure, of middling height, with a thin oval face. Thus is the bar of Bedford filled, very little, if any, behind Chambersburg. Mr. James *Russel*, Dr. *Barclay*, and his Honor Judge *Todd*, were the only gentlemen in the place who did not honor me with a call.

But none is more distinguished for learning, taste, and embellished manners, than Rev. Thomas Heyden, the Roman Catholic priest of Bedford! I always find these men humane, modest, mild, polite, and gentlemanly, wherever I meet them; and I must say, I am pleased to find them increasing in our country, as they are universally mild and tolerant, and lament the strides of clerical tyranny which now pervades our country, more, or fully as much, as any other sect. It is well known they have ever been distinguished for toleration since they first settled in our country, and you always find them intelligent, sensible, liberal, and sociable.

I had left my card but a short time at Mr. Heyden's house, while he happened to be out, when a servant came up to say to me he was below, and wished to see me. What was my astonishment to find one of the most accomplished and polished gentlemen in the person of Mr. H.! elevated, chaste, and refined, in an eminent degree. Mr. H. gave me his hand and cordial salutation. His personal appearance was no less captivating than his manners, nor do I recollect having met at any time with a more finish-

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ed gentleman. Rev. H. is in the bloom of life, and adds no little to the society of Bedford. Intending to visit Emmetsburg in the course of my tour, this amiable man, unsolicited, gave me a letter of introduction to Rev. Egan, the President of the young ladies' Academy at that place, and he did *more!* he gave me something to aid me on my journey. I find those Roman Catholics never forget that *first* principle of the gospel.

Messrs. *Brown* (the teacher of the boys' academy) and George R. *Davis*, are also entitled to notice. Mr. B. is a Yankee, and is said to be esteemed as a teacher; and though I called at the academy, I did not see the pupils, as they had just been dismissed to their homes. I was much pleased, however, with Mr. B. quite a modest genteel young man.

The best view of the scenery of Bedford is from the academy, standing, as it does, upon the highest part of the borough.

Mr. Davies, a citizen of Bedford, is an amiable and warm-hearted man.

But my particular favorite is yet to come, one of the best of human beings, no more nor less than Mr. McDowell, the editor!

No people in the United States know (or practice what they do know) better how to treat strangers than the Pennsylvanians. The lowest wood-chopper or ostler shows a degree of welcome and kindness, mingled with respect, which the stranger seldom meets, in fact does not, in any other of the old states, so far as I have traveled. I have paid scarcely any thing in the state, and find the most studied kindness throughout. This kindness is not a common attention to major wants; it descends to the most trivial circumstance, your wants are anticipated, or rather prevented. Every one will understand this, but *none* will understand that burst of joy, that downright gladness and eager salutation, warm from the heart, which meet you in every face where'er you go, and so undisguised! But all put together would not come up to the burst of joy and feeling which distinguished the meeting of Mr. McDowell and myself.

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He was sitting down in his office, with a bundle of papers in his lap, and I think a proof sheet of his paper, and a pen in his hand: but the moment he discovered who I was, he jumped up, and down went the papers, and never was mortal more pleased—"I am just printing your Carlisle letter; now I am so glad, I declare, to see you; I thought you would come, but I did not think you would come into such a dirty littered up room as this, and catch me in this shabby working dress." But the dear man, I did not see his dress or his littered room, it was his noble soul, displayed in his words and actions, that took all my attention. But the letter. The people had borrowed the paper till it was worn out, and he was then in the act of republishing it. This letter excited much interest in the State, as it was the first attempt to expose the wickedness of Carlisle. Mr. McDowell is an Irish gentleman, though he left Ireland when young; he is a middle aged man, and at once one of the most pleasing, mild, and interesting of men.

Upon leaving him, I accidentally met with Dr. Watson, a distinguished physician of Bedford. He is also one of your frank, noble, warm-hearted men. I had heard of him, and took him to task for not calling. He said, in truth, he was just on his way to see me, and attended me home. The doctor is a student of the old school, being advanced, or about middle age. He was actually educated at Dickinson college, and informed me "it was at that time highly esteemed—there was no such thing as tracts and nonsense then—they played cards, danced, and partook of every amusement, and the professors were fine liberal jocular men themselves, and all men of education." The doctor is a stout robust man, with a full round face, and fair complexion, gay countenance, and one of the most lively, facetious, open-hearted men in the world; his manners and conversation proved him a man of reading and general knowledge, and perfectly skilled in those common acts of hospitality and politeness found in the first circles of fashion.

So much for the *gentlemen* of Bedford and its vicinity. The ladies were also polished and refined, and very

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handsome. Miss Anna M. Dillion, the daughter of mine host, is one of the most accomplished women in Bedford, or in any other town; she sings and plays delightfully, and is by no means ignorant of domestic qualifications. She was shortly after this united to Mr. Fetterman, a most deserving man, already mentioned.

Most, in fact all, the *ladies* I saw, were accomplished sensible women. Amongst these, Miss McCalvy, at the head of the young ladies' academy, deserves particular notice, not only for her own personal endowments, but for the good order and regularity maintained in her school. The pupils were mostly very young, but evinced the best order and decorum in their manners, and certainly were the most beautiful children in the State!

But of all the earthly beings for beauty and innocence, a Miss *Moss*, on a visit to Bedford, was the most so. She was a citizen of Brownsville, Virginia, and was the most lovely being in human shape.

Mrs. Dillion herself was an amiable woman, and Mr. D. the landlord, a worthy man, and keeps one of the best houses on the road. Mr. Dillion is a descendant of the French Hugonots, who came to this country many years back, and appertains to one of the noble families of France. He is a middle aged light man, with handsome features, and the blackest and keenest eye in the world.

To accommodate the numerous strangers who visit Bedford Springs, Mr. Dillion has been at much pains to erect a bathing house, where those who wish to bathe can be furnished either with a warm or cold bath, and the whole of his establishment is admirably adapted to the comfort and convenience of strangers.

There are, however, several good public houses in Bedford, particularly one kept by Mr. Reynolds, a most amiable and gentlemanly man. I feel no hesitation in recommending Mr. Reynolds to the patronage of the public: and Mr. Leader is not a bad fellow, though I believe he stole a book out of the wagon and lent it to every man who wanted to read it—a good sign.

I had almost overlooked John H. Hofius, Esq. the Postmaster, a very excellent man. It was at this Post

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Office I received the memorable letter from Carlisle, in a female hand, and signed by a name that would disgrace a savage to repeat. I showed the letter, all base as it was, to every gentleman in Bedford as an evidence of the refinement of Carlisle. Doubtless they will remember it while they live.

I spent several days at Bedford in the Society of my friend, the amiable Col. Lindsey, who discharged the part of a brother—he was seldom out of my company, and there was Capt. Jack, Mr. Williams, Mr. Fetterman and Gen. Smith constantly at my side, and to crown the whole, Gen. Ogle, of Somerset. I could have spent my days at Bedford. One of my Black books, on their way to Pittsburg, dropped out of the wagon, as it passed through Bedford. This made a great noise, and was eagerly read by the citizens and visitors at the springs. But this was not all. I had sent one or two copies to Somerset, to Hon. Chauncey Forward. Gen. Ogle, who dislikes missionaries as much as I do, got hold of one of the books, and used to carry it about under his arm and preach out of it. I had heard a pretty accurate description of the General from his friend Mr. Williams, and was prepared for the interview. He was to call at Bedford, on his way to the Legislature of Pa. of which he was a Senator. At length the arrival of the General was announced, but the throng was so great around him that it was sometime before I was introduced. Being the idol of the people, the whole town flocked in to see him. At length Mr. Williams found an opportunity and the interview was mutually pleasing, but as he is worshipped as a deity, the throng could not be restrained. They rushed into the parlor, and I saw him but for a few moments. The general, who carried his musket in the Revolution, is at this day one of the stoutest active and noble-looking men in the State of Pennsylvania. He is considerably over six feet in height and proportionably made, and though muscular, contains not an atom of superfluous flesh, and his limbs are a model of symmetry. His attitude is erect and lofty, his gait is active, light and graceful; but his *face* is now and has ever been one of the

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finest of nature's moulding. Every feature is inimitable and unrivalled. His forehead high, smooth, and retreating, and his fine full eye of unrivalled lustre, his countenance majestic and commanding—he is, beyond doubt, the most noble and princely looking man of his years in the Union, and I would suppose in the world.* But his character for benevolence and disposition surpasses all the rest, of which I have heard many anecdotes. I shall relate one, which is sufficient to show the unbounded charity of the man. A friend of his was walking or standing in sight of his door one day, and observed the general standing in the door talking with a colored man, who stood before him. What passed between them his friend could not overhear, but supposed the black man was asking for charity, when the general actually pulled first his coat off and then his vest, and gave the latter to the negro, and putting on his coat, walked into the house.

I am now going to present to my reader a very opposite character. It has been seen that I have but one fault to find with Pennsylvania, viz: that of overlooking their own citizens in the appointment of their judges. Like myself, they seem partial to the yankees; but, unlike me, they prefer the tin-pedlars and horn-flint Yankees to the genuine, honest and learned Yankee. There is not a more noble race than the true yankees, nor more ignoble than the scum which are driven from their towns, and these give the whole nation a bad name. But to come to the point, whom should we find as Judge in Bedford but another yankee. His Honor was rather mentioned to me in favorable terms, though the Pennsylvanians generally hate the Yankees (as well they may) worse than Beelzebub, and thinking his honor, as I had written favorably of his country, would be quite pleased to see me, I took a copy of my book and walked to his honor's dwelling. I knocked at his door, which was opened about three inches by a black woman. She said the Judge was not at home, and held the door fast to prevent my entering the house. I was, however, determined to see the

*It is said his sons are, beyond doubt, the handsomest men in the world.

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Judge, if possible, merely to notice him in the work, for I judged him to be a mean man at once by the servant. I told the girl if her master had no more manners than she had, it made little odds where he was; seeing a genteel black man passing toward the rear of the house, and supposing him to be one of the domestics, I called him to me and asked if he would aid me in procuring an interview with the Judge or his family. The man was very polite, and replied he would do so, and proceeded on in the same direction he was going when I called him. After some time the woman came to the door again and asked me to walk in; as I followed her along, I was met by a white woman who, though she had been taking a *little*, saluted me very friendly and invited me in. I took a seat for a few minutes, while the lady said the Judge had rode out and would not return for some hours. Stating my name and business, I told the lady I would leave the books there, and would call in the evening and receive them again, should the Judge not feel disposed to take them. She took the books very friendly, laid them on the table, and said she would mention me to the Judge when he returned. This was early in the day. Meantime I adverted to my reception and observed it was the first time I had found any difficulty in obtaining access to any person in Pennsylvania—the missionaries always understood—hoped the Judge was not one of their number. "Oh! no," she replied, and I withdrew.

In the course of an hour or two I received the books with a letter from his honor. If I was surprised at the sudden reappearance of the books, I was still more so at the contents of the letter. From the appearance of the hand I attributed it in my own mind to the woman with the spotted face; but shewing it to a friend, who knew the Judge's handwriting, he said it was the handwriting of his honor. I remarked, he must, after all, be a bluestocking, as all the Yankees who are not never fail to purchase my works, let me find them where I would. The gentleman still maintained the Judge was not a bluestocking. "Then," said I, "the lady must." "You are right," said the gentleman, who appeared rather friendly to the

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Judge, and holding the letter still before him, evinced great surprise, and seemed much hurt.

The whole mystery now burst upon us. The red faced woman, another old MAID by the way, had doubtless misrepresented me to his honor. "Who lost Mark Antony the world?"—"a woman." Here we have another evidence of the mischief of women and priests—all the evil that has befallen man can be traced to women, and women to priests. But the circumstance has gained me a complete triumph over old maids, missionaries, and Yankee peddlers, as will be seen by his honor's letter, which follows verbatim:

Mrs. ROYALL—

Madam: Returning, this moment, from a ride of six miles, I find two books in my house—the Black-book, vol. I, and the Black-book, vol. II, which I am informed were left by you, accompanied with some noise and some abuse, and with a threat, designed, as I understand, to put me on the look-out for Black-book No. 3.

I return the books herewith, and wish you to excuse me from purchasing any of them, past, present, or to come.

You will, madam, do me great injustice, if you suppose that, by this, I mean to under-rate your talent at blackening: I mean no such thing. The real truth is, it has been my lot already to receive a pretty deal of pelting in your line, so that I have grown indifferent or hardened. And though the Black-book, vol. III, might at one time have startled me a little, yet positively I would not now, by any bargain whatsoever, consent to buy off any quantity of abuse. It is but bare justice to yourself, as well as to me, to believe that it is owing solely to the reason I have stated, that we have not, both of us, the gratification of seeing my mite added to your $10,000.

Wishing you, madam, with the utmost sincerity, a prosperous winter campaign through our mountains, and a most triumphant round of it, that you may at least collect $10,000 more from those who are disposed to contribute, and that your temper may improve with your luck.

I remain, yours, &c. JOHN TOD.

Thursday, 1 o'clock, P. M.

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He must be the man who

"Lately, in the noon,
Found a new world to th' old unknown."

There is a Judge for you: if he judges no better of law than he does of authors, he had better be dismissed to selling tin buckets again. The booby, every book I ever had printed, exclusive of expenses, would not amount to the *fourth* part of $10,000. Every one acquainted with publishing, however, knows this. It must be a popular work, indeed, that pays for itself; and I owe, at this moment, for the first work I ever had printed.

But the face of the thing is a sufficient evidence of the malice and falsehood of the remark, as every one of common sense might know that, if I had half the sum, I would not, at my advanced age, encounter the fatigue, dangers, and difficulties of travelling over mountains, and through storms of winter snows, to say nothing of the insults of unprincipled men—I was going to say such as his honor. As he is kind enough to wish me success, I, on the other hand, wish him the same. If he is not a missionary, he doubtless will learn after this the benefit of keeping one in his house.* From the handwriting and the diction, I would suppose he took a little too much, merely for the sake of good company. It is well known that the missionaries, amongst other slanders, circulated that I was making a fortune. I am only sorry it happens not to be true. But I hope to hear no more of appointing tin peddlers, wooden nutmegs, &c. &c. to the office of judge in Pennsylvania.†

About to conclude the 1st vol. at Bedford, I hasten to relate another missionary anecdote before I advert to the Bedford Springs, by far the most interesting object under the head of Bedford. But the anecdote:

I generally spend a good part of the night in writing; wherever I am—"the poor sleep little." One night,

* His wife is dead it was said, and the old maid, her sister, whom I saw, keeps his house.

† My friends will be sorry I missed seeing the Judge, as a description of his person would have seasoned the whole volume.

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about ten or eleven o'clock, Mrs. Dillion tapped at my door; supposing it to be the chambermaid, I told her to come in—the door opened, and Mrs. D. stepped in, and after apologising for disturbing me at so late an hour, said there was some gentlemen and ladies down stairs, who had just arrived from Pittsburg, and hearing I was in the house, expressed a wish to see me that night, as they were to depart early the ensuing morning. These were not the words precisely, but the amount of the message. Mrs. D. further remarked, that neither Mr. D. the bar-keeper, nor any one about the house, was willing to disturb me at so late an hour, and she had undertaken the dubious embassy herself—"Mr. Wilkins and lady, of Pittsburg," and a Reverend Blue-stocking, who had just married the Cardinal's daughter, (as he is called) of Cannonsburg.*

The latter lived in Winchester, Virginia, it appeared, whence he was taking his bride. No name, however, was mentioned, but that of Mr. Wilkins, to whom it happened I had a letter of introduction. Mrs. D. made many apologies, and the gentlemen and ladies compliments, and all that, and all that. I laid down the pen, and walked down, but, upon entering the parlor, found no one there! but Miss D. and Miss Moss; they were at supper, and would soon be in. I was surprised, however, that Mrs. D. should hang back, and instantly conceived an unfavorable opinion of the party, and, by the way, I was almost displeased to be hindered from my labor. I determined, however, to knock them down for their impudence, by a text of scripture, and make "all things work together for good;" and picking up a newspaper, I amused myself with it till their highnesses came in, and determined to punish them for their impertinence. I never took my eye from the paper, nor did any one attend to introduce them. All this must have been arranged previously, by whose authority Heaven knows. Miss D. I

* Mr. Brown, President of the College, and a very amiable man by the bye. I have seen him since. It is not the President, but the *trustees*, who ought to be blamed for the wickedness of that college. I have a rod in pickle for them.

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think it was, said, "this is Mrs. R ," but did not name the party, whom probably she did not know. When she said this, of course I turned my eyes upon the company, bowed, and resumed the paper, till I thought it time to return to my chamber, without paying any attention to the company, whom I discovered, at a glance, to be coarse, uncouth, low bred blue-stockings. In the mean time, the bride, the most brazen looking woman of her sex, asked, "are you going on to Pittsburg, Mrs. R.?" I was in the right humor for her brass-ship, and replied, that, "if it would afford her pleasure to know, I was, but I did not conceive it any business of hers," and added, that "I was much wanted there, as I understood there were dens of blue-skins in the place." Meanwhile, the bridegroom, a slim snivling looking man, with spectacles on, had seated himself close on my left: "we have modest females there," said he of the spectacles, with the true assassin look—"I suspect this lady is a specimen," said I, pointing to his bride.

Their curiosity being satisfied, they set off, in a body, up stairs, preceded by the landlady and chambermaid, each with a candle in her hand—I followed, and running up briskly behind them, I exclaimed, "move yourselves, you black-coats, out of my way:" they ran, and those with candles ran, and we had a fair race of it; but the wind of the race blew out the candles—they tumbled over each other; the bride ran into one room, the bridegroom ran into another, and such squalling—"where are you?" "here I am, where are you?" My room being just at the stairs' head, I slipped in snugly, and enjoyed their confusion in triumph.

BEDFORD SPRINGS

Are a mile and a quarter from Bedford, the road from which commands a delightful view of the surrounding scenery. When you draw near the springs, you are struck by a stream, which is damed across, so as to form an artificial lake, and just above is an artificial island, in the

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middle of the lake, which is, I have understood, to be adorned with shrubbery, flowers, and rare plants.

Around this island are several sail-boats, in which the visitors sail in summer for their amusement. The vale is very narrow, but as level and beautiful as nature could form it. The whole, up to the springs, one quarter of a mile, is as smooth and even as though it were swept, and I am not sure it is not. This vale is studded with trees, some appear to have been planted, while others are the natural growth; but the whole have undergone the hand of taste, and are neatly trimmed, and formed into shades and bowers. On each side of this fairy vale, to heighten the picture, arises a steep hill of towering height; at the base of the eastern hill, or mountain, rather, a beautiful stream steals along, whilst the mountain, like a rough wall, variegated with evergreens, wild rocks, and shrubberies, of nature's planting, frowning in one place, and smiling in another. On the other side, another hill, equally wild; the long boarding houses, and their double porticos, stretching along its base; the familiar bath house, a bridge over the stream, called Shover's Creek, and the stream itself shaded with lofty trees; the serpentine walks, and the fairy summer houses, from some towering rock, peeping down at you through clusters of the wildest trees, from which the whole below must have more the air of enchantment than reality, and as if it actually were intended to play you off with enchantment. A female, fantastically attired, is standing in front of the boarding house, handing you a bowl of water, which she emits from an urn! The water falls into a canal which surrounds her ladyship, while she is pleased to stand high and dry on a mass of wild moss covered rocks. The figure represents the goddess of health, neatly done in *filigree*, and the whole is enclosed by a splendid balustrade of Chinese work, and the *tout* ensemble has a most pleasing and romantic appearance. But the wild hills, the thick natural grove, and, (it is perfectly in the woods,) chiefly, the sweet purling stream, was so inviting, I could have expired on its banks. This surely is one of the most delightful summer retreats ever discovered: the scenery is

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greatly superior to the New Lebanon springs, the handsomest of all the watering places I have met with. But the comfort of sitting and walking under those lovely trees, or reclining on the bank of the stream, walking in the level vale, or climbing up the mountain side, or sailing on the lake, must in summer be a perfect luxury.

It was much regretted by my friends that I had not called earlier, before the trees were stripped of their verdure. But I could easily supply the leaves by fancy, and not only those, but the parties of pleasure. But to express my taste, I am fond of seeing hills and mountains in winter's wilderness.

I was not more than *ten* minutes there in all, and merely saw two of the springs.

The sun was setting when I left Bedford, and understanding the keeper of the springs was on a visit to Philadelphia, I drove on to the bridge, where, getting out of the carriage, I crossed the bridge, which landed me pretty high up the hill, where a broad street made on the hill side, which, and the gentleman who accompanied me, led me to the nearest spring—if I am not mistaken, Anderson's spring, which flows from the side of the hill, (there are seven of these in all.) While we were looking at the spring, and I was all admiration at the romantic walks, Shover's creek, the valley, and the tall trees, &c. we saw a gentleman walking towards us, from the house, with a glass in his hand. He was an assistant, and seeing us, rightly guessed we wished to taste the water, which, though uncommonly limpid and sparkling, was not very pleasant. This, and one near it, runs out of fissures in the rocks, and are very transparent: one of these was cold, and the other rather warm, but the atmosphere must have had considerable effect on both. The bath house stands near these two springs, from which the water is ingeniously conveyed to it under ground. We were compelled, by the approaching darkness, to return, but I stole a few minutes to visit the interior of the boarding house: this was elegantly furnished, and adorned with wreaths and flowers. The building was 250 feet in length, with a dining room of 100 feet! It had a beauti-

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ful portico, the whole length. This house stands at the base of *Federal* Hill, the opposite being called *Constitution* Hill.

Near to this stands a detached boarding house of 130 feet in length, which I did not visit for want of time.

We found some ladies in the building, and amongst them a *wood* nymph, as I should call her, a most beautiful creature, the daughter of the proprietor, as I supposed.

Doctor Watson very politely furnished me with the names and properties of the springs, which are as follows, viz.

1. Anderson's spring.
2. Fletcher's do.
3. Limestone do.
4. Sulphur do.
5. Chalybeate do. and
2 Sweet springs.

The water contains salutary and medicinal qualities of the highest order. It has been found so valuable in the cure of diseases, that it is carried away, almost daily, at a great expense, to the cities and neighboring states.

It furnishes, by an analysis made by one of the first chemists of the nation, the following results:

1. Carbonate of lime, with excess of acid.
2. Sulphate of magnesia, or epsom salts.
3. Sulphate of lime, small quantity.
4. Muriate of magnesia.
5. Carbonated oxyd of iron.

To which may be added sulphurated hydrogen, as a property of one of the springs, this gas having escaped in the transportation of the water to the place in which it was analized.

The gentleman who made the analysis observes, that, "in relation to the salts of these waters, they are rich;" and adds, "I feel much interested on this subject, as I think that the Bedford waters are entitled to stand high in the public estimation."

The country around is calcareous and silicious, abounding in various minerals, interspersed with hills and vallies, blessed with delightful streams of the purest water, and

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a fertile soil. The air of this region is so pure, that bilious and intermittent or autumnal fevers are unknown. The temperature of the summer, as well by night as by day, is cool, agreeable, and highly refreshing.

The great western turnpike, passing through Bedford, and now completely finished, furnishes an easy access to those springs, which, comprising their active properties, the cheering temperature of a pure atmosphere, and the elevation of the country, may be considered a healthful and pleasant summer retreat, from the heats and diseases of the cities and warmer regions.

The public houses in the village, and those at the springs, are large and airy, and well fitted up for the accommodation and comfort of visiters: the cold, shower, and warm baths, are constructed in the most convenient manner, and can accommodate at least 500 persons. The walks, and other public improvements, are greatly extended for the last year or two, and are annually beautified and increased by the appropriation of *all the yearly taxes and contributions* received from visiters using the waters.

These springs are distant from

Philadelphia,	195 miles.
Baltimore,	130 do.
Washington City,	130 do.
Pittsburg,	93½ do.
Wheeling,	140 and
Cumberland, on the national turnpike,	30 miles.

Merely an excursion, and the pleasure, would, in any case, greatly outweigh the trouble. The expense of the proprietors, I have understood, is immense, and they are still improving. I shall certainly, if possible, pay these beautiful regions a visit every summer. Even the citizens of Bedford, and the scenery, exclusive of all other considerations, is worth the pains.

The gentleman who so politely attended us at the springs, proves to be an English gentleman, of elegant manners, and very engaging in his appearance. His name is Walton.

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SUMMARY.

In summing up my remarks as respects that part of Pennsylvania through which I have travelled, to this place, I would at once say Pennsylvania is the strongest pillar of the Union on every account. She is more wealthy and more united, and her resources are infinite; salt, marble, coal, and iron, abound. Salt water, I am told, can be obtained in any of the streets of Pittsburg! But her chief strength lies in the astonishing fertility of her lands, the industry, sobriety, and union of her citizens. This is altogether owing to the nature of its inhabitants, and chiefly to the Germans. The Quakers are also wealthy, but they mostly reside in the towns. You may soon discover the difference between the farm of a German and that of any other nation, or his cattle and horses. Look at an Irishman's horse, and look at the German's, and you may readily tell one from the other. In short, the Germans are the main stay of Pennsylvania. The German differs from all other nations that have settled in America; he is not fond of change; he sticks to his old way. All others, Scotch, French, Irish, and English, are always changing from one thing to another, and from one place to another. The German sticks to the same place, and pursues the same business—they speculate, and are rich to-day, and poor to-morrow. The German never ventures his cash—they are given to drink and gambling. The German is sober, and never gambles—they are sometimes of one sect, and sometimes of another. The German is always the same honest and independent Lutheran—they will run in debt and cheat, and are ambitious. The German avoids all these: he is in politics as he is in religion, firm and steady: he chooses his man, and sticks to him; but, of all things, they are to be admired for universally excluding those missionary or blue-stocking schemes. This has saved them from being plundered by these harpies: and these are the ignorant *Dutch*. Show me a more industrious, sensible, or judicious man, than the German—they are the cream of our country. But the most distinguished trait in the character of a German is,

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that he is master in his own house: there lies the secret of his wealth. If these Germans (I thought, when I discovered their great farms, three story stone barns, with their great glass windows and corresponding wealth,) are so ignorant, how comes it they are the wealthiest people in the country? and setting myself to search into the cause, I traced it to his authority over his wife and children. This independence is found amongst no other set of men—nor are they so ignorant: I find them as well informed as other people, and generally more so; and no females are more exemplary in industry, innocence, and modesty. But, Mrs. R., said a gentleman to me since my tour, how do they live? like hogs. He ought to travel too. Their domestics lived better than he did, perhaps, that moment; and as to charity and hospitality, you may travel through the whole State and not pay one cent, particularly if you are poor; and one farm is worth a whole county in the southern states. If a person were taken up from the old fields of Virginia and Maryland, and set down on some farms I have seen in Pennsylvania, he would think he was in Paradise!.

HISTORY.

Bedford, originally called Fort Bedford, and was known as auch during the old Indian wars, as far back as 1756. Among the original settlers and founders of this town, were George Croghan, grandfather of the present Col. Croghan, and George Wood, well known, and the original surveyor of that country.

ITEMS.

Having finished the 1st volume of my tour through Pennsylvania, my friends there, and elsewhere, will expect to hear a word or two upon our Metropolis, particularly as I am in the habit of subjoining short summaries, by way of desert, or bulletin, which you please.

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Therefore, without preface or apology, I have put the *Henglish* to flight, and gained several victories over the copper-heads, (the Presbyterians, so called in Washington,) but they are true game, and as often return to the charge. They are something like *Paine's* dry hide—when I tread them down in one place, they rise up in another. I think, however, if I were properly reinforced, and more *efficiently* sustained, I would soon compel them to surrender at discretion.

If the cowards would meet me in fair fight, the victory would soon be decided; but they sculk, and hide, and stick to their strong holds, now and then hissing and lolling out their tongues at me, (the only part I can get sight of.) I have strong hopes, however, as I have silenced their battery: I have not heard a shot, or even latterly a squib, but I shall, nevertheless, be on the alert.

I adverte to the advantage they gained in Washington during my tour in Pennsylvania, in the person of a youug, beautiful, and pious snake, called *D*——. It certainly was a master stroke to send this pious young copper-head to Washington, as the others were grown old and rusty, and had helpmates of their own, while this young one has no mate; and he is so young and beautiful, and, withal, so gentle, that the ladies can stroke him with their fair hands; and he is endued with a secret charm, by which he charms great flocks of women to his den.

They have also instituted another new scheme for making converts amongst the women—this is called *anxious* meetings, or meetings of *inquiry*. These are held at night, in the den of the copper-head, and is only open to *young* ladies, who are anxious to hear the truths of the gospel. These young ladies speak in very high terms of this beautiful snake—some call him a shining light and a dear man, and some a precious man, and some an angel sent from Heaven.

Wishing to see this beautiful copper-head, I called at his den one day, and gave the usual signal. He was slow in coming forth, but at length he did come, when, seeing I was a wrinkled old woman, he wheeled suddenly, and disappeared with the fleetness of a black snake. I wonder he did not try to convert me.

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He now and then addresses tender things to the ladies through the Columbia Register, which doubtless have the desired effect.

I have silenced Preacher Thunder, of the White Church: perhaps his ammunition has run short—I have not heard him for some time.

The catterwauling is, however, still kept up in the Engine House, rather in an under tone: some of the corps, it appears, have deserted. Young holy Willy and Pompey Poplar-head have joined some other corps, and their places are as yet vacant.* There is, I perceive, however, an addition of two young ladies, Miss Ogle, an old maid, and Miss Biddy Bunch. Tom Oyster Tongs, Hallelujah Holdforth, and Simon Sulphur, (the latter seems to have lost flesh,) attend as usual. Miss Riggle has laid aside her fine bonnet.

By the way, I have a crow to pick with Congress about this engine house: I would like to know what right Congress had to appropriate $3000 of the people's money to build this engine house, and let these black-coats have the use of it gratis. I ask them whether the black-coats would let the people have the use of such a sum! They have money enough and houses enough—let them find houses themselves; and if Congress is so charitably disposed, let them give the house to some poor family: these black-coats have turned it into a school-house and praying house, if nothing worse. Another thing: there is $1500 of the people's money goes annually to a commissioner—what for? What service does he render the people? lie down on his soft sofa five hours in the day, or loll in his easy chair, and read newspapers, or take a tour of pleasure through the country! While in his office one day, in comes a negro boy—"mistress says send her some paper:" the thief, he did not get the paper then, you are sure; but doubtless paper, wood, (I saw both go myself,) and candles, are taken from the Capitol daily!

There are four men who receive $1 25 per day, under the name of a guard, who do not render the people 25

* Old holy Willy and the silver tankards in our next.

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cents worth. The Capitol is rotting down for want of airing! the windows and doors are kept close shut! the walls are black with mill dew! and the national pictures in the rotunda rotting! This has four doors in number, closely shut up, unless now and then to admit some traveller! From the great mass of stone, and the immense size of the building, the dampness of the atmosphere, and always shut, the water runs down the columns in a stream, and this building, which has cost the people so much, is going to ruin! It is a perfect sepulchre! It is next to death even to walk through its damp long passages! If these four men, who receive such high wages, were to keep the windows and doors open every fair day during summer, it would be dry, and somewhat comfortable to receive Congress; instead of which, they go into it wet, from which, and the putrified air, they are immediately taken ill, and one half of them are sick the whole winter, unable to attend to their duties; others, to defend themselves from the putrefaction of the air, resort to drink, while the people are the sufferers!

There are four doors to the rotunda, and two furnaces, to keep it dry; the doors are kept shut, and no fire ever put into the furnaces: thus are the people gulled.

About ten days since, five gentlemen called on me at 2 o'clock, P. M. They were all strangers—had never been in Washington before; and four of them being compelled to leave the city the ensuing day, had spent the morning in going through the Departments, Patent Office, &c. and being told they could see the interior of the Capitol at any time before *three* o'clock, left it for the last, and coming a little after one, all the officers and clerks were gone, and the doors locked up, excepting Congress Hall: but the Senate Chamber, the library, all fast! They found but one man in the building, and offered to pay him to go for the key of the Senate Chamber, which they were anxious to see, but he refused.

They showed me their watches—it was just then two o'clock! They lamented the disappointment bitterly, as some of them observed they would "probably never have the opportunity again!" These were all gentlemen of

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distinguished appearance; some lived in Charleston, S. C. and some in Boston; had paid their portion for building this Capitol, and pay men to take care of it, and wait on them, and, when they came, found no one there. Mr. Elgar, as a gentleman, I have nothing against; he is a sober man, and has always treated me with marked respect; but, to use a popular phrase, the *people* expect me to apprize them of every thing going on at Washington, and the use to which their money is applied. One member of Congress will not interfere, another one will not, and so the people's rights are neglected, that they may have an easy time of it. It is hoped that some system respecting the Capitol may be adopted and *enforced*, since the people have been at such a shameful expense.

And this expense, it seems, is never to end: they are now engaged in painting the outside instead of attending to the inside, of much more importance.

Thousands of dollars are squandered away here upon useless and childish improvements, merely because Congress have not the courage to dismiss a gang of swindlers who plunder the government, and have this many years. They need not, however, give themselves much more trouble, as doubtless the seat of government will be moved. The Congress are getting sick enough of it, while it has sent many of them to their graves. One of them, last winter, said "he had voted many thousand dollars to finish it, and he would now vote for a sum to buy powder enough to blow it up!"

I cannot conceive how the citizens can expect the seat of government to remain amongst them. To say nothing of the insolence of the negroes, who have absolute possession of the city, and assail people with insolence, noise, and stones, to the danger of their lives: forsooth, armies of boys go regularly through the streets, by night and by day, overturn houses, break windows, stone and blackguard women and children, and commit all manner of riot, no less than the sons of judges and magistrates, and our first men. What other place ever tolerated such doings? What would become of a boy in New York or Philadelphia, who would deliberately, in open day, take aim at a

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pane of glass with a stone, and one boy flinging against another, to see who will knock the pane out first? Who would live amongst such brutes? worse than brutes, by great odds. Here is one poor man, Mr. Hughes, the principal of the academy, is assessed, or is to be, several hundred dollars for glass broke out of the windows of the old capitol by the boys; and if you attempt to put the law in force against white or black, they are screened by their parents and masters. One of these boys, nearly man grown, stalked slyly into my house one day without knocking, and after remaining clandestinely in the house some time, stole out, and stole the key out of the front door. I apprised his father, one of the first men (if there be any first) in the place, and requested the key to be sent back, to which I received neither reply nor key, and the consequence was, that, in a few nights afterwards, a goodly army of these boys assailed the door, for what purpose the world may guess: the door having a strong bolt, they missed their aim.

I was engaged writing at the time, and, upon going to the door, some ran away, and some jumped under a cart that happened to be before the door, not, however, before I saw who they were. Who would live in such a place as this? and preaching and praying all the while. As for a police, there is none. A den of women got into my cellar, and no officer would dare to remove them until I applied in person to the Corporation; and Mr. Coote, a very gentlemanly man by the way, was kind enough to send two constables to remove them. But I am not done with the Capitol.

We pay a librarian $1500 per annum to take care of the national library, and the books are moulding on the shelves! We pay $1500 to a door-keeper, who is not, nor has he been, able to attend to his duties for two years! It appears Congress are very liberal, indeed. I wish they would be just before they are generous, and pay what they justly owe to me. This is shameful, and downright robbery.

Another old half-witted man, a brother-in-law to the doorkeeper, who, for making fires in *two* fire places only,

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receives $700, and found in wood and candles, and doubtless his whole breed and generation never wants wood. "But he has been in twenty years"—the very reason why he should go out; and if the public are to be swindled in this manner, let it go round, as our government is one of rotation in office: let some other fully as deserving man have a taste of the loaves and fishes: we want no hereditary offices, nor officers.

And here we have Foy scratching like a hen for her chickens, round the trees (or an apology for trees) in the Captol square, a twenty years' man too: an old woman would have done as much good. And see the effect. These fellows have been in office so long, that they consider it their inalienable right, and have raised a fair hue and cry, within a few weeks, that their employers thought proper to dismiss them, and employ others. "They have been in since Jefferson and Washington—they are faithful servants." What is that to the purpose? Have we not the right to employ who we please to do our work? And why one set of men should be suffered to monopolise emolument at all, to the exclusion of another, I should like to know. Even our Presidents, members of Congress, &c. are elected, at short periods, from the mass of the people, and, upon the same principle, all the subordinate officers ought to be often changed. The best of men, we find from history, never have been proof against corruption; and to guard against this evil, the framers of our constitution wisely provided frequent rotation in office. It is essential to the existence of republics, and the only security of the liberties of the people. I know it will be said that it requires practice to do the business of a clerk. No such thing: enough can always be found who understand book-keeping, which is sufficient, and the measure itself will act as a stimulus to qualifications, where office and places are alike open to all. What incentive has the youth of our country, if offices and emoluments are to be perpetual. Contrary to all principles of justice, or the principles of our government, we find several lucrative offices, next to perpetual, in one family—the Burches. What good reason can be given for this? whilst others, equally

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qualified, and certainly with as good claims, are overlooked. It is right down corruption, and contrary to every principle of justice. "Because a man has received $20,000, he ought to have $20,000 more." A good reason, truly: what an enlightened nation we are: and because another honest man never has received a dollar, he never ought to receive one. It resolves itself into this question, turn or twist it as you will: and because one man receives his $1600 or $1500 per annum, his son and wife, and their whole clan, must have their share. It is high time to check this vile corruption; and no clerk or officer ought to be retained longer in office than our Presidents. I hope the people will instruct their representatives to do away this vile imposition upon their common rights. It is well known I am of no party in politics, or sect in religion. I am neither (as the phrase now is) an Adams-man nor a Jackson-man—I am my country's man, or woman, which you please, and the people will always find me on their side, no matter who rules: I never was, nor ever will be, a tool for any party; nor will I conceal faults on either side, which I deem a violation of the people's rights, so far as comes within my very limited sphere. I owe this, at least, to my country, for its kind and generous support since I was cast friendless upon it; but, above all, I owe it to my own reputation. I should be a demon were I to re-pay my beloved country in ought but truth.

But to go on with Washington. There is a most lamentable outcry about reform and turning out—nothing but weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. One man ran to me one day, and said, "Mrs. R. do go and see Auditor Lee, he is dying with the bilious cholic." It was a great deal worse, he was turned out of office. But to hear my friends the Journal and Intelligencer is sickening on the one hand, and the Telegraph playing Missouri bear pranks on the other, savors of arbitrary power. The Journal laments bitterly that Mr. Brown should be "turned upon the commons!" outrageous, to be sure: I wonder how they dared to presume such a thing! Was his office entailed? So it appears, that, by letting these men remain so long in office, it has become criminal to dismiss them,

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and put some other poor fellow in his place. This is the mischief arising from continuing them in so long: they have the insolence to claim their place as a right. But pray, Mr. Journal, how many have been on the commons all this time, while Mr. B. was faring sumptuously every day with $1500 per annum? Tell me that. Why have we never heard you lament their case? How compassionate you are all at once. What is Mr. B. more than another man? Is he made of finer flesh and blood? I have myself been on the commons this seven years, and very short commons, and received many kicks and cuffs besides. "But what will his poor wife and children do?" Let her take the half yard flounces off her dress, and go to work, and let him go to work too: they will have no worse time of it than those have had who were on the commons before.

I had no idea that we had so much corruption in the government till I saw these abominable impudent remarks. I have heard a hundred times, latterly, "what is to become of his poor wife and children," as though they had met with some dreadful loss by fire. What becomes of every man's wife and children who have never received one cent from government? Is government bound to take care of every man's wife and children? Preposterous impudence—a great pity, indeed, that Mr. B. can no longer put his hand in the treasury, and squander it to his kindred. I think, in fact I have been told, his sister received $100 for the envelope, worth about $10, designed to cover some treaty: and the country in arms for turning out such fellows! they ought to have been turned out long ago.

What would the people say if these men were not turned out? The cabinet are not to blame; they were placed in office for this very purpose. It would be as much as their places are worth, were they not to do so. I know a little more about this matter than any editor in Washington, as it may be supposed, though I do not meddle with politics. I am not deaf, and am perfectly aware that it is expected of the present administration to make a general turn out, and they were elected upon no other

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understanding: and why not? is it not right? It is the voice of the people, let it be right or wrong; and I am not to stand still and hear people charged with things of which they are innocent.

If these men had possessed the delicacy and independence of gentlemen, they would not have waited to have been turned out—I mean those opposed (as it is said they were) to General Jackson's election: had they had proper spirit, they would not serve under a man whose politics they did not like.

Doubtless there are many amiable men in the Departments; men that I know to be such, and I would go all lengths to serve them; nor do I know the politics of one of them, excepting one Steuben Smith, Esq. whom, I believe, (the saucy Yankee) is a Jackson man: but the will of the people, and not mine, or any individual, must rule.

And from the Post Office, too, we have lamentations! Horrid! Other 20 years' men! "Innocent as angels." I am sorry for my Sweeny, a most amiable man; and the Messrs. Munroes I always esteemed as gentlemen, but they will not feel their removal like Mr. S.; and as he was always a friend to the poor and needy, I hope he may, in his turn, find a friend. But Dyer: "all his crime was his politics: nothing was ever laid to his charge." Look in the Black-book. And Gen. Jackson and Gen. Green can now manage the Post Office as they please:" not by a great deal, Mr. Intelligencer. The Post Office will be managed by the proper officers, and doubtless will be managed to the satisfaction of the people. Does the Intelligencer want spies in the Post Office? The remark would indicate as much. Judge Barry appears to be an intelligent man; and Doctor Jones, who used to tell me "lay aside the brush and take a hickory broom, and paint them with that—lay it on well." I was going to say that Dr. Jones becomes his office very well, much better than he did his shop, and will doubtless prevent strangers and every rif raf from fingering the letters.

But General Green, the cattle drover, as he is called, appears to be fulfilling the proverb. I think, for one, he has had too sudden a hoist. Besides a savageness which

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marks his victory, he was, a few days since, within an inch of giving me the second edition of Hecock. But I have not room for so great a man at the end of this book: he shall appear in front of my next sketch of Washington, in a filligree, instead of his long black coat. I was suspicious of his coat at the time; and he is a Baptist, it seems, another of the Calvinistic race. And our neighbor Skinner, of the Register, appears in a fair way to unite with them, since he finds they are so powerful in Washington: we will then have Satan on one side, and Beelzebub on the other—may the Lord protect us from either. If we had no other evidence of their danger, that of the Register's preference for them is sufficient.

Poor Mr. Gales, though he was partial to the Heaglish, was always a gentleman in his greatest prosperity. He did not suffer his good fortune to turn his head. But more of Washington ere long.

TRADE OF THE SCHUYLKILL

IN 1828.

J. R. and J. M. Bolton state they have received, from April, 1828, to December, 1828, 5,360½ tons of coal at their wharf on the Schuylkill, of which 1,898 tons have been shipped in brigs, schooners, and sloops, to New York, Salem, Providence, Massachusetts, and New Brunswick.

They have received, also, at the same wharf, 26,316 barrels of flour, 1,811 barrels of whiskey, 633 hhds. of whiskey, 17,468 kegs of nails, and 1,170 tons of sundries, that is, wheat, corn, iron, butter, flaxseed, &c. &c.

They have sent into the country, from the same place, of plaster, fish, salt, and merchandise, 5,670 tons. 8 cwt. 2 qrs. being an increase of 50 per cent. over their business of 1827.

Waln and Morris state that the following vessels, consigned to them, went into the river Schuylkill, landed

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their cargoes on that part of the city, took other cargoes on board at the same, and sailed for foreign ports, viz.—May 15, Schr. Post Boy, 162 tons, Capt. Dodge; July 30, Brig Freighter, 280 tons, Capt. E. Saule; Aug. 22, Brig Two Sons, 220 tons, Capt. J. Stevens; Aug. 30, Brig John Harris, 313 tons, Capt. Geo. Dennison; Sept. 18, Brig Clothier, 190 tons, Capt. J. Davis; Sept. 19, Brig Mary Jane, 203 tons, Capt. Jno. Thomas; Oct. 7, Schr. Post Boy, 162 tons, Capt. Dodge.

J. Harman, Jr. whose store is on Spruce street wharf, on the Schuylkill, states that he has received, from the 5th of July to the 23d of December, by the Brig Arthur Donald, 446 bbls. mackerel; Schrs. Volga and Henry, 778 bbls. do. and 291 half bbls. do., all of which were sent up the Schuylkill canal. He has received, of flour, 122 bbls.; whiskey, 24 hhds.; butter, 205 barrels, kegs, and tubs; lard, 40 kegs; soap and tallow, 10 barrels; nuts, 11½ bushels; lumber, 124,746 feet; pig iron, 20 tons; coal, 3,489 tons: 1,576 tons of coal were shipped by sea vessels, brigs, schooners, &c. to New York, Boston, Wilmington, &c.

Isaac Stoddart states, that, from the 31st of March to the 18th of December, he has received, at the North America Coal Company's wharf, on the Schuylkill, 11,825 tons of coal, of which 8,054 tons have been shipped in sea vessels, the residue sold to citizens of Philadelphia.

J. W. Wynkoop states that he has received, since March last, at his store on the Schuylkill, 1910 tons of coal, of which 508 tons were shipped to New York.

John Shippen and Co. state that they have received, since March, 4,978 tons of coal, lime, and limestone, of which 1,878 tons were shipped to New York and New Jersey.

Daniel Wentz and Co. state that they have received, from the 4th of March to the 23d of December, 8,445 bbls. of flour, 342 hhds. of whiskey, 482 bbls. of do. 147 bbls. of tallow, 136 bushels of oats, 1,262 bushels of corn, 158 bbls. of flaxseed, 10 hhds. of linseed oil, 60 bbls. of do., 60 bbls of butter, 905 kegs of do., 110 tons of bar

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iron, 160 tons of castings, 289 bushels of clover seed, 15 bbls. of potash, 50 bbls. of soap, 12 bbls. of beeswax, 40 bbls. of dried peaches, 15 tons of leather, &c. 1,635 tons of coal, 51,312 staves, 740,000 feet of lumber, 327 tons of pig metal, 2,563 bushels of wheat, 189 bushels of rye.

That they have sent into the country, from the same place, 3,792 bbls. of fish, 7,613 bushels of salt, 1,001 tons of plaister, 2,081 tons of merchandise.

James Donley states that there have been sent from the Pennsylvania Canal Boat Company's wharf, on the Schuylkill, by way of the Union Canal, from the 17th of March to the 17th of November last, 3,061 tons, 17 cwt. of merchandise; and that, between the same periods, there have been received, through said canal, the following articles:—8,735 bbls of flour, 41,145 bushels of wheat, 499,823 feet of lumber, 181 tons 17 cwt. of iron, 253 tons of coal, 9 hhds. of whiskey, 251 bbls. whiskey, cider, &c., 17 tons 15 cwt. of lard, butter, &c., 39,000 shingles, 119 bbls. of flaxseed and cloverseed, 7,034 hoop poles, 35,953 staves.

Robert Fleming certifies that the amount of coal received by him, from Mount Carbon, since the 1st of March, is 2,500 tons, of which 2,200 tons have been shipped to New York and Albany.

Morris and Johnson state that they have received from Mount Carbon, during the last season, 4,470 tons of coal, of which they have shipped 1,217 tons.

Benjamin E. Valentine, the former agent of the New York and Schuylkill Coal Company, states, that, up to the 1st of July last, about 500 tons of coal had been received from Mount Carbon; and the present agent says, that, since that period, about 2000 tons have been received, and that about 2,200 tons, altogether, have been shipped.

Joseph Haines states that he has received about 2,200 tons of coal during the last season, of which about 2,000 tons have been shipped to Boston.

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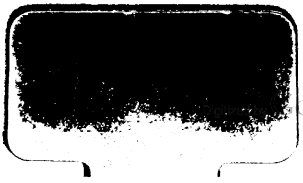

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